MY FOLKS
THE
DIXONS

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MY FOLKS

THE

DIXONS

MY FOLKS THE DIXONS

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MY FOLKS, THE DIXONS

Their Births
Their Marriages
Their Children
Their Death

THEIR HISTORY

My Name
My Heritage
My Guide
My Goal
My Responsibility
My Future

MY FOLKS, THE DIXONS

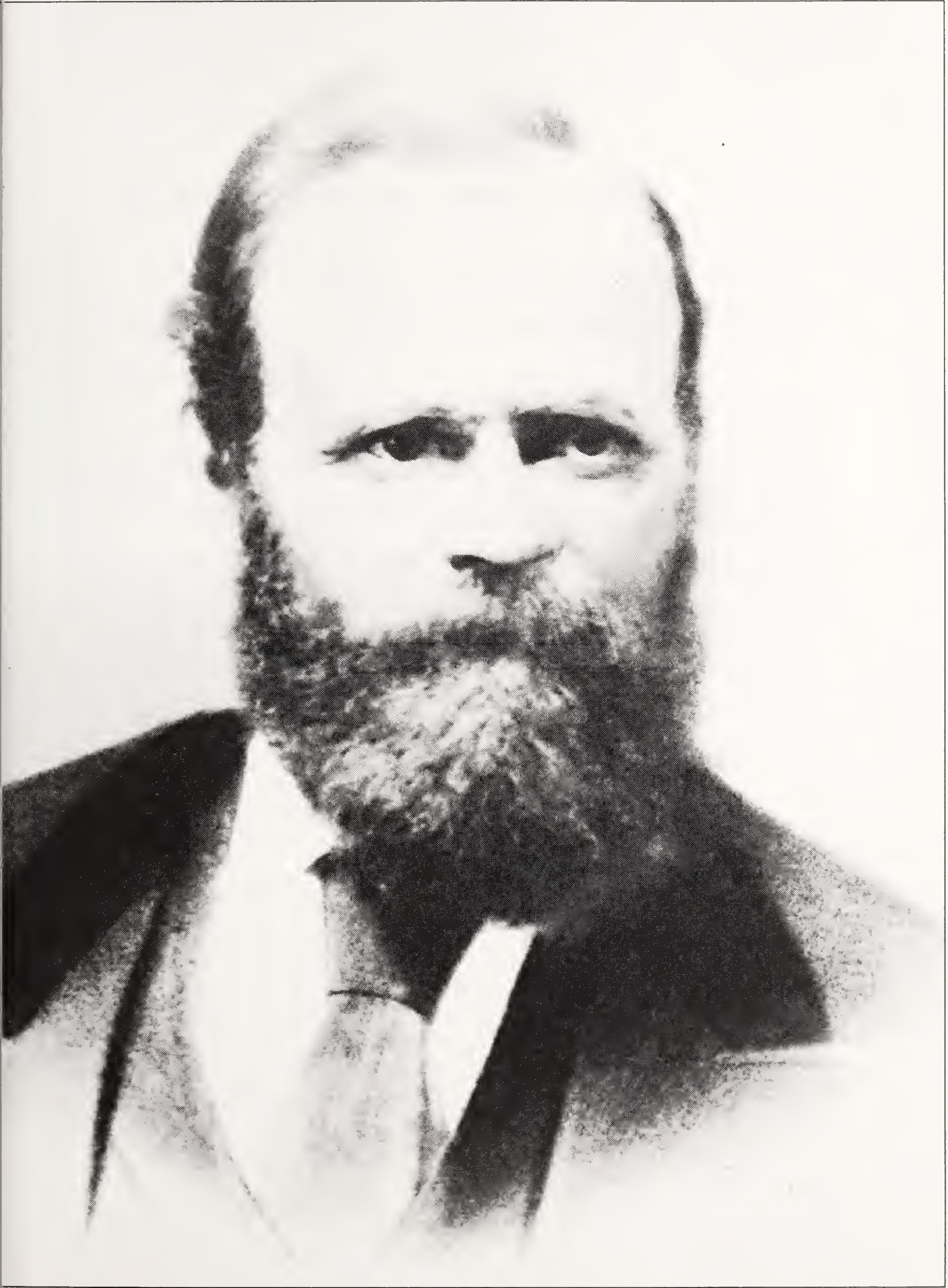
Volume One

Second Printing
1978

This Volume is Dedicated to the Memory of

HENRY A. DIXON

Who accepted the truth of the Everlasting Gospel in the land of his birth, the Cape of Good Hope Colony, South Africa; migrated to Utah in 1856; passed on at the early age of forty nine years, in 1884;who left a family of sixteen children, who have perpetuated the Friendly and Trusted name of DIXON throughout the land.

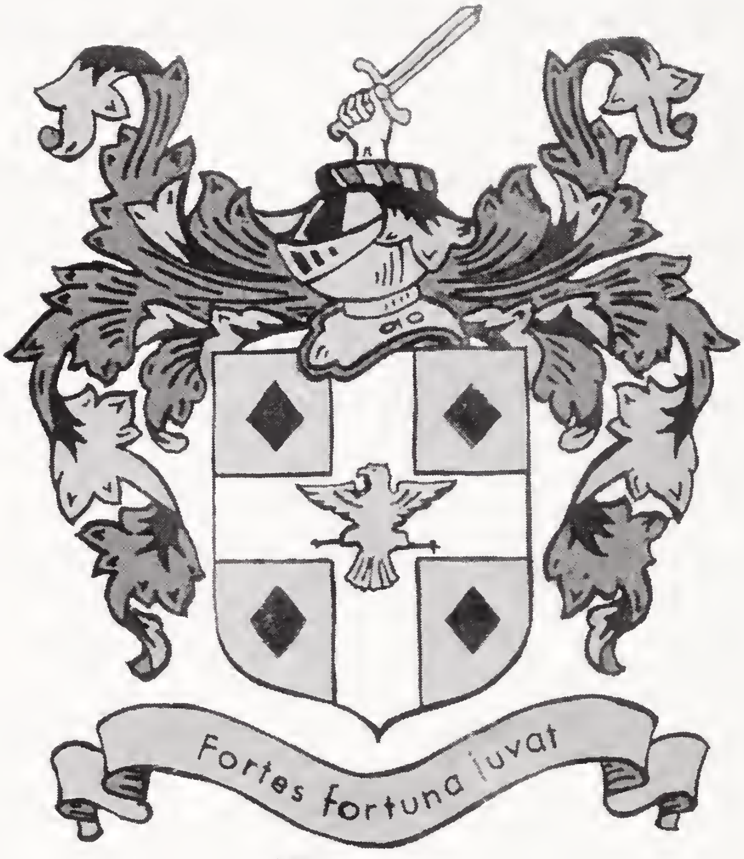


ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND APPRECIATION:

I wish to thank the whole DIXON FAMILY for their interest, their co-operation, and their help in supplying the materials contained in this book.

It would require pages to itemize those who have been most helpful in compiling this volume. To avoid the inevitable of unintentionally omitting someone from a list, I am simply saying to all, "THANK YOU FOR MAKING THIS BOOK MATERIALIZE."

CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR
1969
Provo, Utah


Fortes fortuna juvat

Dixon

DIXON

ARMS - Argent on a cross between four lozenges sable an eagle displayed of the field.

CREST - A dexter hand proper holding a sword bend sinister ways argent.

MOTTO - "Fortes fortuna juvat". (Fortune assists the brave)

The name DIXON is variously spelled in old Scottish records Decksoune, Dykysoun, Dicson, Dixon, and in a list of prisoners taken at the battle of Solway Moss, it appears as Dicksame. The Chiefs of clan Dickson are descended from the Keiths, Earls Marshall of Scotland. It is recounted that the Keiths could journey from North to South of Scotland and find shelter every night in one of their own castles. The first Dixon on record was a grandson of the Earl Marshall, and a clansman of the Douglas. Two ancient Scottish historians, Archdeacon Barbour, who wrote in 1375, and Blind Harry, the minstrel, whose metrical history was written about 1381, recount his triumphs. According to the minstrel, when Douglas wished to recover his castle at Sanquhar, in 1295, he selected Thom Dycson, who was a clansman, to pass through the enemy's camp of three thousand men bearing a message to Sir William Wallace.

"Thom Dycson then was met with good Wallace
Quhilk grantyt sone to reskew Douglace
Dicson he said wait (know) throw them mulitipi
Three thousand men their pwer mycht nocht be."

For this service, Thomas Dickson was awarded the land of Hisle side or Haslcside or Hazerside, County Lanark. In a charter of 1306 from King Robert Bruce to Thomas Dickson, Filius Ricardi, the charter is endorsed "Carta Thome fil. Dick". In gratitude for for his services King Robert Bruce granted him the Barony of Symunstun, now Symington, in the County of Lanark, and also created him Her editary Castellan of Douglas Castle.

Dickson is now the usual form in Scotland, but in England, where the name is not a clan name, it is written Dixon.

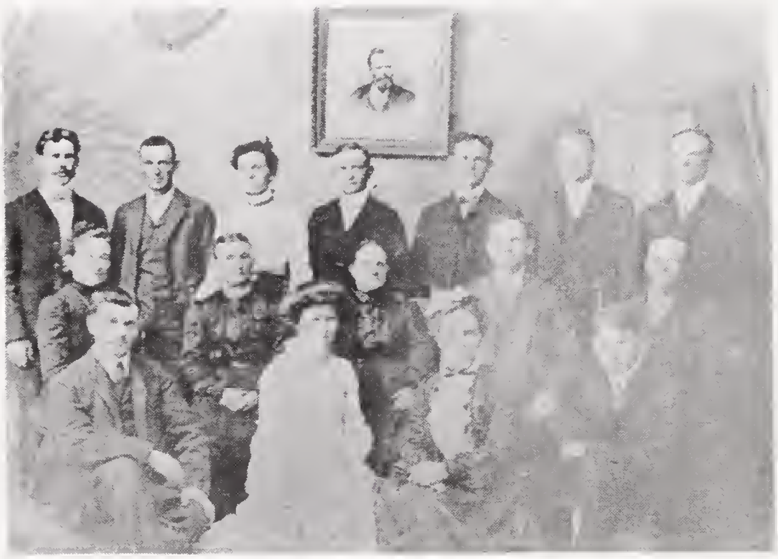
THE FAMILY IN EUROPE

Thomas Dickson, the first to write his name Dixon, was born November 6, 1739, in Dunblane, Perthshire, Scotland, son of Henry Dickson, Esquire. He left Scotland about 1763, lived for some years in Westminster, and in 1786, removed with his family to Ostend.

Taken from NEWBOLD P. 258

MY FOLKS

THE HENRY ALDOUS DIXON FAMILY



Left to Right

Top Row - Parley S., William A., Sarah, Ernest D., Charles O., Walter D., LeRoy.

Middle - Alice, Mary Smith, Sarah DeGrey, John D., Arthur D.

Bottom - Albert F., Harriet, Maria, Arnold.

Picture on Wall - Henry A. Dixon

MY FOLKS

Dedicated to the posterity of HENRY ALDOUS, SARAH
DE GREY and MARY SMITH DIXON

It has always been my priviledge
to have real folks around
For I was born among them,
None better can be found.
Some folks boast of famed Ancestors
Who first settled this wonderful land.
Others have titles and wealth
Live in mansions - costly and grand.
I boast of a birth-right from sturdy pioneers,
Whose courage surmounted all hardships and fears.
They did not endow me
With titles or gold,
But with virtues and values
That aren't bought and sold.
I cherish my heritage,
I'm proud of my kin,
I have no regrets of what might have been.
For I will not covet
The spoils of this land,
As long as I can be with folks
Who love and understand.

It must be very lonely
When your folks are far away,
To never know their heart-aches,
And what they do and say.
Or meet with them and clasp their hands
And pass the time of day,
Oh, I'm so very fortunate
To have folks steadfast and true,
Who appreciate understanding each other - - -
The way you folks all do.

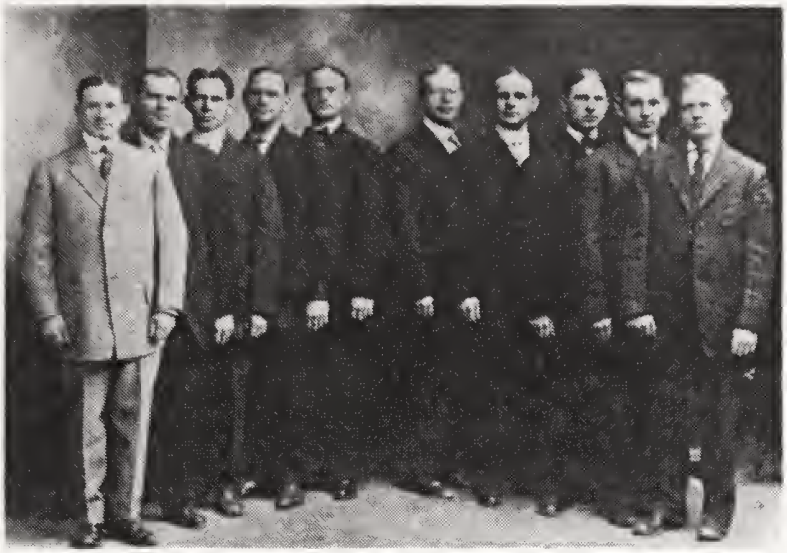
It is said, "We can choose our friends,
But our relatives we have to take"
I'm very glad to claim you folks
I'll never you forsake.
It's such a satisfaction
To have brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts,

MY FOLKS (Con't.)

Who are very choice among people,
With personalities that enhance.
I hope we will stay united
Together share joys and tears,
With courage of Pioneer kin
Carry on! through-out the years.
May we, following their example
Love God and fellow man
Be prayerful and obedient,
Doin all the good we can.

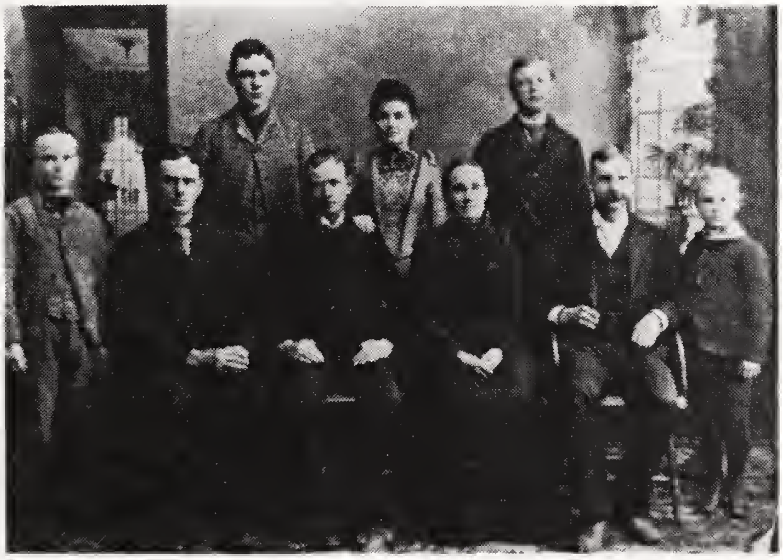
RHEA DIXON REEVE

DIXON BOYS



Left to Right
Albert F., Arthur D., Parley S., John D., Le Roy, Walter D., Charles O., Arnold, William A., Ernest D.

SARAH DE GREY DIXON FAMILY



Left to Right
Back Row - Charles O., Maria, Walter D.

Front Row - Le Roy, Arthur D., Ernest D., SARAH, John D., Arnold.

No 8. Mutton Lane
Mile End Road
London, England

JOHN HENRY DIXON

1820 Settler to South Africa

Your
Lordship's most Obedt.
humble Servant
John Henry Dixon

JOHN HENRY DIXON

1820 Settler To South Africa

John Henry Dixon was born May 28, 1786 at West Ham, Essex County, near London, England. He was the son of Thomas Dixon and Sarah (Elizabeth) Dixon. He had the following brothers and sisters who were all christened in the old Parish Church in West Ham, Essex County, England:

Thomas John Dixon	Christened	Oct. 29, 1780
Richard Dixon	"	June 22, 1783
Joseph Dixon	"	June 29, 1785
Mary Ann Dixon	"	July 31, 1791
Charles Dixon	"	Mar 16, 1796

The period in which John Henry was born seemed symbolic of his later course in life. It was a period of revolution and change. At this time Britain officially recognized the complete independence of the United States at the signing of the Peace Treaty in Paris in 1783. And in the year 1787 the Constitution of the United States was inspired and framed in its broad form. In England, the industrial revolution was just commencing; for in Nottingham in 1785 a cotton mill had just installed the first steam engine to drive its machinery. In July of 1789 the French Revolution began by the storming of the Bastille in Paris.

John Henry Dixon married Margaret Waldon, who gave birth to the following girls while still living in England:

Mary	Born in	1811		
Emma	"	1814 -	Married Charles P.	Webber
Eliza	"	1816	"	Sargent
Sarah	"	1818	"	Atkins

Their only son, William Henry Dixon, was born November 24, 1821 in South Africa, and was later married to Emily Emberton Anderson.

Early in the 19th century, Great Britain was experiencing an adjustment period, both socially and economically, with a shift of the industrial population from their work in the cottage industries to the large factories located in the towns and villages. This fast and uncontrolled growth of the towns resulted in inadequate, filty and sub-standard living conditions for the workers, which in turn caused much dissatisfaction amongst the workers and their families.

The return of 300,000 soldiers from the victorious Napoleonic War in 1815, all seeking their former postions, and the termination of all war contracts and subsidies, which resulted in further unemployment; as well as the crop failures on the farms - all contributed to the general prospects of a major depression.

With such a a dismal economic picture, it is understandable that many persons, including John Henry Dixon, began to think and investigate into the possibilities of emigrating to a new land. For several years, America had been a land of opportunity and a great many people all over Europe had gone to the United States Colonies to make their living as well as a home for their families.

With the loss of the United States Colonies in 1783, the British Government was against opening up new colonies and encouraged expansion of the existing colonies in Canada, Australia, India, or the newly acquired Cape of Good Hope.

Up to 1819 the British Government looked upon emigration as a drain on its manpower and wealth, rather than a cure for its domestic problems. Inquiries received for information on emigration, were never answered or curt, discouraging or even dis-respectful answers were given in reply. Requests for Government aid in settling newly acquired territory was bluntly refused.

Grahamstown (birthplace of Henry Aldous Dixon) in the year 1819 was the chief military center of all the Cape frontier in South Africa. In April 1819, 10,000 Kaffirs in broad day-light, made an attack on Grahamstown. With a garrison of only 400 British Soldiers, they were very fortunate in driving the native invaders out of the Cape Colony, back to Kaffirland. Just how long the British Soldiers were going to be able to hold the natives in their restrictive area, was a most vexing and doubtful problem. To maintain more troops and strengthen military posts was going to be a very costly operation for the British Government.

The Cape of Good Hope was very important to the British Government as a "half way house" between England and India. All vessels going to the Far East or around the Cape stopped long enough to replenish their supplies and fill their tanks with fresh water. Here a naval base was maintained for the protection of Britain's vast fleet of merchant and naval vessels.

In order to further protect the Cape of Good Hope from the native invaders and to retain it for its geographic location, a less costly plan than garrisoning a large troop of soldiers here, was presented by the Governor of the Cape, Lord Charles Somerset. He recommended to the British Parliament that they appropriate 50,000 pounds($250,000) for the colonization of the unoccupied Zuurveld with 4,000 British Subjects. (Although the Settlers were unaware of it, the real "purpose of this plan for a new settlement, was to establish a sturdy and reliable human buffer between the war-like Kaffir tribes on the east, and the European Colony on the Western perimeter of the area".

The people of Great Britain took to this colonization plan with great enthusiasm. Literature and public meetings were presented in all parts of the Country.

John Henry Dixon in the year 1819, was a very industrious and enterprising man of 32 years. He was following his chosen profession of a joiner (specialized carpenter). At this time he was living at No. 8 Mutton Road Lane, Mile End Road, London, England, with his wife Margaret and four young daughters. After having obtained some of these Government pamphlets publicizing the free land of South Africa, he attended one of the meetings being held near his home. Thus the spirit of his day - - -for freedom - - -for wealth - - - to contribute to the growth of a new country - - - and a change for a better way of life, presented itself in these Government announcements of free land, it offered a future life of wealth and ease at the Cape of Good Hope.

Not having received sufficient details of the plan at the meeting, John Henry requested additional detailed information regarding emmigration to the Cape of Good Hope when he applied to the Colonial Office at Downing Street, London. The following circular was sent to him:

Downing Street, London, 1819

" I have to acquaint you in reply to your letter of the that the following are the conditions under which it is proposed to give encouragement to emigration to the Cape of Good Hope. "

"The sufferings to which many individuals have been exposed who have emigrated to His Majesty's Foreign Possessions, unconnected and unprovided with any capital, or even the means of support, having been very afflicting to themselves, and equally burdensome to the Colonies to which they have proceeded, the Government has determined to confine the applications of the money most recently voted by Address in the House of Commons, to those persons who, possessing the means, will engage to carry out at least ten able-bodied individuals above eighteen years of age, with or without families, the Government always reserving to itself the right of selecting from the several offers made to them those who may prove, upon examination, to be most eligible. "

"In order to give some security to the Government that the person undertaking to make these establishments, have the means of doing so, every person engaging to take out the above mentioned number of persons or families, shall deposit at the rate of ten pounds (To be re-paid as here-in-after mentioned) for every family so taken out, provided that the family does not consist of more than one man, one woman and two children under fourteen years of age. All children above the number of two will have to be paid for, in addition to the deposits above mentioned, in the proportion of Five Pounds for every two children under fourteen years of age, and Five Pounds for every person between the ages of fourteen and eighteen."

" In consideration of this deposit a passage shall be provided at the expense of Government for the Settlers, who shall also be vicualled from the time of their Embarkation until the time of their landing in the Colony."

" A grant of land under the conditions hereafter specified, shall be made to him at the rate of One Hundred Acres for every such Person or Family whom he so takes out; one third of the sum advanced to Governments on the outset, shall be repaid on landing, when the vicualling at the expense of Government shall cease. A further proportion of one third shall be repaid as soon as it shall be certified to the Governor of the Colony that the Settlers, under the direction of the Person taking them out, are actually located upon the Land assigned to them, and the remainder at the expiration of three months from the date of their location."

" If any Parishes in which there may be redundancy of population shall unite in the selection of an intelligent individual to proceed to the Cape, with Settlers under his direction, not less in number and of the description above mentioned, and shall advance money in the proportion above mentioned, the Government will grant land to such an individual at the rate of One hundred Acres for every head of a Family, leaving the Parish at liberty to make such conditions with the Individual, or the Settler, as may be calculated to prevent the Parish becoming again chargeable with the maintenance of such Settlers, in the event of their returning to this Country."

" But no offers of this kind will be accepted, unless it shall be clear that the Persons proposing to become Settlers have distincly given their consent, and the head of each Family is not infirm or incapable of work."

" It is further proposed that in any case in which One Hundred Families proceed and apply for leave to carry out with them a Minister of their own persuasion, Government will, upon their being actually located, assign a salary to the Minister whom they may have selected to accompany them, if he shall be approved by the Secretary of State."

" The lands will be granted at a quit rent to be fixed, which rent, however, will be remitted for the first Ten Years; and at the expiration of Three Years (during which the party and a number of families, in the proportion of one for every Hundred Acres, must have resided on the estate), the land shall be measured at the expense of Government, and the holder shall obtain, without fee, his title thereto, on a perpetual quit rent, not exceeding in any case Two Pounds Sterling for every One Hundred Acres; subject, however, to this clause beyond the usual reservations, that the land shall become forfeited to Government, in the case the Party shall abandon the estate, or not bring it into cultivation within a given number of years."

" P.S. In order to ensure the arrival of the Settlers at the Cape at the beginning of the planting season, the Transports will not leave this Country until the month of November."

" The usual reservations are the right of the Crown to Mines of Precious Stones, of Gold and Silver, and to make such roads as May be necessary for the convenience of the Colony."

Other details subsequently furnished but not mentioned in the original (first) Government Circular were as follows:

" Agricultural implements, seed and other essential requirements were to be supplied at prime cost when the Settlers landed, and rations (also at prime cost) were to be issued until the first harvest had been reaped. The total assistance from the Government, therefore, consisted of a free passage, a grant of land, a remission of the quit-rent thereon for the first ten years; otherwise the Settlers were expected to fend for themselves from the moment they landed, except that tents were to be loaned to the Settlers until such time as they were able to build themselves more permanent homes.

Most specific instructions were issued that no Settler should be allowed to own slaves or even hire native labor, and that all work on the lands alloted was to be performed by free white labor, any contravention of these stipulations rendering the lands liable to instant forfeiture.

"If more than one-fifth of the Settlers in a party abandoned their location, the Government reserved the right to resume possession of the land."

Although the Government reserved the right to make the final selection of the Settlers, the "Heads of the Parties" were allowed to make what arrangements they pleased with the persons they desired to accompany them which fell into one of the following classifications:

1. The Independent Settlers.

These persons banded together in a Party, with one of their member appointed as Party Head. They paid their own deposit money and were to receive their One Hundred Acres of land.

2. The Sole Proprietor.

The Party Head, a man of considerable wealth, assumed all financial responsibilities of his members. Having paid their deposit money, the members indentured themselves to him as a servant for a specified number of years, and generally waived all rights to the One Hundred Acres of land, in favor of the Party Head.

3. The individuals who emigrated at their own expense, belonging to no particular group, paying their own expenses and receiving nothing more from the Government than the One Hundred Acres of land.

Not belonging to the wealthy class, John Henry Dixon sought out eleven of his friends and their families and volunteered to act as their Party Head in making arrangements with the Government. Each contributed their own deposit money, and each received their own One Hundred Acres of land in the Cape of Good Hope Settlement.

Those subscribing to the Dixon Party were:

NAME		AGE
James Carney		28
Elizabeth		29
	Elizabeth	3 Months
Joseph Daniel		36
Elizabeth		35
	Richard	7
John Henry Dixon		32
Margaret		36
	Mary	9
	Emma	6
	Eliza	4
	Sarah	2
Henry Fuller		25
Susannah		23
	George	4
	Charles	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Robert Herman		34
Mary Ann		36
	Mary Ann	7
	Eliza	2
George Marsden		40
Elizabeth		34
	Elizabeth	8

NAME	AGE
Jesse Paxton	39
Sarah	39
Eliza	4
David	2
George	7
Henry	5
William	13
Charles	11
James Vice	24
Sophia	30
John	8
James	3
John Vice	30
Elizabeth	28
Elizabeth	2
Ann	3 Months
Richard Webb	29
Elizabeth	22
Edward	2
Richard	3 Months
John Wyatt	31
Jane	34
Jane	7
Ann Mary	3
Amelia	4
John	2

John Henry, having raised the 130 pounds sterling as the deposit required, immediately made application to the Colonial Office for permission to proceed as a Settler to the Cape of Good Hope. His application was accepted and he was notified to have his Party on board the sailing vessel, "Ocean", anchored at Depthford, London, the latter part of November. The following letter was sent from London, England to Lord Charles Somerset, who was the Government Agent and representative of the Crown, in the new Colony:

Downing Street, London
9 November 1819

My Lord

I am directed by Earl Bathurst to transmit herewith to your Lordship a return of persons proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope under the direction of Mr. J. H. Dixon to settle in the Colony under the regulations which have been promulgated by His Majesty's Government, and I am directed to desire that your Lordship will cause a portion of land to be alloted to Mr. Dixon in conformity to these regulations.

Mr. Dixon has deposited the sum of 130 pounds as specified in the Return; and I have to request that your Lordship will issue your warrant to the office of the Commissoriat Dept. at the Cape for the repayment to Mr. Dixon, of the amount of his deposit money in proportions, and in the periods stated in the regulations.

I have the honor to be
My Lord your Lordships
most obedient humble servant

HENRY GORDSTRUM

General
Honorable
The Right
The Lord Charles Somerset

Return of Settlers proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope, under the direction of John Henry Dixon, 8 Mutton Road Lane, Mile End Road, London, England.

Total No. of Men	11
Total No. of Women	11
Children under 14 Yr.	27
Whole Party	49

NAME	AGE	PROFESSION	PARTY	SHIP	LIST
John Henry Dixon	32	Joiner Party Leader	Dixon	Ocean	47
Margaret Waldon	36				
Mary	9				
Emma	6				
Eliza	4				
Sarah	2				

(Copied from 1820 Settlers
(manuscript C. O. 1878), Archives
Capetown, Union of South Africa
By Clarence D. Taylor, Jan. 23, 1933)

The winter of 1819 had been the most severe weather around London, in forty years. The thermometer had continually registered several degrees below freezing temperature. This freezing temperature mixed with piercing artic winds and heavy snowstorms had delayed the departure schedule of the Settler's ships. The freezing ice on the Thames River had imprisoned the eight, three-masted, 400-500 ton sailing vessels, which were all loaded with passengers, baggage and supplies, ready to depart for the Cape of Good Hope.

January 6, 1820, the ship, Ocean, with Capt. Davis at the helm; the Settler Parties under the direction of J. H. Dixon, composed of 48 persons from London; E. Damant, numbering 57 persons from Norfolk; W. Howard, numbering 60 persons from Buckinghamshire; and Dr. N. Morgan, with 41 persons from London; a total of 206 Settlers, plus the crew, was able to free itself from the ice choked mooring at Depthford and proceed as far as Portsmouth. Here it encountered one of those treacherous "January Gales", which tore the ship "Ocean" from its moorings and caused it to collide with the Settler Ship "Northampton" which was taking on passengers at Portsmouth. Both ships were somewhat damaged, but not sufficient to further delay their departure from Portsmouth.

Whole tiers of vessels had been driven by this gale, from their moorings, and were drifting in the darkness down the Thames River. Several ships along the South Coast had to put in for shelter and food at the nearby ports, in consequence of this big "blow".

The Settler Ship "Sir George Osborn" was grounded by this gale, near and opposite the Greenwich Hospital, and was refloated with difficulty. The "Nautilus" was blown onto the dangerous Goodwin Sands and grounded for some time. It was finally re-floated into deeper water and was able to continue its course.

Finally, the Ship "Ocean" was able to reach open water where the sea was running high and there was plenty of room to maneuver and proceed southward. In the shallow Bay of Biscay the weather was tempestous, but after that milder weather conditions prevailed. With the warm, sunny weather and a calm sea, the Settlers on the "Ocean" took on a new life and began to talk, think and make plans for their new home and new way of life in the Cape of Good Hope.

Amid these calm and peaceful days came a most appalling experience to the passengers of the ship "Ocean" as the ship was lying in anchor at Porto Prayo, one of the Cape de Verd Islands.

"In the dead of night, her passengers were rudely awakened from their repose by the loud booming of a cannon, and by the tearing through of the rigging, by a cannon ball from one of the batteries on shore. The excitement, consequent upon this act of hostility towards the ship, lying as it was in a friendly port, was as may be imagined, very considerable; but while the affrighted emigrants were conjecturing as to the cause of it, a second discharge followed, the ball this time striking the ship with such force that it was feared the masts would go by the board. The excitement and consternation were intense. But yet another ball was sent hissing towards the apparently doomed vessel, this time falling short, and diving into the sea with a noise resembling the plunge of a redhot shot. The shot which had struck the vessel was a nine pounder, and entered the storeroom only three feet below the floor of Mr. Howard's cabin. A hostile schooner, it was afterwards explained, had visited and fired upon the Port a few weeks previously. A schooner simiarly rigged had entered the harbor with the "Ocean", and sentinels at the batteries were ordered to keep close watch of her. A boat, it was thought from the schooner, was seen approaching the shore, and fearing hostile intentions, the shots which had so nearly wrecked the "Ocean" had been fired at it, with the results stated." (From T. Sheffield, Story of the Settlement)

The "Ocean" passed near the island of Madera, and since the day was so clear, the Settlers could see the top of Teneriffe Peak in the Canary Island Group, long before any other land became visible. The white, snow covered peaks rises 12,152 feet above the sea level.

At Jago, which is just about half the distance from London to Capetown, a stop of several days was made. Here it was possible to buy or trade old clothes for fresh fruit such as oranges, bananas, cocoanuts. One of the young men traded an old coat for 200 oranges, a fine goat and kid, and 12 cocoanuts. He bought a sheep for a dollar and a 14 pound turkey for a pair of shoes. Sheep and cattle were purchased here by the Captain of the vessel to supply a source of fresh meat for the remainder of the journey. Having no way of refrigeration for foods, the cattle, sheep and poultry were brought aboard alive and were fed and taken care of until needed for food, then they were butchered and consumed.

The ship "Ocean" was very fortunate to have two medical doctors aboard. They provided the best medical care possible under the circumstances in keeping the 206 persons plus the crew in good physical condition. Doctor Nathanial Morgan, was head of the Morgan Party which consisted of 41 persons all from London. He became a very close friend of J. H. Dixon and wife. The other doctor, John Atherstone, a member of the Damants' Party, later received much publicity because of his recognition of the first diamond at the fabulous Kimberly diamond mine.

April 15, 1820, after traveling between 6,000 and 7,000 miles, the vessel "Ocean" dropped anchor alongside other Settler Ships in Algoa Bay - - - the end of the long sea voyage.

Much to the disappointment of the Settlers, the ship had dropped anchor at Table Bay (Capetown). Passengers were not permitted to leave the ship. After spending about ten days replenishing provisions and fresh water, they had continued their journey around the southern tip of the African Continent to their destination - Algoa Bay.

Mr. Thomas Pringle, the leader of the Scottish Party who arrived at Algoa Bay aboard the ship "Brilliant", a few days later than the ship "Ocean" describes his journey along the Southern shore of Africa and the landing at Algoa Bay in his "Narrative of a Residence in South Africa" :

"We sailed out of Simon's Bay on the 10th of May with a brisk gale from the N. W. , which carried us around Cape L'Aguillas, at the rate of nearly ten knots an hour. On the 12th, at day-break, however, we found ourselves almost becalmed, opposite the entrance to the Knysna, a fine lagoon, or salt-water lake, which forms a beautiful and spacious haven, though unfortunately of rather difficult access, winding up, as we were informed by our Captain, who had twice entered it with the "Brilliant", into the very bosom of the magnificient forests which covers this part of the coast. During this and the two following days, having scarcely any wind, and the little we had being adverse, we kept tacking off and on within a few miles of the shore. This gave us an excellent opportunity of surveying the coast scenery of Auteniqualand and Zitzikama, which is of a very striking character. The land rises abruptly from the shore in massive mountain ridges, clothed with forests of large timber, and swelling in the back-ground into lofty serrated peaks of naked rock. As we passed headland after headland, the sylvan recesses of the bays and mountain opened successively to our gaze, like a magnificient panorama, continually unfolding new features or exhibiting new combinations of scenery, in which the soft and stupendous, the monotonous and the picturesque, were strangely blended. The aspect of the whole was impressive, but sombre; beautiful, but somewhat savage. There was the grandeur and the grace of nature, majestic and untamed; and there was likewise that air of lonesomeness and dreary wildness which a country unmarked by the traces of human industry or of human residence seldom fails to exhibit to the view of civilized man. Seated on the poop of the vessel, I gazed alternately on that solitary shore, and on the bands of emigrants who now crowded the deck or learned along the gangway; some silently musing, like myself, on the scene before us; others conversing in scattered groups, and pointing with eager gestures to the country they had come so far to inhabit. Sick of the wearisome monotony of a long sea voyage (for only a few had been permitted by the Cape authorities to land at Simon's Bay), all were exhilarated by the prospect of speedily disembarking; but the sublimely stern aspect of the country so different from the rich tameness of ordinary English scenery, seemed to strike many of the Southron with a degree of awe approaching to consternation. The Scotch, on the contrary, as the recollections of their native land were vividly called up by the rugged peaks and shaggy declivities of this wild coast, were strongly affected, like all true mountaineers on such occasions. Some were excited to extravagant spirits; others silently shed tears.

Coasting on in this manner, we at length doubled Cape Recife on the 15th, and late in the afternoon came to an anchor in Algoa Bay, in the midst of a little fleet of vessels, which had just landed, or were engaged in landing, their respective bands of settlers. The "Menai" sloop of war and the "Weymouth" storeship were moored beside the transports and their crews, together with a party of military on shore, were employed in assisting the debarkation.

It was an animated and interesting scene. Around us in the west corner of the spacious bay, were anchored ten or twelve large vessels, which had recently arrived with emigrants, of whom a great proportion were still on board. Directly in front, on a rising ground a few hundred yards from the beach, stood the little fortified barrack, or blockhouse, called Fort Frederick, occupied by a division of the 72nd Regiment, with the tents and marquees of the officers pitched on the heights around it. At the foot of these heights, nearer the beach, stood three thatched cottages and one or two wooden houses brought from England, which now formed the offices of the commissaries and other civil functionaries appointed to transact the business of emigration, and to provide the settlers with provisions and other stores, and with carriages (ox wagons) for their conveyance up the country. Interspersed among these offices, and among the pavillions of the functionaries and navel officers employed on shore, were scattered large depots of agricultural implements, carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools, and iron ware of all descriptions, sent out by the home Government to be furnished to the settlers at prime cost. About two furlongs to the eastward, on a level spot between the sanhills on the beach and the stony heights beyond, lay the camp of the emigrants. Nearly a thousand souls, on an average, were at present lodged there in military tents; but parties were daily moving off in long trains of bullock wagons, to proceed to their appointed places of location in the interior, while their place was immediately occupied by fresh bands, hourly disembarking from the vessels in the bay. A suitable background to this animated picture, as viewed by us from the anchorage, was supplied by the heights over the river Zwartkops, covered with a dense jungle, and by the picturesque peaks of the Winterhoek and the dark masses of the Zureberg ridge far to the northward, distinctly outlined in the clear blue sky.

The whole scene was such as could not fail to impress deeply the most unconcerned spectator. To us, who had embarked all our worldly property and earthly prospects, our own future, fortunes and the fate of our posterity, in this enterprise, it was interesting and exciting to an intense degree.

It being too late to go ashore that evening, we continued gazing on this scene till long after sunset - - - till twilight had darkened into night, and the constellation of the southern hemisphere, revolving in cloudless brilliancy above, reminded us that nearly half the globe's expanse intervened between us and our native land - - - the homes of our youth and the friends we had parted from for ever; and that here, in this farthest nook of Southern Africa, we were now about to receive the portion of our inheritance, and to draw an irrevocable lot for ourselves and for our children's children. Solemn reflections will press themselves at such a time on the most thoughtless; and this night, as we swung at anchor in Algoa Bay, so long the bourne of all our wishes, many a wakeful brain among us was doubtless expatiating, each according to the prevailing current of thought, in serious meditation on the future or the past. A long sea voyage, and, far more, one with such an object as we had before us, totally disconnecting us for a time from the bustling world behind and before, and from the great political and social interest of humanity, appears, as it were, like a pause or interlude between the acts of the busy drama of human life, and deepens the interest both of the past and the future by affording a convenient space for reflection. This quiet interval was about to close with us; and we now waited with anxiety for the curtain to draw up, and unfold in all the distinctness of reality the scenes of novelty and adventure to which we had so long looked forward."

To-day at the site of the landing of these 1820 Settlers has been erected a tall, square, red-brick Campanile; to honor and memorialize these 1820 Pioneers. Modern man has constructed a man made harbor by projecting a huge concrete block breakwater out into the bay and which now affords protection to the smaller vessels who can unload their cargoes on the jetty in comparative safety.

The ship "Ocean" and all other Settler Ships were required to anchor in the open bay and the unloading of the passengers and their belongings was entrusted to the sailors of the British Government Ship HMS "Menai", the soldiers of the 72nd Regiment and the 21st Light Dragoons who were then stationed at Fort Frederick, on the heights overlooking the Bay.

The day following their arrival at Algoa Bay, April 16, 1820, John Henry Dixon and family together with all of their belongings were loaded into a large flat bottomed boat which the sailors had tied alongside the ship "Ocean". These flat bottomed boats were then loaded and worked in towards shore with the aid of guide lines and through the surf to the sandy beaches. Here John Henry, the other able bodied men and the grown boys, waded through the surf. The four Dixon girls and their mother were carried to dry land by the soldiers. Some of the older men hired colored servants to carry them ashore. All the cargo was carried to dry land by the soldiers and colored servants.

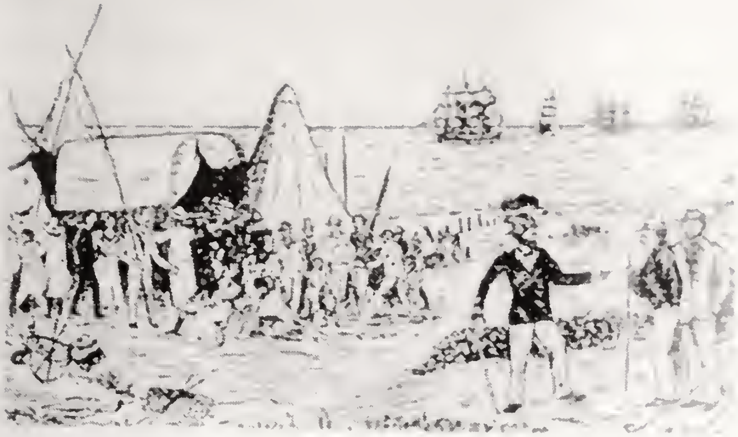
Upon reaching shore the Dixon Family and their Party were assigned use of some of the Government tents in "Settlers' Town". They had just been vacated by other Settler families upon their departure for the Zuurveld; by Captain Frances Evatt, Government Resident at Algoa Bay and Commander of Fort Frederick. All their possessions were gathered from the beach and carried to the assigned tent which was to be their home until an available wagon and ox team was provided for the transportation of their belongings and themselves up-country to their new location.

Immediately upon getting settled in "Settlers' Town", (the 1500 person tent town provided by the Government) John Henry applied to the Government officials for the 1/3 deposit money he and his Party had paid in London, England before sailing. This money was to buy their seed, farm implements, equipment and the necessary food until they could raise their own crops. The Government had made all of these articles available to the Settlers at cost. Upon learning from the Government officials that the Settlers were to pay their own transportation to their inland location, John Henry and eleven of the Party Leaders became quite upset.

To lighten the immediate financial burden, the 1/3 deposit money was paid and the transportation cost for the wagons and the Government purchases were charged against the remainder of the deposit money.

About 200 ox teams and wagons had been hired by the Government from the Dutch farmers in the vicinity of Graaff-Reinett area, to provide the transportation of the Settlers from "Settlers' Town" to the new location. It had by then been surveyed and staked out by the Government surveyors. For the next several months the ox teams and wagons, together with their Dutch drivers and native servants, shuttled the Settlers from Algoa Bay to the Albany District locations.

At last the day arrived when a little native, colored boy led his long horned oxen and the big clumsy wagon to the Dixon tent. All the Dixon belongings, including all the baggage they had brought from England on the boat, together with picks, spades, axes, harnesses, ploughs and harrows, seed and supplies, which had been obtained from Government stores at cost, were loaded into the wagons along with the four girls and their mother and father. Then with the crack of the big bull whips and the shouts of the Dutch drivers, the oxen slowly



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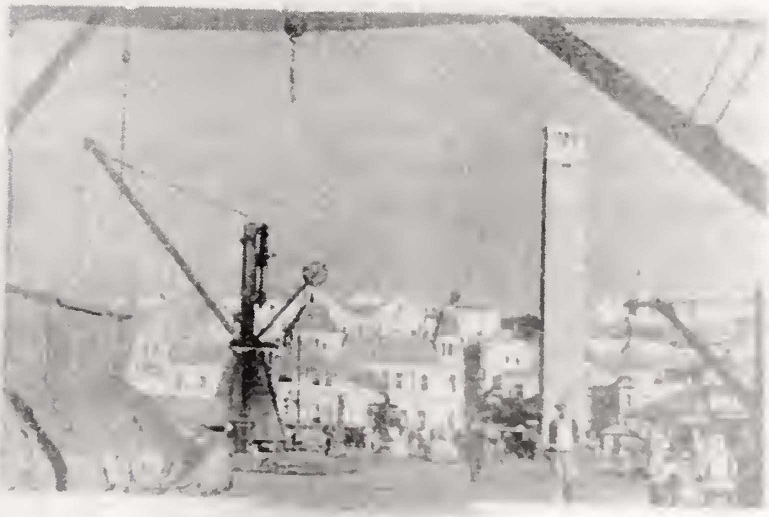
Port Elizabeth [illegible] 1920



Campanile
1820 Settlers Memorial
Port Elizabeth

headed "up country", to the land of Hope (but what actually became a land of despair).

Traveling north they crossed the Zwartkops River where they made their camp that first night. What a contrast to their former way of living. They had been born and raised in the big city of London with all its comforts and conveniences and now to be cooking over a camp fire with only the barest of conveniences and supplies in their possession. The camp fires not only served to cook their food on, but provided protection from the wild animals which were ever lurking in the shadows of the night.

The Settlers route led across the Couga and Sundays River, up the steep and terrible Addo Hill, across the Addo Bush with its ever present elephant herds and bounding springbok; passed the Quaggas Flat to Bushman's River. After fording the river at Rautenbach's Drift, the Bushman Heights were scaled and a few miles further on the banks of a large field pond known now as Settlers Vlei, was reached. At Assegai Bush sone of the companies went directly east for about 25 miles to the Dixon Location, others continued northeast to Grahamstown and then east for about 12 miles to the Dixon Location.

A Government staff member had accompanied the Dixon Party for the purpose of guiding them to their proper location and to show them the surveyed plat allotments, as well as to help them get settled the best they could.

The Dixon Location was a tract of land about two miles square in size. Located 12 miles east of Grahamstown and separated from the J. T. Erith Location to the East by a tributary of the Kowie River, which had its origin in this area. Across the river to the south was the Willson location, under the leadership of the Rev. William Boardman, whose daughter Judith became the wife of John Henry Dixon in 1826. Adjoining the Dixon Location to the West was the C. Dalgairns Location of thirty-three persons, from London.

As youngsters, the second and third generation of Dixons, have been thrilled by the story handed down about our Grandfather John Henry Dixon, discovering the rogue elephant in his corral and how he melted a pewter spoon to make a bullet in which to shoot the elephant. The Dixon and Willson Settlers had many skirmishes with the elephant for they were located in the established paths of these maurading elephant herds. At first many of the Settlers took "pot shot" at these elephant herds with only a light "fowling piece" (gun). Much to their dismay, these shots did no mortal harm to the elephants. The shots only irritated and angered the elephants to the point where they charged in all directions, laying waste to the trees, plants, crops, and all buildings that were in their path.

After a journey of nearly 7000 miles, lasting nearly six months, the Dixon Family finally arrived at their new home. The kind hearted Dutch farmer stopped the oxen and wagon at a clearing among the trees and directed "his colored boys" to begin unloading the wagons.

Having emptied his wagon, the Dutch farmer waved goodbye and headed west, leaving the Dixon Family sitting on the boxes and baggage; their only earthly possessions. It was then they began to realize they were alone in the wilderness, with no mode of transportation to leave, no nearby towns or stores in which to purchase the necessities of life, not even a shelter from the storms or blistering sun. Their survival was dependent on their own two hands and the Almighty God, the Provider of all.

When the youngest Dixon girl asked her mother where they were going to sleep that night, the realities of providing a shelter, brought John Henry to action, and he began setting up the tent the Government had loaned him as a temporary shelter. Soon the tent was pitched, and as many of the boxes and luggage as possible, were taken inside. A campfire was built and the evening meal prepared. This was the first meal and first night on their own property. This was their new home.

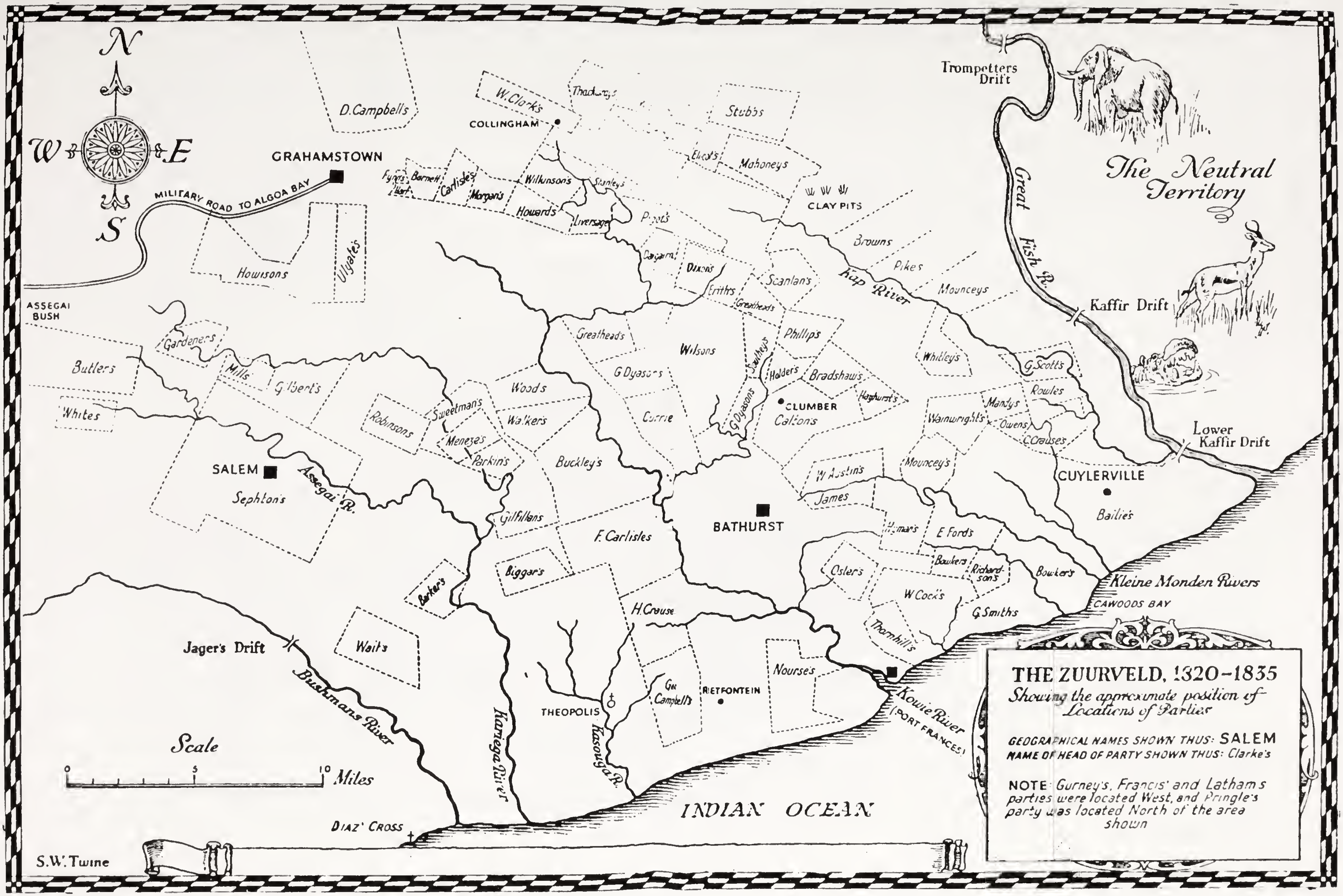
Having been a finished carpenter by trade in native England, and having his own tools plus the tools he had purchased from the Government at Algoa Bay, John Henry immediately set to work to find materials to build his family a permanent shelter. With limited money and no towns or stores nearby to purchase the necessary lumber, the Government had given the Settlers permission, free of charge for one year, to cut timber from the public lands for the building of their houses.

In all directions could be heard the familiar sound of the axes as they cut through the trees. The men, women and children all joined in transporting the timber and thatch to the homesites. As yet there were very few oxen and wagons and no horses available for the heavy work.

Being a skilled workman the Dixon home became a better built and nicer looking home than some of the neighbors who built a "wattle and daub" structure, which consisted of upright poles stuck in the ground with rafters fastened to them and a reed or rush thatch covering the rafters. The walls were plastered inside and out with water mixed clay. The floors were usually made of clay and a mat or rug was nailed up at the door and windows.

Other structures were mere dugouts with a thatched roof over the hole. With the coming of the wet, winter season, their habitations became very unsatisfactory and of short duration.

With a form of shelter provided for his family, and although he knew very little about farming, it was necessary for John Henry to



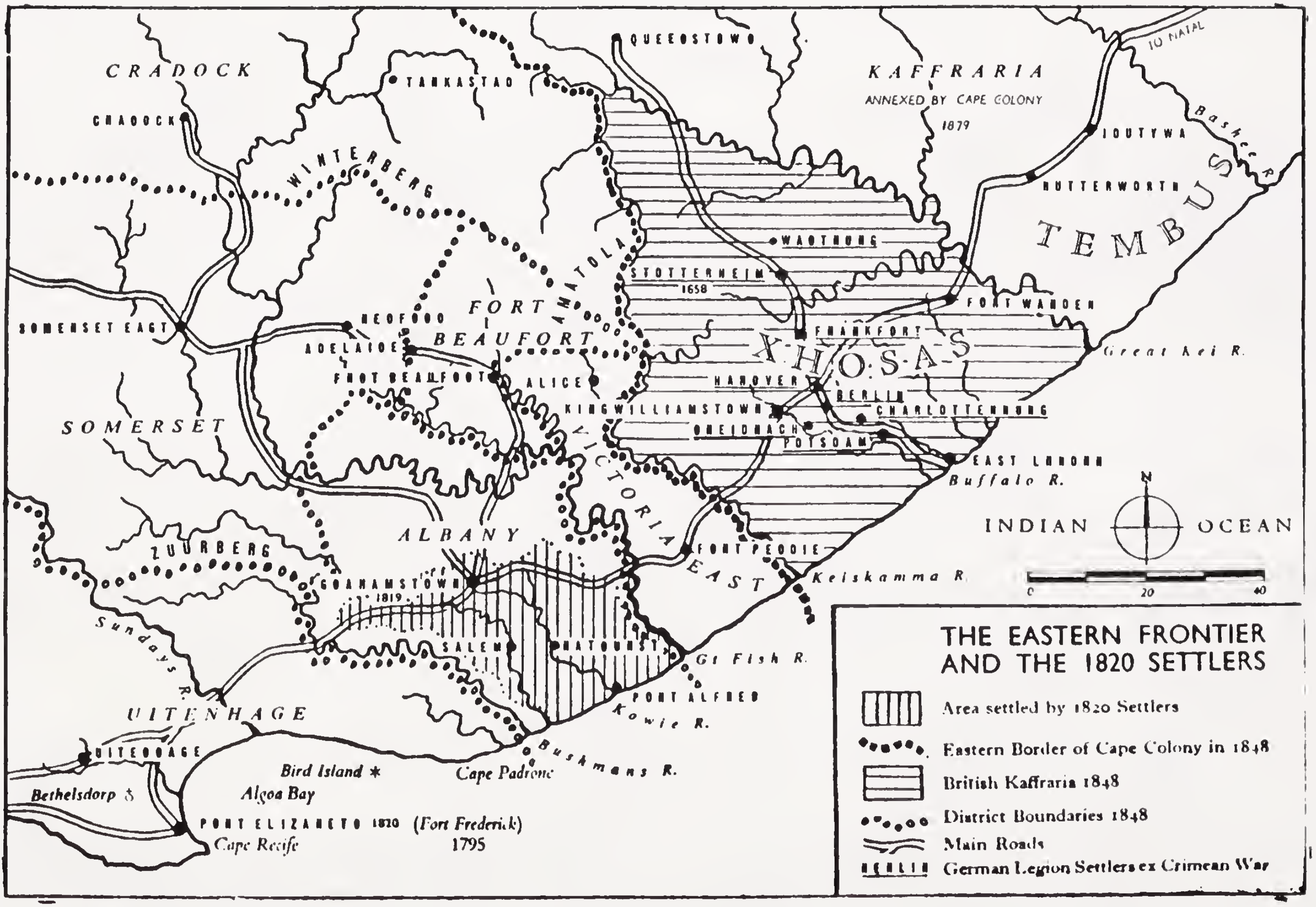
THE ZUURVELD, 1820–1835

Showing the approximate position of Locations of Parties

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES SHOWN THUS: SALEM
NAME OF HEAD OF PARTY SHOWN THUS: *Clarke's*

NOTE: Gurney's, Francis' and Lathams parties were located West, and Pringle's party was located North of the area shown

N
S
W
E
D. Campbells
W. Clark's
COLLINGHAM
Thackerays
Stubbs
GRAHAMSTOWN
MILITARY ROAD TO ALGOA BAY
Fynns
Hart
Barnett
Carlisles
Morgan's
Wilkinson's
Stanleys
Howards
Liversage
Elliot's
Mahoneys
CLAY PITS
Pigots
Howisons
Ulyates
Dugarm
Dixon's
Eriths
Scanlan's
Browns
Pikes
Mounceys
Kap River
Great Fish R.
Trompetters Drift
Kaffir Drift
Lower Kaffir Drift
The Neutral Territory
ASSEGAI BUSH
Gardeners
Butlers
Mills
Gilbert's
Whites
Greatheads
G Dyasons
Wilsons
Southeys
Phillips
Holders
Bradshaws
Hayhurst's
Whitley's
G. Scott's
Rowles
Mandys
Owens
C. Crauses
Wainwright's
Woods
Sweetman's
Robinsons
Walkers
Meneze's
Parkin's
Currie
CLUMBER
Caltons
Mouncey's
W Austin's
James
CUYLERVILLE
Bailie's
SALEM
Sephton's
Assegai R.
Buckley's
Gilfillans
F. Carlisles
BATHURST
Hymans
E Fords
Bowkers
Richardsons
Bowker's
Kleine Monden Rivers
CAWOODS BAY
Osler's
W Cock's
G. Smiths
Thornhill's
Biggar's
Barker's
H. Crouse
Waits
Jager's Drift
Bushmans River
Kariega River
THEOPOLIS
Kasouga R.
Geo Campbell's
RIETFONTEIN
Nourses
Kowie River
(PORT FRANCES)
INDIAN OCEAN
DIAZ' CROSS
Scale
0
5
10 Miles
S.W. Twine


THE EASTERN FRONTIER
AND THE 1820 SETTLERS

▥ Area settled by 1820 Settlers
Eastern Border of Cape Colony in 1848
▤ British Kaffraria 1848
District Boundaries 1848
Main Roads
BERLIN German Legion Settlers ex Crimean War
CRADOCK
CRADOCK
WINTERBERG
TARKASTAD
QUEENSTOWN
KAFFRARIA
ANNEXED BY CAPE COLONY
1879
TO NATAL
IDUTYWA
Bashee R.
BUTTERWORTH
TEMBUS
WARTBURG
STUTTERHEIM
1658
AMATOLA
FORT WARDEN
FRANKFORT
XHOSAS
Great Kei R.
HANOVER
BERLIN
CHARLOTTENBURG
KINGWILLIAMSTOWN
BREIDBACH
POTSDAM
EAST LONDON
Buffalo R.
INDIAN
N
OCEAN
0
20
40
SOMERSET EAST
BEDFORD
FORT
BEAUFORT
ADELAIDE
FORT BEAUFORT
ALICE
SOMERSET
VICTORIA
EAST
FORT PEDDIE
Keiskamma R.
ALBANY
ZUURBERG
GRAHAMSTOWN
1819
SALEM
BATHURST
Gt Fish R.
PORT ALFRED
Kowie R.
Sundays R.
UITENHAGE
UITENHAGE
Bushmans R.
Cape Padrone
Bird Island *
Algoa Bay
Bethelsdorp
PORT ELIZABETH 1820 (Fort Frederick)
1795
Cape Recife

begin to clear the land and prepare it for planting wheat and vegetables. If he and his family were to live, he had to provide the food for their use by raising it. There was no neighborhood grocer or baker to buy the necessary foodstuffs. The Government had allowed the Settlers to draw on their deposit money for the necessary farm implements, tools and the necessary food to carry them until they could harvest their first crop.

The planted wheat and vegetables sprouted and were growing very well until just before the December harvest when there appeared a "rust" which attacked the stalks of the wheat and killed it. The wheat crop for that year was a complete failure. There was less wheat harvested than was planted. There not being enough harvested to provide seed for the coming year, let alone the food they were depending on for their sustenance.

To John Henry Dixon and his Party, the wheat failure was a severe blow. All they had to show for the hard work of six months farming were the few vegetable they were lucky to mature. Now with the failure of the wheat crop there was no income to pay off their debt to the Government, to buy more seed, or to pay their living expenses until a new crop was raised.

The first half year of hard work and toil on the locations, had showed the settlers the limited possibilities of an agricultural settlement. Much of the ground allotted was not suitable for cultivation and the allotment of one hundred acres per family was not sufficient to provide them with an adequate living.

The uncertain and irregular rainfall could not be supplemented with the waters from the nearby rivers, because the volume of water in these rivers ran from a raging torrent when it rained and filled the narrow and deep channels, to a dwindling, useless stream, at other times. The crops were planted on the high banks of each side of the river, and without the aid of pumps there was no way to get the water from the lower river channels to the higher banks.

As oxen, cows, horses and sheep were acquired, it was found that a considerable amount of pasture land was necessary to provide the cattle with sufficient feed; much more than the one hundred acres alloted them.

What a trying time it was for John Henry Dixon. As head of the Dixon Party, it was his responsibility to see that each member of his party stayed within the confines of his location, unless they had a proper pass from him. They could not leave the District without a pass from the Deputy Land-drost at Grahamstown. The Settlers were forbidden to hire native servants. They had to do all of their own work both inside and outside the home. Under these trying and primitive living conditions, it was no wonder that many of the Settlers deserted their farms, going to the populated centers of Uitenhage, Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Graaff-Reinet, where these restrictions did not apply and where there was plenty of work for a skilled workman to be found

How these Settlers envied their Dutch Neighbors or the other older settlers who had become established on their farms prior to the Albany Settlement. It was not unusual for one of these older farms to have 6,000 or more acres of land, with slaves and Hotentot servants to do all the work; where they and their family lived in comparative ease and comfort. They being able to come and go as they pleased with no passes or other restrictions being imposed on them.

One of the bright spots in this despressing picture of the early Settlement was the moderate and pleasant climate of the Albany District. The general health of the community was excellent, especially when considering the difficult and hardship conditions the Settlers were forced to live under.

It has been said that some of the early settler Doctors were forced to leave the District due to the lack of sufficient patronage.

As long as the Settlers did not own much livestock, they were not molested by the thieving natives. It was when they acquired herds of livestock that they commenced to have troubles with the native tribes.

Many times during the eighteen months that Sir Rufus Donkin was acting Governor, he called at the Dixon house and location giving advice and help in overcoming their problems and alleviating their hardships. It was through his help that the pass restrictions were relaxed, permitting many of the skilled workmen, who were starving on their farms, to go to the larger cities and town and contribute their skills.

Sir Rufus Donkin was responsible for initiating the steps to make Algoa Bay a seaport, and Port Elizabeth a new town, named in honor of his deceased wife.

It was Sir Rufus Donkin who laid the plans for establishing a centrally located town in the Albany District, within easy access to all the locations and where all administrative details were to be handled. This new town was named Bathurst in honor of the Colonial Secretary. Building lots were surveyed and sold. Barracks were planned and construction started. The magistrate's residence and offices (Drostdy) were commenced. Several cottages were built before Sir Rufus was recalled to England when the centrally located District Office plan withered and died. The District Office was then permanently established at Grahamstown, where it had temporarily been located.

Before leaving for England, Sir Rufus was instrumental in having the Colonial Office pay back to the Settlers the amount of money they had charged the Settlers for their transportation from Algoa Bay to their locations in the Albany District, when they first arrived in South Africa. Sir Rufus Donkin was truly a"Champion of the Settlers".

About three miles to the northeast of the Dixon Location, on the opposite side of the Kap River, was a large deposit of red clay called the"Clay Pits". For centuries this had been the native Kaffirs source of clay for making pots, dishes and various ornaments. In January 1821, it was estimated that nearly 3000 native men and women appeared at the clay pits to carry off this prized clay to their villages. Not being satisfied with the clay alone, the natives always managed to drive away cattle belonging to the Settlers on the adjoining Locations. In September of 1821, a young herder, aged 15 named Benjamin Anderson, suddenly disappeared, as well as the cattle he was herding near the Clay Pits. It was later discovered that he had been brutally murdered and the cattle driven across the 30 mile "no man's land", buffer strip, into Kaffirland by these natives.

For the next 60 years, periodically the Settlers would organize, arm themselves, and march into Kaffirland and reclaim all the stolen cattle they could find.

It was on one of these expeditions that Henry Aldous Dixon at the age of 15 ventured deep into the native territory. He helped recover over 10,000 head of cattle and his share amounted to several pounds sterling. He put it aside in a savings account and it paid part of his first trip to Utah.

Even though the natives had permission from the Government to come across the border and carry away the clay, it was unlawful for the Settlers to barter or trade or have any dealings with the Natives. Some of the Settlers felt that since the Government gave the natives permission to carry off the red clay and with it any of the Settlers' cattle they had the right to compensate for the cattle losses by illicitly bartering and trading beads and trinkets for ivory from the Kaffirs.

One of the Settlers was suddenly surprised by a military patrol, while in the act of trading with a band of Kaffirs. He had his wagon and oxen taken to military headquarters, together with all the ivory belonging to the natives. The natives thinking this was a pre-arranged trick, set upon the Settler and stabbed him to death.

In this year of the second crop failure and amid these native depradations, John Henry Dixon's wife, Margaret, presented him with his fifth child, and her only boy, William Henry Dixon, on November 24, 1821, at Grahamstown, C. P.

In 1822, after the third successive crop failure and apparent financial ruin for John H. Dixon, his wife, Margaret set sail from Port Elizabeth to return to England for the settlement of an inheritance and other business transactions.

After the second wheat crop failure, which was caused mainly by "rust", the Government received a new "Bengel" wheat seed which was issued to the Settlers as a rust resistive seed corn. It proved to be a miserable failure in living up to its reputation and guarantee. The third crop failure of 1822 was as severe, if not more so than the 1821 crop failure.

This crop failure aggravated by the continuous depradations of the natives had so undermined the economic position of the Albany Settlement that several of the leading Settlers decided to call a special public meeting to discuss their affairs, appoint a special committee to go to Capetown and meet with the Governor, and discuss their economic, social and political affairs.

Circulars were distributed designating May 24, 1822 as the day for this meeting, but the Land-drost forbade the meeting. The day the meeting was to be held the Governor issued a proclamation, in the most threatening terms. He reminded the Settlers they were not allowed to hold any public meetings without his consent. If they did, severe penalties would be levied on them.

The meeting was called off and there were several months deliberations amongst the Settlers as to the next course of action they should pursue. Finally a request for permission to hold a meeting was signed by 97 influential and responsible men of the District, and was given to the Land-drost in December of 1822. The petition was forwarded to the Governor who immediately denied permission to hold the meeting on the grounds that the petition failed to state with sufficient precision the objects for which the meeting was to be called.

Although, at this time, public meetings were not permitted, the obnoxious pass system was abolished. This pass system had virtually made the Settlers prisoners of their own locations by requiring them to obtain a pass to leave the District from the Land-drost, stating where they were going, when they would return, and what purpose their business was for. To go from one location to another, they were required to get a pass from the Party Leader.

Thus with the freedom of movement granted the Settlers, those least adapted to farming, or who had lost their interest and faith in ever being able to make a living as an agriculturist, picked up what few earthly possessions they had and moved to the nearby towns and settlements. They engaged themselves at their old trades learned in England, or set themselves at a newly acquired trade or business. The demand for skilled workmen was great in these young and new centers of population. Many of the Settlers even travelled as far as Capetown to seek their fortunes.

The Settlers leaving their locations were fully aware they were forfeiting their rights to the free land promised them. The agreement with the Government was that they were required to live on their land for three years before receiving title to it.

The Settlers still "chaffing" from their failure to hold public meetings or to personally bring their problems before the Governor, led to the preparation of a document, dated March 10, 1823. It was signed by 171 leading men of the Settlement. It set forth in restrained but firm language the position of the Settlers. This document was addressed and sent directly to Lord Bathurst of the British Government, London, England, bypassing all local and colonial officials who had refused to help them with their problems.

"To the Right Honourable the Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, etc. etc. etc.."

"The subscribing colonists in South Africa, who emigrated in the year 1819 under the patronage of their native Government, are compelled by a sense of justice to themselves, and of duty to the Government under whose auspices they embarked, to lay before your Lordship a statement of the real circumstances which have prevented their advancement."

"That whatever may have been the individual disappointments and failures incidental to so numerous an emigration,they do not present themselves to His Majesty's Government with any complaint of the natural disadvantages to the country to which they have been sent. And they have ever been actuated by one undivided feeling of respect and gratitude for the liberal assistance of the British Government, a feeling which future reverses can never efface. And they more gratefully recognize an additional instance of the same favourable disposition in the late modification of the collonial law of succession, which they hail as a pledge that their interest (where not opposed to the rights of their fellow subjects) will never have lost sight of by His Majesty's Government."

"That although the settlers must lament that in its earlier stages the prosperity of this settlement has been checked in several important instances, through the mis-apprehensions of the general or local authorities, yet they gratefully acknowledge the prompt and generous exertions of Government in providing the means of subsistence on the commencement of the settlement, and in alleviating as far as possible the severe visitations of repeated and total failures of their wheat crops. And they cannot omit the expression of their particular gratitude to the acting Governor, Sir Rufane Donkin, who devoted to their prosperity a great share of his personal attention; to whom they owed the establishment of a town in the centre of the new settlement, as the seat of its magistracy; and a system of military defense, during which they were free from Caffre depradations; by making arrangements for a friendly intercourse with the Caffres, and by his solicitous attentions to the interest and wishes of the settlers, he inspired them with a degree of energy and hope, of which they are now left only the recollection."

"That is the peculiar hardship of their situation, placed in a remote corner of the British Dominions, with their whole interest and prospects committed to the unlimited control of one individual, and possessing no security that their situation is thoroughly understood or properly represented, that they have been debarred all means of expressing their collective sentiments upon matters of the utmost importance to their common interests."

"That it has long, and from the most distressing proofs, become evident to the settlers that the colonial government (situated at the opposite extremity of the colony, where every particular, whether of soil and climate, or the constitution, pursuits and interests of society, is totally different) possesses no adequate means of ascertaining their actual wants."

"That under this conviction, it was contemplated by a small number of the principal settlers to consult together upon the most advisable mode of making his Excellency the Governor acquainted with the peculiarities of their situation; but this intention was met not only by positive prevention, but by public imputations against the views and motives of the settlers in general, which they felt to be wholly unmerited."

"That being thus prevented from communication with the colonial government, they have for twelve months continued to labour under the effects of a series of measures calculated only to extinguish the small remains of enterprise and confidence that had survived the numerous disappointments they had previously encountered; and when at length their situation from the increasing and unpunished incursion of the Caffres had become really unsupportable, they were reduced to the necessity of requesting permission to meet in the manner pointed out to them as legal, for the purpose of making their situation known to His Majesty's Government. But as this also has been virtually denied to them, they are obliged to content themselves with offering to your Lordship this imperfect but faithful sketch of their situation in general, but more particularly of the uniform reversal of every measure previously resorted to for their advantage."

"That as it does not appear that any natural obstacle is opposed to their advancement, they are induced to submit a candid statement of the artificial disadvantage by which they are surrounded, in the confident hope that this settlement will not be allowed to fall a sacrifice to them."

"That upon their arrival, they found themselves placed according to the terms accepted by them in England (before they were aware of the peculiarities of this country), upon grants of 100 acres each in a country where it still appears necessary to the susistence of the Cape Dutch farmer to grant him 4,000 acres; that this, together with the withholding two-thirds of the deposit money, which it was stipulated should be repaid after location, had the effect of precluding the majority of the settlers from pursuing the mode of farming usual in this country, and of directing their attention exclusively to agriculture."

"That although the disappointments hitherto suffered in this pursuit must in a great measure refer to extraordinary and unavoidable causes, yet the settlers cannot but observe that their future prospects appear totally barred by the weightest artificial obstacles."

"That besides the injurious effects of the distinction above mentioned in drawing away a portion of the settlers to more profitable pursuits, the remaining part who may possess land of an extent worth attending to, can have no inducement to raise a surplus produce while the colonial government reserves to itself, in the entire supply of the troops, the monopoly of the only internal market, and they can never look for an external trade while the prosperity of this part of the colony continues to be subservient to the local interest of Cape Town; while no direct trade is allowed to Algoa Bay; while no exportation is permitted except through Cape Town, and dependent upon the state of that market, and the advantage of possessing a sea-port is in a great measure lost to the settlement; while every article of import brought to Algoa Bay or the Kowie is burdened with all the expense of re-shipment from Cape Town."

"That the establishment of the town of Bathurst, as its seat of magistracy, was of the most material service to the settlement, as from its situation in the centre of the smaller parties it served to sustain in its vicinity a denser population that the circumstances of the country could otherwise induce; that its superior advantage of soil, its vicinity to the only part of the coast found capable of communicating with the sea, and the erection of the residence of the chief magistrate at the public expense, had induced many individuals to expend their means in establishing themselves there; that the removal of the seat of magistracy and the withdrawing the troops and government support from a town upon which they had fixed their first hopes, and upon which depended all their future prospects of a market, has been productive of the worst effects upon the interest and prospects of the settlement in general; as besides its directly ruinous consequences to individuals, it has drawn away the population from the nucleus of the settlement, and created a general distrust in the stability of the measures of the Government."

"That the most pressing and insupportable of their grievances arise from the constant depredations of the Caffres who have within a few months committed several murders, and deprived the settlement of the greater part of its cattle; that their depredations are in a great measure produced by relinquishing that line of policy which held out to those tribes a hope of procuring, by friendly barter, such commodities as their acquired wants have rendered necessary and which they are now obliged to procure by theft or force; by discountenancing and withdrawing the military force from the new settlement of Fredricksburg, and permitting the Caffres to plunder and force the settlers to retire, and ultimately to burn it to the ground; by refusing aid to the more advanced farmers, plundering parties have been encouraged to drive those in, and afterwards to extend their incursions to all parts of the settlement, and even beyond it; by exasperating that tribe which had hitherto preserved the appearances of friendship in attempting to seize their chief (Gaika) in his own village, and by withholding from the local military authorities that discretionary power which they were formerly vested, which, by enabling them to enforce summary restitution, showed the Caffres that the offence must instantly be followed by the punishment; whereas, by waiting the decision of the Commander-in-chief, 600 miles distant, in every emergency, offences are allowed to accumulate to an alarming amount;and the slender means of defense the settlement possesses, deprived of the power of acting with promptitude, is forced to present to the Caffres at once the appearance of enmity and weakness."

"That it thus appears to the colonists, instead of the new settlement ever deriving any advantage from the civilization of these savages, that the existing measures can only lead to a war of mutual extermination."

"That the settlers refrain from adverting to other numerous and serious obstacles to the prosperity of this settlement, arising from the system of government and laws to which they are subjected, from the enlivening assurance that these considerations continue to occupy the attention of His Majesty's Ministers. When they contemplate the immense resources of fertile and unappropriated territory this colony possesses in their immediate vicinity, and the provident care of the British Government to preserve the future inhabitants from the contamination of slavery, they cannot but cherish the hope that their present distresses are only temporary, and that at no distant period a numerous and flourishing colony may be here governed upon British principles, and by British laws."

To those Settlers who had "weathered" the famine and were still on their locations, a new tragedy to test their courage and endurance was thrust upon them the latter part of the year 1823, when excessive rain began to fall. Ever since the Settlers had arrived in the Zuurveld, the rainfall had been very scarce and there had been a drought. Now with the rain beginning in October, which was a most welcome sight; it continued unceasingly for more than a week, accompanied by terrific windstorms.

The damage to the crops, the orchards and gardens, the livestock, the buildings and dams and other improvements, was the most devastating natural phenomena sustained by the Settlement in its entire history. It was such a great loss that it thereafter became known and referred to as "The Flood".

The few patches of wheat which survived "The Flood" were attacked for the 4th successive year by "rust", and swarms of locust and caterpillars added to the destruction of the remaining crops.

This was the low ebb for the Albany Settlement. The test had been made. Only the time tested farmers now remained on the land. The next two years witnessed the beginning of prosperity, which eventually came to the Settlement.

From about the middle of the year, 1824, many changes and numerous innovations were introduced by the Government for the benefit of the Settlers. In July of 1824 licenses were issued by the Landdrost to European traders, giving them permission to gather at Fort Wilshire, in the neutral zone between the black and whites territory, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. There was to be no trafic in ammunition, firearms, or liquor. Here the natives brought their ivory, hides, gum, basketware and reed mats; which were then exchanged for beads, tools, cotton goods, colored blankets, metal implements, wire and trinkets. After the 3 days at the fair, the European traders were required to go back to the Colony across the Fish River. The natives were required to return to Kaffirland, across the Keiskama River.

These Native Fairs and the trading with the Kaffirs was the beginning point for prosperity in the Eastern Province. Grahamstown quickly became the wholesale distributive center for these Settler-traders. Port Elizabeth and Port Kowie developed into very important ports for the exporting of the native products as well as the importing of the articles traded to the natives.

The reason for this change of attitude by the Governor towards the Settlers was never fully explained. Some felt he had been ordered by the British Government to change his ruinous methods. Others felt that the investigations and the Commissions of Inquiry had opened his eyes to the adverse effects his policies were exerting on the Settlers.

In February of 1825, Governor Charles Somerset, made his first an only visit to the Settlement. Here he personally became aware of their insecurity and immediate needs.

To make ammends for his action in checking the establishment of the Town of Bathurst as the District Seat in 1822, the Governor now volunteered free land to person who would build houses, of approved design and value, in Bathurst.

The uncompleted Drotsdy was converted into a Grammar School by the Rev. William Boardman. He became the first teacher there but not for long, for he died in September of 1827. This old building is still standing and is one of the most imposing private residence in the Albany District at Bathurst.

Many of the Settlers who had managed to stay on their farms by the year 1825, and because of adverse financial setbacks had been unable to pay back their Government loans, made for the purchase of implements, seed and rations during their first three years of residency, were relieved of this obligation by the Governor in his recommendation to the Colonial Secretary, after his tour of inspection. In this same year the Settlers were granted permission to hire Kaffir and Hottentot farm laborers, which was a welcome measure.

The most important and beneficial reform as a result of the Governors personal visit to the Settlements, was the adequate extension of land grants whereby a Settler was able to obtain sufficient land acreage to justify his raising cattle and sheep. This action became the mainstay and lifesaver of those Settlers remaining on the land.

Margaret Walden Dixon, wife of John Henry Dixon, died June 21, 1824 and was buried at Grahamstown. Rev. William Geary conducted the funeral service. She was survived by her husband and 5 children.

As conditions became more settled and prosperous, John Henry Dixon of Waaplaats married Judith Boardman at Grahamstown by the Rev. Thomas Ireland on January 12, 1826. The ceremony was witnessed by Robert Godlonton and Henry and Alice Lloyd, friends of family.

Judith Boardman was the second eldest daughter of the Reverend William Boardman and Margaret Hayes. She was born at Newberry, Lancaster, England on December 16, 1796. She had one older sister, three younger sisters and four younger brothers. Her father, Rev. William Boardman was acting leader of the Willson Party, one of the First Colonial Ministers of the Settlement, Master of the Grammar School at Bathurst. He died in September of 1827.

When Judith left England with her parents and family as one of the 1820 Settlers to the Cape of Good Hope, she was twenty-three years of age and was entitled to a land grant.

Being the second eldest in this large family of boys and girls, she had been accustomed to household work and sharing the responsibilities of caring for her family. Now with her recent marriage to John Henry Dixon, she assumed the full household responsibilities of being mother to his five motherless children: Mary, age 15; Emma, age 12; Eliza, age 10; Sarah, age 8; and William Henry, age 5.

In the year 1827, Judith Boardman Dixon gave birth to a daughter who was christened Anne Judith Dixon. Whether Anne was born at the Dixon location, Waaplaats, or in the Town of Grahamstown is yet to be verified.

With the first personal appearance of Governor Somerset to the Albany Settlement in February 1825, the small village at the mouth of the Kowie River (Port Kowie) received the new name of Port Frances. The enlarged harbor facilities and allied buildings and warehouses; the forming of the Albany Shipping Co. to provide for coastal trade, all receiving official government favor; encouraged many of the Settlers to invest in building sites and erect homes at Port Frances.

In July 1825, John Henry Dixon bought lots 21 and 43 at Port Frances, the Settlement Port. Title to these two lots were issued to him on December 1, 1825.

In December of 1831, a son was born to Judith Boardman Dixon. On January 8, 1832 he was given the name of John and baptized at Grahamstown by the Rev. William Carlisle. He only lived four months and was buried at Grahamstown on May 9, 1832 by the Rev. Carlisle.

With the private native trading licenses having been issued to numerous persons of good character for use beyond the colonial boundaries, native trade soon became a very profitable business. The trade in ivory, hides, and gum for this period was estimated at about $200,000 annually, and increased each succeeding year. All traffic in arms, ammunition and liquor was prohibited and strictly enforced.

It was in this period that some of the most adventurous Settlers awoke to the realization the big game hunting for elephants, lion, buffalo, hippopotumus, and rhinoceros could become a very profitable business. In the past the traders had relied on the natives to bring in the game.

In A. J. Chaplin's Biography of Henry Hartley, and who is accredited with a record of 1200 elephants killed in one year, the following incident is related:

"While he and his sons were way-laying some elephants at a drift, a lion was prowling about and become troublesome. His sons suggested the happy despatch but he would not permit the shooting as the report of the rifles would have dispersed the elephants. The lion was walking in the direction of a low bush, and Mr. Hartley managed to crawl, unperceived by the beast, behind the bush. When the great brute was quite near, Hartley suddenly popped his head over the bush and shook his massive beard, making at the same time a loud roaring noise. This apparition was too much for his majesty the King of the forest, as the royal beast incontinently fled, leaving the Hartleys convulsed with laughter, but absolute masters of the situation."

With the granting of an extension in land grant acreage, some of the Settlers moved to larger farms in the grazing area of Somerset East, and Graaff-Reinett Districts, but the majority of Settlers stuck to their farming on their increased acreage in the Albany District. Through the lessons of bitter experience in the first six years, they learned to adapt themselves to the local conditions. The farming of wheat was confined to only the most favorable ground and the raising of barley, rye, Indian corn and maize was restricted to those areas where climate and soil were favorable. The raising of cattle and sheep soon became the mainstay of those remaining on the land.

Before 1826 the majority of the sheep raised was for mutton, but in the year 1826 several of the large sheepmen imported the "Merino" and other wool producing breeds of sheep. Ten years later the value of exported wool from Port Elizabeth amounted to $130,000.00. Five years after, it amounted to $180,000.00. By 1957 the wool production in South Africa exceeded 300 million pounds in weight and valued at $300 million annually. Truly the wool industry founded by these early Settlers became the most important of all South Africa's farming activities.

On the land unsuited for sheep raising, horned cattle were introduced. On the most choice land and near the water, all types of fruit and vegetable were raised in abundance and of excellent quality.

From 1829 to the middle of 1834, there was continuous trouble with the Kaffirs. From three to five thousand head of the Settlers' cattle and sheep and horses were stolen annually and driven off to Kaffirland. There were no large raids, but hundreds of small ones which were impossible to control. In these raids some of the Settlers became victims of the Kaffir assegais.

By July 1834 the natives had become so bold that they attacked the store of a Settler, William Purcel. He was murdered for refusing to trade on the Sabbath. For the next several months everything was calm and comparatively peaceful, and then on December 21, 1834, twenty thousand Kaffir natives poured into the Settlements, stealing, setting fire to the buildings and killing the Settlers.

This 6th Kaffir War between the "whites and blacks" became the most serious and tragic war to-date. In ten short days the natives destroyed all that the Settlers had so painstakingly and laboriously built up in the past fifteen years. They burned 456 farmhouses, pillaged 300 others, destroyed 60 laden wagons, drove off 5,700 horses, 12,000 cattle and 162,000 sheep and goats; a total loss estimated at over $1,000,000. The Districts of Albany, Somerset East and as far as Uitenhage District were run-over by these maurauding Kaffir hordes.

Most of the Settlers and their families were able to escape from their farms just in time and fled to the villages and nearby town; leaving behind all of their worldly possessions. They now had less material possessions than when they landed at Algoa Bay 15 years earlier.

John Henry Dixon, upon hearing the news of the on-coming native warriors, quickly loaded his wife Judith, daughters Mary, Emma, Eliza, Sarah, Anne and son William Henry into their covered wagon and with other members of his location, dashed at breakneck speed for Grahamstown and protection. If John Henry had decided to seek protection at Bathurst rather than Grahamstown, they would have had to make a second break on Christmas Day. This was the day the natives made their attack against Bathurst. After a grim struggle the defenders of Bathurst were able to withstand the savage attack and to drive the natives back. But a few days later the Settlers realized the odds were against them in holding out for any length of time, so they decided they should make a dash for Grahamstown and better protection. They accomplished this difficult and amazing task without a single casualty; although they had several skirmishes on their way to safety.

No doubt, John Henry upon arriving at Grahamstown and seeing that his wife and children were safely arranged for, volunteered to go out into the Settlements of the surrounding country and help bring in those families who were in immediate danger. The Grahamstown Volunteers were organized for this very purpose.

Up to this point the natives had only attacked Bathurst and had threatened the village of Salem. All their other attacks were confined to the small isolated farms and areas.

A Quaker by the name of Richard Gush, through his courageous conduct, single handed averted possible annihilation to the inhabitants of Salem. Against the advice of the majority of the people seeking protection in the village of Salem, and turning a deaf ear to the pleas of his family, he rode out unarmed to meet the hundreds of Kaffirs who had surrounded the Town and were all ready to make their attack. His son-in-law and two other young men, unarmed followed him at a distance. Dismounting in front of the astonished enemy, he removed his coat to show he was unarmed, and boldly called upon their leader to step forward. So astonished and impressed by his courage, that they refrained from falling upon him and killing him, and immediately called for their leader. After a lengthy council they agreed not to attack the village if Gush would ride back, collect certain gifts, and return with them to the meeting place,still alone and unarmed. These demands Gush cooly carried out in detail, whereupon the Kaffirs filled with wonder and amazement at his courage and faith in them withdrew without further trouble and Salem was saved.

Just two and one-half months later, towards the close of this period of fright, turmoil, uncertainty and death; Judith Boardman Dixon gave birth to her youngest son, Henry Aldous Dixon, on March 14, 1835, at Grahamstown, Cape Province, South Africa. It was in St. George's Church, Grahamstown, that he was christened. The same Church building had only recently been used as a place of refuge for several thousand of the Settlers who had come to Grahamstown for protection. Not only had it been a refuge for the women and children, but also served as a powder magazine for their ammunition.

By the latter part of March 1835, the natives had been pushed out of the Colony and out behind the neutral territory, and by May 10th a new Eastern Boundry had been established. It was not until September 1835, that a peace treaty was signed and the 6th Kaffir War became history.

For the majority of the Settlers, the next few years were devoted to the task of restoring their shattered fortunes.

In re-building their burnt-out homesteads, many of the farmers constructed their new farm buildings along the lines of a minature fortress, with watch towers, guard houses, loopholes, embrasures and high surrounding stone walls. These farm house fortresses, later played a most important part of preserving life and property in subsequent wars and raids.

In a surprising short time, houses, barns and outbuildings were rebuilt, fences repaired, ploughing resumed and livestock replenished. The visable ravages of war were concealed, but many more years of hard toil was required to pay for the heavy financial losses suffered by the Settlers.

Unlike the Mormon Pioneers "trek" of 1847 when the Latter-Day Saints were driven from the edge of civilization to the wilderness; the Dutch Farmer, living in the Districts of the Eastern Colony, became disgusted with the British Governments frontier policy and the emancipation of their slaves in 1834. They started, by their own free will, to leave the Colony and seek new homes in the new areas to the North and Northwest. By the end of 1837, a total of 2,000 persons had left the Colony and crossed the Orange River. It has been called "The Great Trek of South Africa", and its participants "The Voor Trekkers".

The majority of the Settlers regretted to see their Dutch neighbors leaving, for since their arrival on the locations, they had respected and developed strong bonds of friendship, trust and mutual interests. Their assistance in defending the frontier lines was of inestimable value and worth.

By 1850, John Henry Dixon had worked hard and long and had accumulated sufficient wise investments to retire. In his 64th year, he bought a house in Uitenhage where some of his friends were living in retirement.

A short time before his retirement decision was made, his youngest daughter Anne, married John Godlieb Hartman at Grahamstown.

John Henry rented his house at Grahamstown and took his wife, Judith and youngest son Henry Aldous, who had just returned from a native expedition into Kerlies Country, with all their belongings and moved to their new home at Uitenhage, approximately 100 miles south of Grahamstown.

It was here in Uitenhage in about 1854 that Henry A. Dixon, a young man of nineteen years became acquainted with Elder Leonard I. Smith from Salt Lake City, Utah, and was taught the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It was here in Uitenhage that after being baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints that John Henry Dixon told young Henry, "that inasmuch as you have gone in direct opposition to my wishes you must try the world on your own".

John Henry Dixon and his wife Judith were still living at Uitenhage in January 18, 1862 when their L. D. S. missionary son, Henry A. returned to the land of his birth. At this time John Henry Dixon offered to set his son up in business and to see that he was comfortably provided for the remainder of his life, if he would marry and remain in the land of his birth, South Africa.

It was here in Uitenhage in April of 1864 that Henry A. Dixon gave his last good bye to his Mother. She died here in Uitenhage on September 23, 1865. His father returned to Grahamstown to live with his widowed daughter Anne.

On April 1, 1874, at the age of 88 years, John Henry Dixon died at Grahamstown, C. P., South Africa, where he was buried.

In reference to the death of his Father, Henry A. Dixon wrote the following in a letter to his sister Anne:

Provo City
13 July 1874

Mrs. Anne Hartman
Dundas Street, Grahamstown
Cape of Good Hope, South Africa

Dear Sister,

Received yours' of the 4th April announcing the death of our dear Father. The first intimation I received was from a newspaper I received, presume from you. The blow was not as severe as might have been, had he been a younger man.

His advanced age of 88 and from the tenor of your letters, general debility, caused me to expect it. He has fulfilled the measure of his creation, honourably and faithfully, and has gone to reap the reward of his labors. I feel proud of my Parentage, and hope I may never bring discredit on the family - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

/S/ HENRY A. DIXON

So closed the life's work of the Leader of the Dixon Party. He was a member of that band of valiant and courageous 1820 Settlers who left his native land, London, England, for the unknown land of South Africa. As a fighting Pioneer, he helped conquer the soil, the natives, and the elements. He lived to enjoy the fruits of his labors and to witness the gradual development of his adopted Country to a thriving and prosperous nation.

Clarence Dixon Taylor

La Belle Alliance } 4th Jany. 1820
Deptford }

Thames River Near London, England

REV. WILLIAM BOARDMAN

Sir,

I have the honour to be
Your very obedient
and respectful servt

Wm Boardman

REVEREND WILLIAM BOARDMAN

1776 - 1827

The Boardman family of Haydock Lodge, Holbrook Hall and Ashton Manor, Lancaster, England, was a highly influential family, owning considerable farm land at Haydock and vicinity, as well as commercial property near the Princes Dock, Liverpool. This latter property being sold to the municipality of Liverpool about 1827 for a considerable amount. The proceeds from this sale was left to the brothers, Thomas Boardman and James Boardman.

The second son born to Thomas Boardman and Mary Ashton in 1776 at Ashton Le Williams, Lancaster, England was given the name of William. William the subject of this sketch had an older brother Thomas and a younger brother James and two younger sisters, Mary and Judith.

At the age of 22, in 1794, William Boardman married Margaret Hayes, sister of John Hayes, solicitor of Liverpool, who had the management of the Boardman real estate properties.

For the next seven years, William and his wife Margaret, lived at Newberry, Lancaster, where the following children were born:

Mary, born October 5, 1795; Judith (my great grandmother) was born December 16, 1796; Susannah, born October 27, 1798; Thomas, born September 25, 1800.

By the time the next child, Margaret, was born on December 14, 1802, the family had moved to nearby Newton, where the following children were born:

John Ashton, born July 8, 1804; Sarah Hayes, born August 3, 1806; James Hayes, born July 22, 1808. The youngest son, William, was born February 14, 1811, at Blackburn, England.

The Rev. William Boardman was Master of Grammar School at Blackburn, Lancaster, England. He resigned in December 1819 to accept the appointment of the Secretary of State as Colonial Minister for the Church of England in behalf of the British Settlers who were leaving England to colonize the Albany Settlement in the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa.

In order to provide for the spiritual welfare of these African Settlers, the Imperial Parliment had made provisions whereby each party of 100 families could choose a Clergyman of their own choice (subject to approval of the Sec. of State) to accompany them to their new home. The clergyman was to receive approximately $500 (100 pounds) annually from the British Government.

Mr. Thomas Willson, a young and enthusiastic man, had contacted his friends and neighbors, selling them on the opportunities of the free land and the ease of livelyhood in the new Country - South Africa.

He had 307 persons subscribe and become members of his Party. Having sufficient members in his party to engage the services of a Clergyman, he had submitted the name of the Rev. William Boardman to the Secretary of State for his approval. Not only could the Rev. Boardman act as their Minister, but he could also organize Gram. mar School to educate their children in this new land.

Thus the Rev. William Boardman became a member of the Willson Party who sailed on the LaBelle Alliance ship. Of the 11ships, 56 Parties, and 3,487 Persons setting sail for the Cape of Good Hope; there were only two Church of England Ministers (Rev. Boardman) and (Rev. F. Mac Cleland) and one Methodist Minister (Rev. J.W. Shaw) appointed to care for the spiritual welfare of these settlers.

According to Hockly, in his "Story of the British Settlers of 1820". the Rev. William Boardman of the Willson Party, and the Rev. F. McClelland of the Parker Party, both Church of England Clergymen, set sail from England merely as ordinary settlers and accordingly did not receive a Government salary at first; but soon after their arrival at the Cape they were appointed as Ministers of their respective parties and were paid a salary by the Government as provided.

After saying goodbye to their 19 year old son Thomas, who was to remain in Blackburn, England, as an upholsterer apprenticed to Thomas Barton; Rev. Boardman, his wife Margaret Hayes Boardman, and their remaining eight children left for London on December 23, 1819, where their transport vessel, La Belle Alliance, was lying at anchor.

Upon arrival at London, they beheld eight, 3 masted sailing vessels, lying at anchor in the Thames River, and all imprisoned by the ice. Seeking out the Willson or London Party on the La Belle Alliance, which was frozen in at Depthford, the Boardman Family boarded the vessel in readiness for sailing just as soon as the ice would break up.

This winter had been one of the most severe witnessed in England for many a year. For solid weeks the temperature had been below freezing, and a piercing, cold, artic wind, accompanied by snow had blown in from the north. All ships in the Thames River were frozen in solid, including the Cape of Good Hope Settler's Vessels. While the Settlers were waiting for the ice to break up and release the ships so as to proceed on their way to Africa. It was not unusual for them to be able to walk from one vessel to another on the ice, or from ship to shore without the aid of boat or gangplank. Amusements in the form of dancing and playing games on the ice was a common practice. Even refreshment stands were erected on the ice for the benefit of those who danced to the tunes of the fiddler.

It was during these long hours and days of waiting that some of the passengers began to think and meditate on the big adventure they were undertaking, eventually leaving the vessel for their home, never to return and sail.

Finally on January 19, 1820 at 2:30 p.m., the La Belle Alliance was loosened from its mooring at Depthford and continued down the River as far as Blackwall; near the residence of the river pilot. Here again the ship was tied fast to the mooring and unable to proceed any further due to the thick ice which had formed. For a whole month, the LaBelle Alliance had only been able to proceed a distance of two miles down the Thames River. Disappointment, disgust, impatience and restlessness was evidenced among the majority of passengers.

Finally on February 14th, the La Belle Alliance made it into the open waters of the sea, bound for the Cape of Good Hope.

The La Belle Alliance vessel was somewhat crowded and strict ship regulations were posted and enforced. The British Government, including the Navy Board, had put forth great effort to provide and promote comfort and satisfactory living conditions for the emigrants. The food was simple, good and plentiful and was distributed on schedule as follows: On Mondays and Fridays - biscuits and beef. On Tuesdays and Saturdays - rum, pork and mustard. On Wednesdays - tea, cocoa, sugar, salt and soap. Every afternoon at 3:00 o'clock -water was allotted. All persons not appearing at the scheduled time lost their allotment. In cases of Illness, wine and other luxuries were available. Each ship carried a Doctor, as well as the Settler's Doctors, who were Dr. Thomas Cock, Dr. W. Combley and Dr. James Pawle of the Willson Party.

As might be expected, where a large number of people are crowded together, sickness in the form of measles, whooping cough and smallpox made their appearance. It was during this smallpox epidemic aboard the La Belle Alliance that Doctor Cock's wife and three children died of smallpx and were buried at sea. With his two remaining children, Dr. Cock received permission to return to England by the first transport after March 20, 1821.

In order to control these diseases, it was necessary at periodic intervals, to thoroughly clean, dis-infect and fumigate the ship. All which added to the distress and discomfort of the passengers. To do this, all personal belongings, such as clothing and bedding and such was taken on deck and thoroughly aired. After being returned below deck, the hatches were all closed and the ship completely fumigated with a poisonous gas. For a while this would control the rats, cockroaches and germs on the ship.

As a past-time, some of the men would put salt pork on a hook to fish. One particular day, one of the Settlers was fishing for sharks, which were swimming around the boat. Having been told how strong a shark was, he had tied the line to his arm, and was almost dragged overboard by the shark who had swallowed his hook and bait, before being rescued by nearby fishermen

On Sunday, Divine Services were held on the quarter deck. A fine awning was spread overhead and the sides were draped with flags. The awning provided a protection against the hot, tropical sun and the flags afforded a resemblance of privacy. Some Sundays when they were near the equator, it was necessary to throw buckets full of water around on the deck in order to try to keep cool and comfortable.

The capstan, covered with the Union Jack, was the pulpit, and the seats for the congregation were made of the capstan bars. The prayers were read and a sermon delivered by the Rev. William Boardman.

To many on board, the Sermon given on Sunday, March 12th, preached from the text "Grow in Grace", was the outstanding sermon delivered by the Rev. William Boardman, during the entire voyage.

On this same Sunday evening, when all was quiet and peaceful, there arose a most terrific noice, which alarmed and frightened the women and children. Many on board thought it was some strange ship which had drawn up alongside, without anyone knowing of its presence., and pirates from this strange and suspicious ship, which had been sighted earlier, were boarding the vessel. As the noise subsided, the sound of the speaking trumpet at the bow of the boat, hailed the ship. The La Belle Alliance Captain answered in reply. By this time the passengers were pouring on deck to see what the excitement was, but all they could see was a light pass under the side of the ship and head westward.

After anxious inquiry, the passengers were told that their ship had been hailed by King Neptune, the Governor of the Sea, and that he would be back the next day to claim tribute from all passengers who had never crossed the equator.

At half past nine the next morning, the announcement was made from the forecastle by the sound of the bugle horn, blown by"Joe Bigbelly". A strong voice was heard to hail the ship, "Ship Ahoy? "To this question the Captain answered. Neptune next inquired, "What Ship?" The Captain then answered, "The La Belle Alliance, bound for the Cape of Good Hope with Settlers."

Next a large screen was rolled up, and there appeared the most frightful creatures imaginable. First appeared six, nearly naked men, with their bodies painted and marked like the cannibal native from New Zealand. Each had a large bamboo stick in his hands.These were the constables. Next came eight men, with ropes in their hand, pulling Neptune's car. In this car with Neptune, was his wife and child and "Joe Bigbelly", who was blowing his horn with all the wind he had, of which he had plenty. The whole Royal Party were dressed most frightfully, and many of the children and young girls avoided them and would not let them come near them. Behind the Royal Car came the barber and his mate, carrying a bucket, a large brush for lather, and a piece of iron hoop for a razor. As the Royal Party approached the center of the ship, the Captain had four guns fired. The procession proceeded to the star board gangway where Neptune's secretary appeared with a long paper scroll in his hand. This list contained the names of those whom tribute was demanded. As each name was read, the constables would seek out this person and bring them to Neptune's judgement seat. This consisted of a plank across a large tub of water. Questions were thrown at the individual by King Neptune. The barber would lather the individual's face with his brush and soap and then draw his razor across his face. The plank was then pulled out from under the individual and down in the tub of water he would land. Not content with the ducking in the tub, bucket upon bucket of water was dashed on them from above.

To top off this big celebration, a grand ball was held in the evening, which filled the Settlers with gaety and pleasure and helped break the monotony of the long voyage.

Of great interest to the Boardman children were the exciting days when a small speck of land would emerge above the water line and the vessel would soon drop anchor near one of the several islands on the way. How well they remember the steep, vine clad hills, and the oranges and grapes brought out to them by the dark skinned Madeira natives in their small, but well filled row boats. How they wished they could get off this small, crowded ship and play on the sandy shore of Las Palmas or Ascension Island. Few persons were permitted to go ashore and as soon as the fresh water tanks were refilled, they were once again sailing south.

There were two or three times, the older children would never forget:-When the sea was running heavy and high, and the pouring rain forced the sailors to batten down the hatches-then in the midnight darkness, with the children clinging to their mothers-the water swept over the deck and the water swished in the hold below;-then the soft, hopeful voice of the mother, assuring them that all was well and every thing would be all right; but if it was the will of their Father-in-heaven , they would all go down together as a family.

When about two-thirds of the way to their destination, a special meeting of all the heads of families was called to make final arrangements for settling in their new home. At this time, Mr. Willson, the Party Head, put in his claim for his rights to be "Lord of the Manor", "To fish in all the rivers of the Settlement; to hunt on all the grounds;

to cut timer out of all the forests;and the whole party should enclose-his own lands and gardens and assist him in cultivating his lands, for at least the first two years."He also put in claims for various duties he had performed in making arrangements with the Secretary of State, at the Agent's Office, and in making arrangements for the Clergy and Doctors. This was a very unfortunate incident for Mr. Willson; for his party members felt he was taking unfair advantage of them, and they drew up a resolution requesting the Governor of the Cape, not to make Mr. Willson "Lord of the Manor", but to allot directly to each his 100 acres of land.

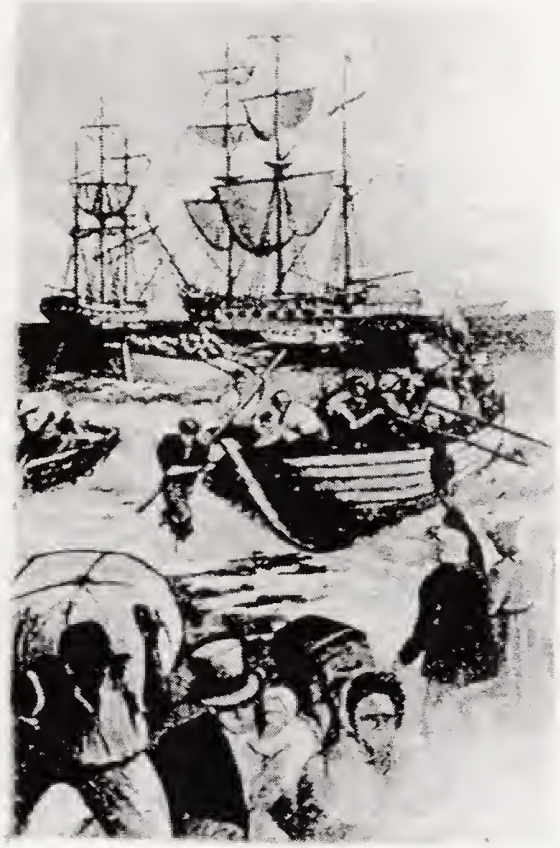
Mr. Willson later excused himself for abandoning his Party in Albany and returning to England by saying, " I sacrificed myself at the altar of duty for an ungrateful rabble who sought my life."

It was on May 1, 1820, when the La Belle Alliance dropped anchor in Table Bay, Capetown, South Africa. Due to strict quarantine regulations being enforced at Table Bay (the smallpox epidemic aboard), only the Party Leaders were allowed ashore. They brought back word that they would proceed immediately to their destination; for it was dangerous for them to remain any longer at Capetown.

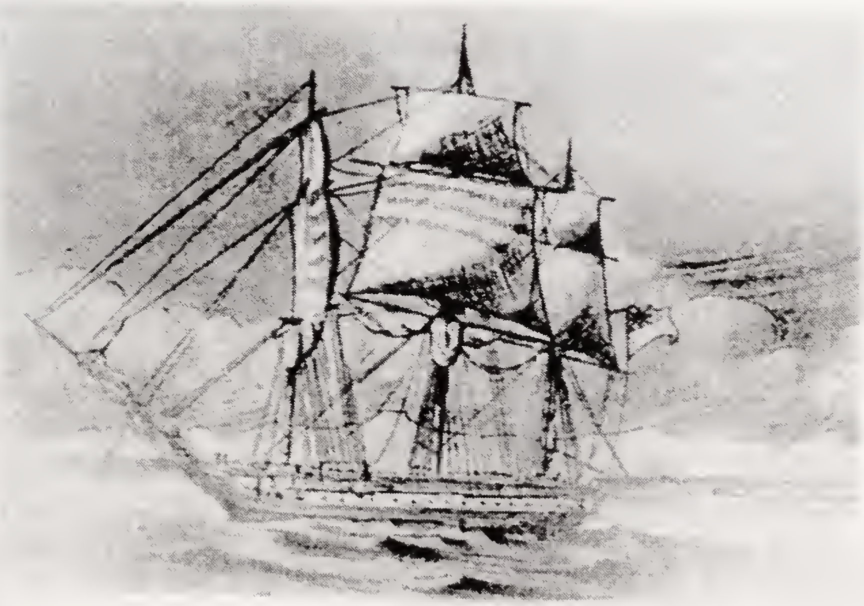
One of the passengers aboard the La Belle Alliance had been entrusted with a parcel and packet of letters to be delivered to two gentlemen in Capetown. Being unable to leave the ship they were unable to personally deliver them, so they had to send them ashore by another messenger. In payment for this service the two Cape Town gentlemen sent them a thank you letter together with two live sheep and a large bucket of onions.

For days thereafter, one of the main topics of discussion was about the large fat tails of these special breed of sheep. Some expressed their opinion that they might be a cross mixture with an otter; both having such large, fat tails. Others had the theory that these sheep, grazing on Table Mountain, with their heads higher than their tails, resulted in the surplus fat flowing to the lowest point, their tails. But the greatest satisfaction came when the sheep were butchered and fresh meat distributed to many of this young man's friends. This was really a rare treat for all, after having only salt beef and pork for the past six months.

Finally, Cape Recife was rounded and at about 11:00 a.m., Wednesday May 24, 1820, the La Belle Alliance dropped anchor in Algoa Bay. As the Boardman family stood on deck and looked out on the dreary, barren, sand swept coastline, they felt they had arrived at the "Cape of Forlorn Hope", rather than the Cape of Good Hope. On this barren looking shoreline, which was later to become Port Elizabeth, they could see only three houses, a few haystacks, and a great number of tents, placed there by the British Government as temp-



1820 Settlers landing



1820 Settlers Sailing Ship

orary quarters for the Settlers, enroute to their new homes. One of the Settlers describes this picture as follows: "From the deck of our vessel we descried a coast lashed by a broad belt of angry breakers, threatening, we feared, death to a large proportion of our numbers. The shore was girt with an array of barren sand hills, behind and close to which appeared a series of rugged and stony acclivities, and in the distance behind these, the dark and gloomy range of the Winterhood Mountains frowned upon us."

Upon the invitation of the Captain, the Rev. William Boardman and Thos. Willson, the Party Head, were the first to go ashore from the La Belle Alliance. Here they reported to the kind hearted and fatherly, Sir Rufane Donkin, the acting Governor of the Colony, who had his headquarters' tent (Marques) at the spot near the end of the present Jetty Street, Port Elizabeth.

The next day, word was sent back to the ship to send in the Porter dogs and guns and ammunition; for the advance Party was going hunting for game. In the afternoon this advance party returned with their game - 3 plovers, 2 water wagtails, 1 hare, and 1 long snake (fully 18 inches) which was said to be very deadly poisonous. In describing the natives they had seen, the Rev. Boardman remarked that all the hair they had on their heads was for all the world like rows of young York cabbages.

Many of the Settlers who had arrived on other vessels, were still occupying the tents of "Settlers Town" which were located along the shore and behind the sand hills. They were waiting for the transportation which would carry them to their new location in Zuurveld, about 100 miles up country. Since the tents were still occupied, all on board the La Belle Alliance were required to stay aboard the ship for another week or two. How disappointing this was for them; to be so near their destination, yet unable to go ashore.

On about June 1, 1820, all the boxes, bags and baggage of the Boardman family were loaded into a large barge, or lighter. These surf boats were worked in toward shore by ropes, until shallow water was reached. Here the Scots of the 72nd Regiment, then stationed at Fort Frederick, were on hand to carry the women and children to shore. All others had to wade to shore or be carried on the backs of natives. All boxes, bags and baggage was piled on the shore, to be recovered and carried to the assigned Government tents along the shoreline.

Of particular interest was the tenderness shown by the Commandant of Algoa Bay, a member of the 72nd Regiment, Captain Evatt. He was a fine old officer, with a head-like snow, standing knee deep in the water when the boat carrying Mrs. Bradley and her child came to shore. He waded to the boat, then carefully as any father, picked up the child and carried her to the dry shore. One of his soldiers carried Mrs. Bradley ashore. As they arrived on the dry beach, and upon putting the child down, Capt. Evatt remarked to the Mother, "There, my lass, ther's your child". Then away into the surf he waded for another precious cargo.

For the next 34 days, members of the Willson Party were required to live in "Settlers Town", the Government tents pitched along the shore of the future town of Port Elizabeth. The wagons and oxen which were hired by the Government from the Dutch families of the area to transport the Settlers to their new location, were insufficient to handle such a large group of Settlers all at one time. The Government had planned on each Settler's vessel arriving at from two to three week intervals, thereby allowing each vessel to unload and all persons to be transported to their destination before another vessel arrived at the Bay. The delay caused by the ice freezing closing the Thames River in England; troubles encountered by the vessels on the way; some ships making much better time, due to more favorable winds and sailing conditions; all contributed to the arrival of the ships in Algoa Bay at about the same time.

After such a disappointing introduction to the shores of South Africa, the Boardman children could hold their curiosity no longer and inquired of their father if their new home was going to be a barren and desolate waste and swampland, as they were now camped in. He then gathered them all around him and described some of the beautiful country and sights they would see - something they had never seen or even dreamed of; such as a wilderness of wild flowers of brilliant and delicate colors; they would see Aloes plants with its scarlet blossoms that stood like soldiers on the hillside; they would see thousands of snowy backed Springbok gracefully bounding away on the plains; they would pass through the hills where they could hear the lions and tigers roar and the baboon shrieking and shouting their displeasure of the intruders. They would be terrified by the howl and laughter of the hyena, and the shrill yell of the jackel. They would see the long legged ostrich go galloping over the veldt, with their ruffled plumes waiving in the breeze. They would see the horned crowned Hartebeeste and the galloping Guagges. Near the river ravines they might even see a ferocious rhinocerus or croccodile.

According to the schedule they would leave the "Settler Tent Town" Port Elizabeth and go as far as the Swartkops River, about 8 miles, the first day. Then on to the Couga River, and next cross the Sunday River; climb Addo Hill, then through Addo Bush (elephant country) across the Quaggas Flat and scale Bushman's River Heights, after crossing the Bushman River. At Assegai Bush the trail would divide; the north trail continuing for another 20 miles to Grahamstown, and the northeast trail going for about 35 miles to Bathurst. The Willson Party land grant lay between the plains of Waay-Plaats and the Kowie Bush or halfway between Bathurst and Grahamstown.

This journey to their new location was full of wonder and excitement for the Boardman Family. On July 4, 1820, the Willson Party started out with 60 wagons loaded with their worldly possessions. What a sight to see - - - the wagon train with its long span of long horned oxen; the dark skinned, half naked, impish looking native leader;the uncouth and strange yells of the drivers as he called directions to the oxen and cracked his monstrous whip.

The wild and desolate country, though beautiful in many parts, was a source of delight to the Boardman Children, but was a source of worry, care and despondency to the mothers and fathers of the Party.

At night all the oxen were taken out of their yokes and driven away to feed in the nearby meadows, then later brought back and tied to the yokes for the remainder of the night. Plenty of firewood was gathered by the Hottentot servants to keep the fires burning all night.

On the 4th day out, the Boardman children received a most valuable lesson as the company stopped at the location of some of the newly arrived Settlers. One of the families was in a state of extreme distress, for one of their 12 year old girls had been bitten by a puff adder snake, and had died very soon after. The snake had been killed but so had this little Settler girl. This incident so impressed them that the advice given them to always walk where they could see, where they were stepping and to always carry a cane or stick for protection, was never forgotten the rest of their lives. One of the older 72nd Regiment soldiers, who was acting as an escort for the party, then told them about the treatment that had long been used by the Dutch farmers, when one was bitten by a poisonous snake. He told them a knife or some sharp object should be used in scarifying the bite, to the point of making it bleed, then to take a young fowl or pigeon, pull the feathers off its breast and scarify it to the point of bleeding and then lay it on the bleeding snake bite. Soon the fowl or pigeon would die. This process should be repeated until the fowl or pigeon did not die. The patient was then safe and would recover.

In addition to the puff adder, two other deadly poisonous snakes found in this area were the cobra and black mamba. There were many python or boa constrictor snakes who obtained their prey by wrapping around and squeezing their victims to death, before swallowing them whole.

On about the 12th of July, the Boardman Family arrived at their new home, within a few miles of the future town of Bathurst. After more than 165 days of traveling they had at last arrived at their new home. A tent was pitched and all of their boxes, baggage, tables, chairs, and provisions were unloaded from the wagon. The Dutch farmer then yoked up his oxen and together with their Hottentot servants, bade farewell to the Boardmans and moved off to their farms and homes to the West.

In Hockly's "History of the 1820 Settlers" he states the Rev. Boardman was officially appointed Minister to the Willson Party in July 1820.

On the following Sunday the Rev. William Boardman, with the help of members of the Settlement, had erected a (Marquee) tent in which to hold Church Services. Having no bell to call the people to worship, he suspended a pit saw to the branch of a tree and at the desired time he would strike it with a piece of iron. Thus the Settlers were called to worship in their new country, where they could offer their thanks and gratitude for their safe arrival.

In a sermon delivered by Dr. Talmadge he referred to the Rev. William Boardman as follows: "What I saw at Bethsan". "While the religious service was going on, the Rev. Boardman, glorious man! Since dead, was telling the scores of sick people present that Christ was there as of old to heal all diseases, and that if they would only believe, their sickness would depart. I saw a woman near me, with hand and arm twisted of rheumatism, and her wrist was fiery with inflamation, and it looked like those cases of chronic rheumatism which we have all seen and sympathized with, cases beyond all human healing. At the preacher's repeating this: "Will you believe? Do you believe? Do you believe now?" I heard the poor sick woman say, with emphasis which sounded throughout the building, "I do believe!" and then she laid her twisted arm and hand out as straight as your arm and hand, or mine. If I had seen her rise from the dead, I would have not been more thrilled. Since then I believe that God will do anything in answer to prayer and in answer to our faith."

As the "Voortrekers" wagons pulled out of view, what a forlorn sight the Boardman Family presented - here they were sitting on top of their boxes and bags and baggage - their only worldly possessions - and now with the departure of the Dutch farmers - they were cut off from all communication with the rest of the world.

Soon, all around, there was a commotion of activity as the individual family tents were erected and the night fires were lighted around them to scare off any wild beast who might appear during the night.

The next day came the selection of land sites - land which was to be their very own - something many of them had never experienced - and what a variety of choices it was. For the more practical, they examined and chose the sites with the very best soil, for they knew the crops they raised was to be their support and livelihood. The

DROSTDY

Bathurst, South Africa

In 1825 this unfinished Landdrost or Magistrate's home and offices was converted into the first Grammar School by the Reverend William Boardman.

It is still used as a private residence.

Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Boardman, married Mr. J. Earle who operated the Grammar School here in 1832.

nervous father chose the location which would be most easily defended against the natives and wild animals and against floods. The artistically minded sought the picuresque spots, often overlooking the accessibility of water. Others took what was given them or what was left.

The next few years were extremely busy ones for the Boardman Family. Of foremost importance was the building of a house and a home to live in, which was begun immediately.

William Boardman, soon after becoming settled on his new location, attempted to convert the veld and bush to farm land and at the same time act as a Minister and administer to the spiritual needs of the Party; act as teacher and contribute to the educational requirements of the young people; assume the responsibility as head of the Willson Party, after Mr. Thomas Willson abandoned his Party, the Settlement and South Africa. Mr. Willson was forced to flee to Port Elizabeth and later to England, due to his domineering and tactless proceedure in dealing with members of his Party. His departure left all of his accumulated troubles, failures and responsibilities to his logical successor - The Rev. William Boardman.

Upon assuming leadership of this large party (307 persons) he soon found the duties and responsibilities were so many, in addition to his own troubles as a farmer, that there was little time to devote to the spiritual welfare of his flock. Under these circumstances he found it necessary to resign his position as Minister. In 1825 he was again appointed as Minister and Master of the new Grammar School at Bathurst. At this time the building originally intended as the drostdy was utilized as the first school. This old edifice is still standing and is one of the most imposing private residence in Bathurst. He was also in control of another smaller school built at Cuylerville. In 1832-1834, the Bathurst school was run by W.J. Earle. (The husband of William Boardman's eldest daughter, Mary.)

But along with the happiness, success and pleasures came the heartbreaks, the sorrows and disappointments. The first few weeks after arrival, the Settlers cleared the land, plowed and planted it with wheat and vegetable seeds. This was to furnish them with not only food for the year, but seed for the next year's plantings. For three years the wheat crop was a complete failure, due to the "rust" blight. The vegetables did not thrive and mature as they should, and the Settlers and their property was harrassed by the nearby natives. Time after time, cattle and sheep which was purchased from the Dutch farmers, were driven off and killed by the natives or the wild animals of the area. In the year 1822 no less than 2,590 horses and cattle were stolen, 778 being recovered. In 1823 there were 2,136 head stolen and 526 recovered.

So numerous were the jobs to be done on this frontier farm that all members of the family had to pitch in and help. Even the youngest boys of the Party had to take their turns herding the cattle and horses on the nearby veldt. In August of 1823 two of James and William Boardman's herding companions were murdered while herding the cattle and horses belonging to the Willson Party. The loss was felt keenly by the Boardman Family, both to the Party they headed and as companions and playmates to their younger boys. The loss of the cattle to the Kaffirs were replaceable, but the lives of these two little boys aged 8 and 11 years could never be substituted.

In the year 1823 many homes had been erected, fences built and gardens and farms planted. The crop failures had been a great disappointment and hardship, but to top it all off, cloudbursts of rain came, washing away and destroying many homes as well as the crops, cattle and personal belongings.

That year the good people of Cape Town heard about their unfortunate circumstances so they put on a drive to raise cash and commodities to send to the unfortunate Settlers in the Albany District. Even the people in far away India took up a subscription for the relief of the South African Settlers.

It was in the year 1822 that Mary, the eldest Boardman daughter married William John Earl, a member of the Willson Party, who was building a farm and home in nearby Beaufort Vale.

Fron Blackburn, England came the word that Thomas, the upholsterer apprentice, who had remained in England, was married to Jane Fuenilove during the year 1823.

The next year, 1824, the greatest sadness and heartache to all members of the Boardman Family, came with the death of their dear Mother, Margaret Hayes Boardman, at the age of 44. About two years later, in September 1827, the Father, Rev. William Boardman, Rector of Bathurst, Master of Grammar School, First Colonial Minister and 1820 Settler, died at the age of 51 years.

SONG OF THE EARLY SETTLERS

"Never despair! tho' the harvest fail;
Tho' the hosts of a savage foe assail
Never despair! We shall conquer yet!
And the toils of our earlier years forget.
In Hope's bright glory our sun shall set,
Mids't Afric's Southern Wilds."

During the year 1825, Sarah, just having turned nineteen, was married to John Crause, a British Army Captain; who was stationed at the Army Garrison in Grahamstown.

John Henry Dixon, head of the Dixon Party of 1820 Settlers, married the second eldest daughter, Judith Boardman, during the year 1826 at Grahamstown.

In 1827, John Ashton Boardman died at the age of twenty-three. Sussanah married Thomas Jarman of Clumbers in 1832. October of 1833, William Boardman II married Mary Caldecott, daughter of Dr. Philip Caldecott.

February 17, 1834, James Hayes Boardman married Elizabeth Dixie in St. George Church, Grahamstown, daughter of Philip Dixie, a 1820 Settler.

Margaret married William Smith, a land surveyor in 1843. He was from Grahamstown.

THE SONG OF THE EARLY SETTLERS CHILDREN

"Our toilworn fathers have sunk to the rest,
But their sons shall inherit their hope's bequest.
Valleys are smiling in harvest pride;
There are fleecy flocks on the mountain side;
Cities are rising to stud the plains;
The life blood of commerce is coursing the veins
Of a new born Empire, that grows and reigns
O'er Afric's Southern Wilds."

Although he did not live to a ripe old age and accumulate great physical wealth; WILLIAM BOARDMAN left to his large family a life of sacrifice, service and devotion to Education, His Church; His Settler Friends and to His Country. He was a Pioneer Leader in all-ways.

Clarence Dixon Taylor
Provo, Utah
April 1960

EXTRACTS FROM BOARDMAN BIBLE IN POSSESSION OF PHILIP WILLIAM BOARDMAN

FAMILY REGISTER

Of the Rev. William Boardman (son of Thomas Boardman of Holbrook Hall and Ashton Manor, Lancashire) M. A. 1st Colonial Chaplain, and his wife Margaret Boardman, born Hayes, who were married in 1794, came out with the Settlers of 1820 in "La Belle Alliance" as Head of Wilson's Party), and had the following children:

1. Mary, born at Newberry, Lancashire, 5 October 1795.
2. Judith, born at Newberry, Lancashire, 16 December 1796.
3. Susannah, born at Newberry, Lancashire, 27 October 1798.
4. Thomas, born at Newberry, Lancashire, 25 September 1800.
5. Margaret, born at Newton, 14 December 1802.
6. John Ashton, born at Newton, 8 July 1804.
7. Sarah Hayes, born at Newton, 3 August 1806.
8. James Hayes, born at Newton, 22 July 1808.
9. William, born at Blackburn, 14 February 1811.

Mary, married Wm. Jno. Earle in 1822, Wilson's Party, Beaufort Vale.
Judith, married John Henry Dixon, 1826 of Waaiplaats.
Susannah, married Thomas Jarman, 1832 of Clumber.
Thomas, remained at Blackburn, married Jane Fuenilove 1823.
Margaret, married Wm. Smith, land surveyor, Grahamstown 1843.
John Ashton, died at Grahamstown, 1827. Age 23.
Sarah Hayes, married John Crause, Army Captain, 1825.
James Hayes, married Elizabeth Dixie, 1834.
William, married Mary, daughter of Dr. Caldecott, October 1833.

Rev'd. William Boardman, died at Bathurst in 1827.
Margaret Boardman, born Hayes, died at Bathurst in 1824.
Susannah, died at Peddie, 8th February 1859.
Margaret, died at Adelaide, 5th 1869.
Daughter of Mary (Miss Earle) married Richard Read of Aliwal North.

(Copied from the 1820 Settlers Archives, Capetown, Union of South Africa, by Clarence D. Taylor on January 23, 1933.)

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

1835 - 1884

Your Affectionate
Brother,
Henry. A. Dixon

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE MISSION
(SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION)

Five years after the first band of Mormon Pioneers entered the Great Salt Lake Valley, President Brigham Young called Elders Jesse Haven, Leonard I. Smith, and William H. Walker to go to far away South Africa and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They made their way to England where they boarded a sailing vessel on February 11, 1853 and after sixty-seven days arrived at Cape Town, South Africa on April 19, 1853.

Immediately upon their arrival at Cape Town they made application and were granted permission to use the Town Hall, in which to hold meeting for six consecutive nights, on the condition they pay for the lighting of the Hall. They immediately made posters advertising these meetings and hung them in conspicuous places about Town. Some hand bills were distributed to advertize and invite the townspeople to attend their meetings. On their first evening, April 25th, the hall was nearly filled. Elder Haven was the first speaker, addressing the audience upon the First Principles of the Gospel. He was followed by Elder Leonard I Smith who bore a powerful testimony of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. At this, some of the listeners became so excited that it was impossible to continue the meeting because of the confusion. The following evening the three Elders found the hall closed to them. They were able to obtain other halls to meet in, but mobs caused so much confusion it was impossible to speak. Many of the Preachers and Ministers of the area delivered lectures and sermons in opposition to the teachings of the Latter-Day-Saint Elders. Some even went as far as to prohibit their members from talking to the missionaries or accepting literature from them. In spite of the falsehoods and the opposition, friends were raised up who accepted the truths of the Gospel message and desired baptism; however they were afraid to take a decided stand.

Elder Walker wrote in his journal, "The Clergy and Ministers went from house to house telling the people not to admit us or give us anything to eat, using all their influence and power to starve us out of the country. We lived a week at a time without anything to eat, distributing tracts, etc".

On a rainy, windtossed night in May while Elder Walker was taking a short trip into the country, he knocked on the door of Mr. Charles Rawlinson, seeking a place to stay for the night.

Mr. Rawlinson admitted him to the house, let him warm himself, and introduced him to his building business partner, Nicholas Paul.

Apologetically, Mr. Rawlinson explained he could not house him for the night because of small living quarters.

Elder Walker had walked all day without anything to eat, this was his seventeenth attempt to find lodgings that evening. As Elder Walker was preparing to leave, Nicholas Paul stood up, "you had better come with me young man", he said and led him a short distance to the Paul home where Mrs. Paul built up a fire to warm the stranger and dry his clothes. Although it was after nine o'clock at night, she set about preparing a warm supper for him.

This was perhaps, the first real glimmer of hope in the opening of the missionary work in South Africa. The three Elders had received continual disappointment for their first months labors.

Elder Walker returned to Capetown the following day and the three Elders, on May twenty-third, according to established custom, climbed to the top of a mountain called "Lion's Head" and organized a branch of the Church with Elder Haven as President.

About a week later, Elder Walker returned to Mowbray where Nicholas Paul offered his home for a meeting place. At the first meeting held in his home, he informed all present that if they did not want to listen to the Mormon Elders they were invited to leave, but the first man who insulted his guests and friends or Elders would be in danger of "having more holes through them than a skimmer". The services proceeded without incident, and meetings were held there regularly from that time on. Without such a stalwart friend, it is no wonder that in later years the South African Mission Headquarters, the Mission Home and beautiful new Chapel and Recreation Hall were located at Mowbray.

Just two months after the Elders arrival in Cape Town, on June 15, 1853, Elder Leonard I. Smith baptized Henry Stringer at Mowbray. He was the first Mormon Convert in South Africa, the first fruits of the labors of the first Mormon Elders in this new vineyard, South Africa.

On June 23, 1853, Elder William H. Walker baptized their loyal and valiant friend, Mr. Nicholas Paul of Mowbray. This was the second baptism in the Cape of Good Hope Mission. The following day Mrs. Paul and others were baptized. Six months after the arrival of the Elders in Cape Town, they had baptized 45 persons, organized two branches, and blessed a number of children. The Branches located around Cape Town were organized into the Cape Conference or District.

A Branch was organized at Beaufort by Elder William H. Walker in February 23, 1854. Elder Leonard I. Smith was doing a good work at Port Elizabeth. He had baptized several members, but had not as yet completely organized a branch owing to the scattered condition of the converts. Later a flourishing Branch was established at Port Elizabeth.

It was in the year 1854 that Henry A. Dixon of Uitenhage, and recently from Grahamstown, then a boy of nineteen years of age, was attracted by the teachings of these Mormon Elders (specifically Elder Leonard I. Smith) and was taught the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He accepted it as the only True Church. Having not attained his majority, he was prohibited by his father to join this Church, with the threat that if he did join he would be cut off without a shilling inheritance. He promised his father he would not join the Mormon Church before he was twenty-one years of age. This promise he kept On the day of his twenty-first birthday, March 14, 1856, he was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, at Uitenhage, by John Elliston, a local member who held the office of a Priest. Three days later upon the request of his father he left his home at Uitenhage and went to Port Elizabeth where he worked for eight and one half months to get sufficient money to emigrate to Utah.

At a Conference held at Port Elizabeth on August 13, 1855, the Cape of Good Hope Mission, later the South African Mission, consisted of 3 Conferences, 6 Branches and a total membership of 126 members.

As the Church membership grew and more members became interested in emmigrating to Utah, the demand for steerage passage was greater than the existing supply. Two members of the Church, John Stock of Port Elizabeth and Charles Roper of Beaufort purchased a sailing vessel, the "Unity", for the purpose of providing passageway for the Saints, as well as to haul cargo.

On November 27, 1855, Elders William H. Walker and Leonard I. Smith sailed from Port Elizabeth on the "Unity" accompanied by fifteen emmigrating Saints bound for Zion.

On December 25, 1855, Elder Jesse Haven left Cape Town with a small Company of Saints en route to Salt Lake City, Utah. At that time 176 persons had been baptized in the whole Colony. Some Saints emmigrated and some had been excommunicated, leaving only 121 Saints in the Colony, following Elder Haven's departure.

A local Elder, Edward Slaughter, was left in charge of the Latter Day Saints in Port Elizabeth, and local Elder Richard Provis in the Cape Conference.

It was on November 1, 1856 that Henry A. Dixon left Port Elizabeth bound for the Great Salt Lake Valley, via London, England, on board the Brig "Unity".

Two years later in the fall of 1857, Elder Ebenezer C. Richardson was sent from the British Mission to preside over the "Cape of Good Hope Mission". He was accompanied by Elder James Brooks.

As is usually the case when the Elders are absent for any length of time, the newly arrived missionaries found the Church in South Africa in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition, although the presiding Elders had labored with great fidelity. When Elders Richardson and Brooks left for home in the Spring of 1858, the Church in South Africa had a membership of 243 members. At that time Elder Richard Provis still presided over the Cape Conference and Elder John Stock was President of the Eastern Province Conference.

In March 1859, thirty Saints emmigrating to Zion, left Port Elizabeth on the ship "Alacrity", in charge of Elder Joseph R. Humphreys.

In the diary of Henry A. Dixon under date of July 1, 1860, enroute back to his birthplace, South Africa from Salt Lake City, Utah, he writes: "Arrived at Florence (Nebraska). Found several, over 80 African Saints".

"August 24, 1860, rec'd. a letter from Bro Cannon, dated 17th July. The African Saints were camped about 3 miles from Florence, expected to start on the 18th."

On December 15, 1861 Elders William Fotheringham, Henry A. Dixon, John Talbot, and Martin Zyderlaan, missionaries from Utah, arrived at Cape Town. The following exerpt was taken from the Jan. 7, 1862 issue of the Cape Argus:

"ARRIVAL OF MORMON PREACHERS FOR THE CAPE"

"Four preachers have just arrived in this Colony from Utah, with a view of promulgating Mormon doctrines, and winning converts to the Mormon faith. Two of the preachers are natives of Grahamstown, who have been dwellers in Utah, and who have returned to convert the colonial born. Their names are: John Talbot and Henry Dixon. A Hollander named Martin Zyderlaan, also from the lake, is to preach in Dutch, and convert the Dutch population. William Fotheringham, a Scotchman born, but now like the other three, a Mormon Preacher and a a citizen of the United States, and direct from Utah, is we understand, the leader. He assures us that the stories promulgated here, said to be by persons, who have been disappointed after going over, are utterly untrue. He says all who have gone over are happy and prosperous, as is the State of Utah generally.

He represents the soil as less fertile th an some of the United States, but he says it yields in abundance, and hemmed in as the Mormon People are by the hills, they live in peace and Prosperity, and no one can molest them from without, of the truth of the Prophets revelation we adduce the following: (A Revelation and Prophecy by the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator Joseph Smith, given Dec. 25, 1832.)

This pamphlet entitled the Pearl of Great Price, published 1851 by Joseph Smith, first Prophet, Seer, and Revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and is said to be verified by the war now raging in America. Utah, Mr. Fotheringham states stands by the Union and will be prepared to pay its quota towards carrying on the war.

Utah situated 1032 miles from the frontier boundry, will be taxed willingly for the war and will stand by the Constitution to the last". (Copied from Cape Argus, Jan. 7, 1862. Published by W. R. Murry)

Henry A. Dixon reports in his diary under the date of March 28, 1861: "Received letters from Pres. Fotheringham, Port Elizabeth. The war still raging in America. Substance of letters: William Fotheringham's - - was busy with emmigration. Bro. Slaughter has heard from his son, all peaceful in Zion. On the 14th inst., the English Barque Rowena sailed down Algoa Bay for New York having on board 15 of the Saints under charge of Bro. Grant D. Mitchell, wife and family; Wm. Rose, his mother and brother; Mary Anne Taylor, her Sr. Caroline and father; Z. A. Grant & family, have had a great deal of trouble with this family through the father's acts. Shorts, Swifts and others preparing to leave in the Henry Ellis, in charge of Bro. Stock on the 28th."

"April 25, 1863. Mail arrived - - -Brother Lloyd writes (from G.S.L. City) we are a happy people. Also letters from Brother Fotheringham and Talbot. 32 souls left on board the Henry Ellis, including Elders Stock & Zyderlaan. The latter's health being bad. Amongst that number were Sr. Swift & family; Sr. Short & family; Sr. Green & family; Sr. Fotheringham, son & daughter; William A. Francom & etc.. Jas. Green was married to Sr. Legg before leaving, by Prest. Fotheringham."

Elders Fotheringham, Dixon and Talbot remained in the Cape Colony until the spring of 1864. During this two and one-half years they had labored, they had considerable success, especially with the German and Dutch residents; but the field was a difficult one and little progress could be made. On April 5, 1864, W. Fotheringham with a Company of nine members sailed for New York on the ship "Echo", and Henry A. Dixon and John Talbot left for New York on the ship "Susan Pardue" on April 10, 1864 with a Company of eighteen members.

Elder Minor G. Atwood, a Zion Elder who had been laboring for some time in the Mission, succeeded Elder Fotheringham in the Presidency of the Mission. He continued to labor for about a year and on April 12, 1865 he left Port Elizabeth with a Company of 47 members of the Church in the Brig "Mexicano" bound for New York; this leaving the Mission in charge of local Saints.

Elder Edward Slaughter of Port Elizabeth, writing under date of July 8, 1866 wrote: "Our Colony is in a miserable condition - - the work of the Lord is at a standstill here. Many are, however, satisfied of the truth of "Mormonism", but are unwilling to surrender the opinions and praise of men for the favor and praise of God."

It was nearly forty years before the South African Mission was re-opened. On July 25, 1903, Elders Warren H. Lyons, William R. Smith, Thomas L. Griffiths and George A. Simpkins arrived in Cape Town to re-open a Latter Day Saint Mission in that part of the world. In spite of the long lapse of years they found a few scattered members. This showed that the seed sown by the former missionaries still bore fruit, and that at no time since the Mission was opened in 1853 had the Cape of Good Hope and the surrounding district been without at least a few members of the Church.

Where formerly the Missionaries advocated and encouraged the Members of the Church to immigrate to Zion, the Church Leaders now advised the Members to stay at home and to build up a strong and healthy and useful Church membership in their native Country.

HENRY A. DIXON'S CONVERSION TO THE GOSPEL
Of Jesus Christ Of Latter Day Saints

When about fifteen years of age I went as a volunteer under Sir Geo. Cathcar of (Balackla) (noteriety). He having fallen in that memorable battle whilst leading the charge was then Governor of the Cape. We followed the enemy into Kerlies Country, beyond the confines of British Territory. - - -Ten thousand head of cattle were captured. My share of the prize money amounting to several pounds. I deposited it in a savings bank, which came in very opportune in defraying expenses of my immigration to England - - - - - -After my return from this expedition, my parents removed to Uitenhage, 100 miles distant near Algoa Bay, or Port Elizabeth. I accompanied them. Whilst here I first heard the sound of the Everlasting Gospel as taught in these latter days. Elder Leonard I. Smith of Salt Lake City being the first person to instruct me in these principles. I was about nineteen years of age, a staunch Episcopalian. My ancestors for several generations being of this faith. I well remember the first meeting I attended, a few persons assembled in a private house, accompanied by a companion of mine, the son of a Clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Elder Smith was preaching. The first feeling manifest was one of sympathy for the Elder, so far from home, family and friends; in a distant land; his lot cast amongst strangers with an unpopular doctrine, shouted after False Prophet, Seven Wives & etc.; no salary; traveling without purse or script. Myself and companion felt like assisting him. After listening to his discourse on the first principles, I felt that it was the Truth and formed a resolve to embrace it when of age and gather with the Saints. I quit going to Church and attended regularly the meetings of the Saints. Was subject to taunts and jeers of my companions; was called names and etc. Icontinued in this condition for about two years, assailed by ministers and members of nearly every sect; the Episcopalians, Baptists, Swendenborgians, New Israilites, Saints of Latter Days or Plymouth Brethren & etc.

The Lord blessed me abundantly, so that I could readily confound them. Tracts published against us were sent to me by Ministers and others. I received letters from a distance of those interested in my welfare, warning me of this "Delusion" as they termed it, but all to no purpose. I read the Voice of Warning, compared its teachings with the Bible. Prayed earnestly, for a knowledge, obtained it. On the day I became twenty-one, I was baptized by Priest John Ellitson on the 14th March 1855, no Elder being present. The same evening in company with some others. I felt as Solomon has said, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but when the desire cometh it is a tree of life". I felt a new man; realized my sins were forgiven. The Saints met in the next house, expecting me to be turned out. I repaired home with my wet bundle, my parents realizing what was done. My Father informed me in as much as I had gone in direct opposition to their wishes I must try the world. The youngest of the family, never having been away from home for any length of time; their hopes - - - - -

(The remainder was never found.)

He walked slowly but firmly up the steps that lead to the pulpit. His manner was sure . . . cautious . . . and with determination. As he approached the rostrum in the center of the Chapel, you could almost feel the humility and sincerity that radiated from his person. The slight smile on his face, the brightness of his eyes and the glow of his countenance made you feel good inside.

Everyone loved and respected Brother Dixon . . . He had served his community well and had been a friend to all. Yes, he had served his God with all the power he could gather. He was now approaching the eve of his mortal existence, but he still had the vigor of youth in his voice, wisdom of the ages in his thoughts, and the determination of the matured in his actions. He could hold his own in the paths of jests and wisdom. He could compete with the young and old in contests of thought and deed. He was the ideal of the community.

"Dear Brothers and Sisters", he began with the pause for thought, but with a full and energetic manner. "I stand before you this night an old man, one that has seen mortal life at its fullest with its instances of sadness - - - but I stand before you a happy and a content man. To those who know not God, to those who understand not the ways of righteousness - -I am nearing the end of existence. But those who know of the Creator and fully comprehend his purposes, know that I am just about to enter into the glories of eternity, regardless of degree or sphere.

A short pause . . . time to collect his thoughts and to classify them, and then he continues. "I wasn't born in this valley nor among these hills. At one time they were strangers to me . . . though there eminates from them a feeling of security and friendship. No . . . My home wasn't here . . . it was in a far distant land. A land of beauty and sunshine. My family were settlers there and had established themselves quite securely."

Again there was a pause. One that showed that he was carried back to the days of his youth, when his family resided in a small valley just outside the "dorp", as he would call it, Uitenhage, Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. The reflections caused a smile to come over his face and happy tones ringed in his voice as he continued.

My father was a stern man, just as most of the patriarchs of that day were. We, my brothers and sisters, and I were bound by his word. My Mother, who interceded when father attempted to inflict punishment, was devoted to her family. There was a bond of love existing, especially between my mother, my older sister, and I, that gave us peace."

A short pause for breath and then . . . "However this family unity changed . . . changed when by chance I was walking down a street of Port Elizabeth, where I was for a short holiday, and I heard a noise of a gathering crowd. Some were hissing and some were booing and some yelling for quiet. But above all I could detect the voice of a young man expounding the principles of a religion, which after I had listened, filled my soul with entrancing joy. I stayed and learned more of this doctrine . . . this doctrine of Mormonism."

"Upon returning home I told my parents of what I had heard, but to my sadness they took it lightly, in fact they returned my enthusiasm with ridicule. Even my mother and sister were unaffected. I continued to study and I learned that this was a doctrine of truth which had been revealed from heaven. I knew that I had found the way of salvation."

Brother Dixon stopped. In his eyes there were tears and a slight quiver in his voice. "I . . . desired to join this group . . . but was met with refusal from my parents, and though I begged and pleaded the rebukes became stronger . . . until the hatred which my father had for my newly found philosophy bursted forth in fits of rage. Never-the-less, I remained faithful and when I reached the age of twenty-one, I announced to my family that I had been baptized into the Kingdom of God. I shall never forget the look on my father's face. The blood rushed to his head as if to strike, and then gathering his emotions, calmed down." "This day you have chosen between your family and the filthy Mormon lot. You will leave this this house for it is no longer your home. The barrier that now exists between you and those among whom you were reared cannot continue. Therefore take it with you at your earliest convenience." He left the room, Mother weeping followed after, screaming for him not to be so harsh."

"So I left Uitenhage, left the people of South Africa, left a land that I loved. Yes, the ties were strong, but with the decision my father had rendered, I felt that I could no longer by happy there but had to be severed in my search for something greater and far more enduring."

"I journeyed across the wide expanse of water that separated me from those I loved and the Zion of the Latter Day. With a few that chose to come with me, I arrived in Liverpool and there joined a large Company of Saints that were migrating. We arrived in Boston, via railway cars to Iowa City. On the way I viewed the remains of "Nauvoo the Beautiful" where the destruction and persecution was still evident. It was then that I began to realize that my sacrifice was not so great. For they had been forsaken by their loved ones, driven from their homes in the middle of winter and heaped with persecution that will forever leave a black spot on my newly acquired country."

" I journeyed across the 1500 miles to Salt Lake City by ox wagon, following the path of the exodus of modern Israel escaping from bondage. All along the way were the graves of men, women and children that had died in the great trek for freedom of worship. I saw the remains of the resting places of those that were trapped in the Willie Handcart Company. I paused beside the big rock that protected them to a certain degree from the gales of winter, snow, rain and hail. I was where their testimonies were sealed in blood; testimonies of the thing that was most dear to them."

" I stopped long enough to assemble with the masses outside of the Valley, that were ready to protect this hard earned liberty, even if it meant death, from the armies of the United States that were on their way to exterminate their faith . . . "For which martyrs had perished." By now the testimony of the Divine was firmly implanted in my bosom, a testimony for which I would gladly die."

" My stay in the fortress in the mountains was glorious. To mingle with those of common belief and to be at peace with the world was a moment I had dreamed of during the year that it took to reach Salt Lake City after leaving the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope."

" My stay here was not long. For I was soon sent to the Southern part of the State on a mission to help establish one of the many communities that the Saints were settling in. And then, I was called by President Brigham Young to return to the land of my birth, to my forsaken country to preach the message that had brought joy and happiness that I had never known before."

" Yes, I returned to South Africa to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ and once again to see my family that had dis-owned me. My mother received me with open arms and my father was more friendly, a friendliness that faded from light interest in my message to the revival of the hatred that once he had had. He gave me to understand that I was to leave . . . saying that if it had not been for my mother I would have never stepped across the threshold again. So bearing my testimony to the divinity of the work with all the power that I had in me, in the name of Jesus Christ and in the name of the God of Israel . . . I took my leave and departed . . . never to see my family again . . . I felt that I had done my duty to them so I served my mission honorably and returned home, with the spirit of testimony burning within me.

Sorry for those that I had left behind me, yes, but with the knowledge of the eternities that could never be taken from my soul."

" For I know that this work has been divinely bestowed upon the soul of men." "FOR THE SPIRIT OF GOD LIKE A FIRE IS BURNING, THE LATTER DAY GLORY BEGINS TO COME FORTH. THE VISIONS AND BLESSINGS OF OLD ARE RETURNING AND THE ANGELS ARE COMING TO VISIT THE EARTH."

NOTE: - The person who wrote-up this article is unknown. It was obtained by Henry Aldous Dixon II of Ogden, Utah from Bro. Archibald F. Bennett; who obtained it from Henry S. Todd in June 1960; who obtained it at Uitenhage, South Africa in 1954 from his missionary companion who cannot be identified.

Clarence Dixon Taylor 1966

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GRAHAMSTOWN.

CHURCH SQUARE, GRAHAMSTOWN.

St. George's Church Grahamstown

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

1835 - 1884

Henry Aldous Dixon was born on the 14th day of March 1835 at Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. He was the son of John Henry Dixon, who was born May 28, 1786 at West Ham, Essex County, near London, England. His mother was Judith Boardman Dixon, who was born December 16, 1796 at Newberry, Lancaster, England. Both of these parents were among the early Settlers of the Albany District in South Africa. They having emigrated in 1820 from England.

Henry A. had one full sister, Anne Judith Dixon Hartman, who was eight years his elder and very fond of her younger brother, even after he had accepted the very unpopular religion of the Mormons and migrated to America. Mormonism and 14,000 miles was insufficient to destroy this affection of brother and sister. She would have joined the new Church in later years had it not been for her husband's objection.

There were also four half sisters and one half brother, all older than he and pretty well matured by the time he reached school age.

In his infancy and younger days, much of his care was entrusted to native servants. One of the boy servants who had been in the Dixon home for a long time, and who Henry A. had become very much attached;finally left his employment in the Dixon household and went back to his native way of life. Instead of making a wooden or grass kraal (hut) to live in, he set up housekeeping in a cave, not far from the Dixon home. Henry A. thought so much of this native servant that he saved his pennies and bought bread and cakes and took them out to the old servant in the cave. Through the conact with this old servant and many of the other natives in the neighborhood, he was able to get a first hand knowledge of their living conditions, their way of life, habits, dress and customs.

He was a true lover of nature, spending much of his time on the open veldt watching the trees, admiring the flowers and foliage, and studying the habits of the many and varied birds and animals.

There was one little bird which was of particular interest to him. It was called the "honey bird". When the natives would see this little bird flying about them, twittering and using other means to attract their attention, they would obtain a bucket or container, together with some kind of weapon, and then follow the little bird. Sometimes the bird would lead them to an old hollow tree full of honey, where they would fill their containers. Other times they would lead to a dangerous snake or animal, which the birds were frightened of and wanted the natives to kill. Whenever the natives found honey, they always left the tree trunk so the little birds could get into the honey, or they hung up a cake of the honey in the nearby tree or bush for the bird to feast on. That is why they were called "honey birds."

At the age of fourteen years he entered an Agency Office as a collector and copying clerk. He became an excellent penman, and not only with his right hand, but equally as proficient with his left hand. In his diary the only way one could tell which hand he was writing with was by the slant of his words. When one hand became tired of writing, he could shift his pen to the other hand and continue his writing.

One of his chief delights in his later years, was the drawing of all kinds of pictures of animals, birds, natives, trees, houses and most everything, on the nail of his thumb. The children from all over the neighborhood would sit by the hours and watch him draw these thumbnail sketches and listen to his fascinating stories of Africa. Two of these stories, as told to his daughters Maria and Sarah, when they were little girls went as follows:

The natives frequently captured boa constrictors in the following way - A small goat would be tethered to a tree in the jungle where the big snakes were know to be. As soon as the boa attacked and swallowed the goat he would go into a torpid stupor.

The natives would then approach him with a long pole and lay it alongside the snake, lashing his body to it. They could then hoist it to their shoulders and carry it to a cage for keeping until they could sell it to the whites.

The early Settlers had a hard time to keep their crops from being stolen by the thousands of monkeys which inhabited the trees around the clearings.

They frequently captured them in the following manner:
A squash would be hollowed out and filled with grain. A small opening would be made in the sides of the squash just large enough for a monkey to see through and which he could thrust his paws.

The monkey would reach into the squash and get a fist full of grain. Being a greedy creature he would not release the grain, even when approached by the Settlers, and could not withdraw his paw while clenched around the booty.

After Henry left the Agency, he served for some time in a retail and wholesale store. Afterwards he worked for a few years at blacksmithing and wagonmaking.

Incidents in the travels and observations of Henry A. Dixon as a young man in South Africa were recorded by him as follows:

"When about 15 years of age I went as a volunteer under Sir Geo. Cathcar of (Balackla) (notoriety). He having fallen in that memorable battle whilst leading the charge, was Governor of the Cape. We followed the enemy into Kerlies Country, beyond the confines of British Territoy. It was a motley group of about 7,000 men and English Regular Soldiers, volunteer Dutch Boers, friendly Kaffirs, Hottentots and Fingoes. In my travels we came across several Bushman caves with rude paintings and drawings of antelope and etc. Accompanying this expedition was a rough crowd of sailor lads mounted, who presented a spectacle, being rightly named "awkward squad". I was subjected to many temptations to drink, swear and etc. In consequence of my aversion to such practices I was at times forced to sleep out of the tent. Ten thousand head of cattle was captured. My share of the prize money amounted to several pounds sterling. I deposited it in a Savings Bank, which came in very opportune in defraying expenses of my emmigration to England.

Features of the country are rugged, flat and bushy. Has several rivers, none navagable to any great extent, being obstructed by sand bars at the mouth. Chief products - -wool, hides, skins and wine. The principal sea ports - -Table and Algoa Bays. Iron bound coast. In the interior great quantities of game, elephant, lions and etc. It has many birds of beautiful plumage but poor songsters. It abounds with flowers of every hue. Climate - temperate in most parts, others very hot. Heavy winds and storms prevalent, considerable damage done to shipping at times. Experiences severe droughts in the interior. Farmers sustain great losses in sheep. Sometimes one man will loose several thousand. Rivers dry up in the summer.

The native Kaffirs are a noble, black race. The men, generally, are tall and well formed, almost in a state of nudity, a bunch of tails of skins of animals hiding their nakedness. Some have not even this appendage. The average height of the women are about the same as Europeans. Their color is dark brown, nearly black, thick lips, beautiful white teeth, wooly hair, noses rather flat. The married men's head, in many instances, is shaved. On the top alone remains a little hair, covered with a polish bark resembling patent leather on the top of the head formed into a circle of crown. The women when married have the head shorn, on the top alone remains a bunch of hair the size of the palm of the hand, dyed red with paint or clay. At times the Zulu's hair is formed into various shapes with grease resembling half moons.

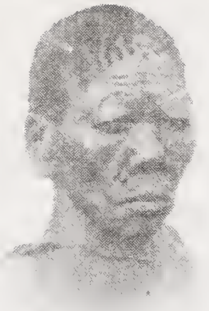
The natives wear skins around the loins reaching to nearly the knee. The young women (unmarried) wear their hair and strings of beads of various colours around their necks. They have a piece of cloth or skin around the loins about a foot broad, tho when at home amongst their relatives at their kraal they dispense with all coverings. At times when at work on plantations, they have only a slight covering of beads a few inches in breadth. When a Kaffir enters a town he is compelled to wear a covering.

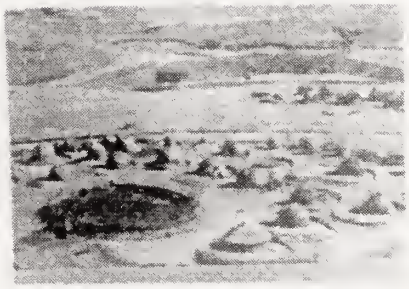
Not-withstanding the exposure of their persons, they are a virtuous people. I believe death to be the penalty for adultery.

The natives are polygamists and have to purchase their wives, sometimes giving as many as 20 head of cattle for each wife, to the girls father. When a man has two or three wives he is independent and never has to work, only for his pleasure. He can then spend his time eating, sleeping, hunting and etc. The women cultivate the land, build the huts in the form of a beehive, covered with straw; they plant the mealies or Indian corn, fetch the wood, and in general support the husband. The boys herd the cattle.

The men generally amuse themselves sitting in the hut conversing and smoking. They get a horn, bore a hole near the wide end, insert a reed in this attached pipe bowl of wood. The pipe is filled with daga or tobacco, the horn with water. A live coal is placed on the daga or wild hemp. The Kaffir takes a draw of smoke from the mouth of the horn, retains it in his mouth and hands the pipe to another. He then takes small sticks or reeds and runs the spittle in bubbles onto the floor then spreads them with his fingers, to represent a wall, a man, or an ox, or kraal, or cattle, or war parties and etc. A very ingenious though beastly game.

In snuffing, in which they often indulge, they take a dry aloe leaf, burn it then takes the ashes and coal and mix with thin dry leaves of tobacco, rub them on a stone until pulverized, then place it in a little calibash or gourd, ornamented with bead or burnt places. They then take small bone spoons about one-half inch wide, and take a sniff, do not speak but hand it to the next. After a few minutes silence the tears begin to flow, he wipes them off with his finger, gives a grunt of satisfaction and then talks. They frequently dance and drink Jualaa, Indian corn fermented, which makes them intoxicated when drunk to excess. It resembles milk in color and sour beer in taste. They also drink a great quantity of thick milk which mixed with their bread is not to be despised. The bread is made by boiling and beating or pounding corn till as thin as pancake. When they have a dance, which is often naked, one takes the lead in singing, the rest will





keep time. Their singing often consists of praising his kraal, his girl, his chief and etc. The rest follow, all standing in a row, they jump a few feet from the ground altogether and quite stiff, not a bend in their bodies. At other times they will sit and distort their bodies by throwing the head in different positions, one taking the lead in singing, the rest following; one making a noise like a man sawing wood, the others grunting and singing. They appear wild and have the appearance of devils more than that of human beings. Their noise is almost deafening.

The Kaffirs number 156,000. In the Natal Colony they are called Zulus. Outside, a still greater number of Macateese, Basutus and etc. In the Cape Colony we have the Hottentots, a drunken, degraded, dissipated people. The are a tawnyor yellow color having high cheek bones, very flat noses, thick lips, more of the ape species. They are generally small, especially the women. They are a very immoral people, given to drink. They are mostly in service to the whites, although some are well-to-do and respectable. Oftimes they are squatters on Dutch farms and very brutal.

The Malays number about 10,000 in Cape Town. A more civilized people, very dressy with filthy habits- are Mohammedans. Several are very wealthy.

Fingoes and Kaffirs in Cape Colony are similiar in many respect to the Zulu. Kaffir as above described.

The native weapons of defense are a knob kerry or club about two feet long, the head about two inches in diameter. Assegai spears are about a foot long attached to a very thin handle which is thrown with great dexterity.

Most of the Dutch inhabitants are termed Boers or farmers. The majority being such, they lack energy, many are dilatory, having been used to slave labor which was abolished in 1835. In consequence of which they have a great dislike for the English. The chief aim of many would be to have a nicely painted wagon, twelve head and sometimes sixteen oxen in a span to match, a good horse and gun and to have coffee available at all hours of the day and night.

I will here relate an incident that transpired. A man named Harry Noble having wandered in the woods, could not find his way out. Whilst in this situation, thinking to attract attention he called out, "lost", "Lost". An old owl neaby answered, "whoooo". Thinking it a reply he shouted, "Harry Noble". "Whooo", again echoed back from the owl. "Harry Noble", shouted poor Harry.

I will relate a few incidents relative to this campaign into Kerlies Country:

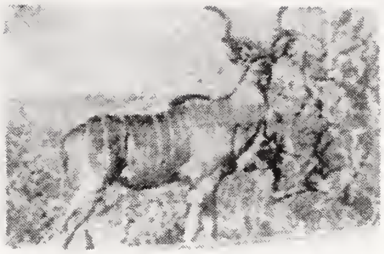
Whenever the military came to a large Kraal or wherever there were a number of huts, those acquainted with the customs of the Kaffirs in cacheing their corn and millett, would walk through the kraal sticking the ramrods of their guns into the manure until they struck a rock. Upon removing the rock they would find a a large hole, narrow at the top, about two feet hollowed out to several feet at the bottom. This would be filled with corn.

I once saw a group of Kaffirs, quarelling about an ox. Whilst the two head men were disputing about it, some of the small fry shot it. Immediately a guard surrounded it whilst it was being skinned and etc. So impatient were some of them that before they had fully completed their butchering, one severed the hind quarters, another shouldered it followed by half dozen men as guard, armed with assegais . As soon as the gaul can be got, it is cut out, the one obtaining it has frequently to run, swallowing it as he is followed by quite a number, all anxious to procure it, as they consider it makes them strong and brave, especially if it is a lion or leopard's gaul. On one occasion we had scarcely camped when two young men quarrelled. There was a dual being fought, everything being arranged, pistols loaded by seconds, all being ready, they fired. Each was besmeared with blood, as were considerably scared thinking he had shot his fellow. After a few moments, excitement had subsided; it was discovered that neither was hurt, as the pistols had been charged with clotted blood.

During the war many anecdotes were related. Two of the principal merchants of Grahamstown, who belonged to a Yeomany Corps of Volunteers, whose appearance for show, fancy trappings and equipages outvied all others; took a short tour out of town. Came to the verge of the bush or jungle one evening, saw something sparkling brightly. They put spurs to their horses. The one declared he heard a whistle, the other declared there a great many of the enemy, for he had seen their eyes. It proved to be nothing less than fire flys or lightening bugs.

A hottentot on guard one night, heard something and challenged it. No response. When he had called several times in English, Dutch and Kaffir, he fired. He heard a peculiar grunt. Next morning he discovered he had killed an old sow.

Henry A. Dixon grew up in a religious environment. He was taught and strictly adhered to the practices and beliefs of the Church of England. His Mother, Judith Boardman was the daughter of the Rev. William Boardman, the first Colonial Minister of the Church of England, and also headmaster of the Grammar School at Bathurst. It was this source that he received the background



for his undying testimony of the Gospel and his abundance of faith which characterized his entire life. He was nineteen years of age when he heard the first Mormon Missionaries preaching. These first Mormon Missionaries to South Africa were: Leonard I. Smith, Jesse Haven and William Walker. He listened to their message and was convinced of its truthfullness and divinity, but was denied the privilege of joining because of the minority of his age. His father forbade him accepting the Mormon religion on penalty of being cut off without a shilling of inheritance. Being a man of honor, Henry promised his father he would not be baptized before he was twenty-one years of age.

The day he became twenty-one years of age (March 14, 1856) he was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by John Elliston, a local member who held the office of a priest, at Uitenhage, C. P. Three days later he left his home, upon the request of his father, and sought employment which would provide him with the necessary funds to migrate to Utah. In consequence of his affiliation with the true Church of Christ, he had to give up his comfortable and happy home, leaving his sorrowing and heartbroken mother and sister, and his determined and stubborn father. He was confirmed a member of the Church and ordained a teacher by E. W. Kershaw of Uitenhage in 1856. In this same year he was ordained an Elder in Port Elizabeth.

On November 1, 1856 he set sail for London, England in the brig "Unity" owned by two Latter Day Saints, who afterwards emigrated to Utah. They arrived in London on January 12, 1857. From Liverpool, England in company with 816 others, Henry took passage on the ship "George Washington". After twenty-three days passage on the Atlantic Ocean, they landed at Boston, Massachusettes in March 1857.

Being short of money to continue his journey westward, he accepted the offer of an elderly couple by the name of Walker, to drive and take care of their ox team and wagon. In return they were to provide the equipment and necessities for the whole trip. This offer made it possible for him to immediately leave for Zion, rather than having to stay in the East and work until sufficient money had been accumulated to finance the trip West.

He became a member of Captain Martin's Company. In this same Company was a Widow DeGrey and her four daughters, emigrants from Dudley, England. During the trip he occasionally saw a pretty little girl of twelve years of age running along the side of the DeGrey wagon. Although his attention was attracted to her, little did he realize then she would be his future wife.

After traveling 1300 miles by ox team, on September 12, 1857, the little band of Pioneers arrived at Great Salt Lake City.

Just three days after his arrival in the Great Salt Lake Valley, September 15, 1857, Pres. Brigham Young issued a proclamation regarding the Johnston Army invasion. Immediately following the publication of this proclamation, the Territorial Militia were ordered to report to Echo Canyon and maintain it by force of arms if necessary. On September 27, 1857, Henry A. Dixon started on this expedition to Echo Canyon to repel the U. S. Army. Some ten weeks later, after the snow had piled so high that the movements of troops through the canyon passes was impossible, he returned to the comforts and hospitality of Great Salt Lake City.

It was the purpose of these militia men to construct such fortifications and breastworks as they might be able to make at the "narrows" in Echo Canyon, and also on the heights along the whole length of the mountain gorge. If the U.S. Army had moved through that Canyon, they would have received a shower of rocks, boulders and bullets, the like they had never before experienced.

After his return from the Echo Canyon Expedition in December, although previously baptized and confirmed in South Africa, he was re-baptized and re-confirmed by Elder Leonard I. Smith on December 12, 1857.

This same month (December 1857) he was appointed to go on a mission to the Rio Virgin and Santa Clara Settlements. The Settlement of Washington was founded with the sole purpose of raising cotton. Here it was that the first cotton in Utah was raised. As a whole, the experiment was not very successful. Bad seed brought from Texas that was several years old, unskilled irrigation, and general dissatisfaction with the country were the biggest reasons for the cotton failure.

The year 1860 found Henry A. Dixon back again in Salt Lake City working with a pick and shovel out in the Sugarhouse area. Brigham Young in passing one day noticed him at work, and stopped to chat with him. At the conclusion of their visit, Pres. Young told him to lay down his pick and shovel and come down to his office. It was here that Brigham Young asked him to go on a mission to England and his native land, Africa.

On August 6, 1861, after having served about a year at Southampton and the Reading Conference in the British Mission, Henry received a letter of appointment to the South African Mission.

September 7, 1861, President William Fotheringham, John Talbot, Martin Zyderlaan and Henry A. Dixon boarded the sailing vessel "Barque Sydney", a vessel of 340 tons bound for Capetown, South Africa. Most of the way, sailing was pleasant. In going across the equator, the weather became very warm and uncomfortable. Near the end of their destination they encountered heavy and rough seas. On the 10th of December, after having sailed for twenty-four hours, they came out on the leward side of where they had been the previous day, no progress having been made. In three days they had only made fifteen miles.

Arriving in sight of land and within a dozen miles of their destination, a heavy gale suddenly came up and blew them out forty miles from where they were the previous day. The sailors became so fatigued and tired in their battle with the elements that the four missionaries aided them by bailing water and other odd jobs. Provisions and water ran low. This made it necessary to go on short rations; mainly, one bisquit per meal and two quarts of water each day per person.

While the ship was rolling and tossing; much of the time on its side, one of the Elders, who was very ill, was told to get up for the vessel was sure to be swamped in the heavy storm. This news did not seem to bother him, for he just turned over and said that he had been set apart to go to Africa to preach the Gospel. A little storm was not going to interfere with his carrying out his mission. Through the perspiration of the sailors and the constant prayers of the Elders, the little vessel finally succeeded in making the harbor of Table Bay on December 15, 1861.

In the January 7th, 1862 issue of the Cape Argus, appeared the following account of the arrival of the four Mormon Elders:

Arrival of Mormon Preachers for the Cape

"Four preachers have just arrived in this Colony from Utah, with a view of promulgating Mormon doctrines, and winning converts to the Mormon Faith. Two of the preachers are natives of Grahams Town, who have been dwellers in Utah, and who have returned to convert the colonial born. Their names are: John Talbot and Henry Dixon. A Hollander named Martin Zyderlaan, also from the Lake, is to preach in Dutch, and convert the Dutch population. Wm. Fotheringham, a scotchman born, but now like the other three, a Mormon preacher and a citizen of the United States, and direct from Utah, is we understand the leader. He assures us that the stories promulgated here, said to be by persons who have been disappointed after going over, are utterly untrue. He says all who have gone over are happy and prosperous, as is the State of Utah generally.

He represents the soil as less fertile than some of the United States, but he says it yields in abundance, and hemmed in as the Mormon People are by the hills, they live in peace and prosperity, and no one can molest them from without, of the truth of the Prophets revelation we adduce the following. (A revelation and prophecy by the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator Joseph Smith, given Dec. 25, 1832.)

This pamphlet published in 1851, entitled the Pearl of Great Price, by Joseph Smith, First Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of L. D. Saints and is said to be verified by the war now raging in America. Utah, Mr. Fotheringham states, stands by the Union and will be prepared to pay its quota towards carrying on the war.

Utah situated 1032 miles from the frontier boundry, will be taxed willingly for the war and will stand by the Constitution to the last." (Copies from the Cape Argus, Jan. 7, 1862. Published by W. R. Murry. Copies by nearly all the papers in the Colony.)

Elder Henry A. Dixon stayed at Capetown, Mowbray and vincinity until January 12, 1862. His parents having sent him passage money he sailed for Port Elizabeth, arriving there on January 16th. One of the members of the Church, Bro. Glensay, loaned him the use of his horse to ride up to Uitenhage where his Father and Mother were pleased to see him and he was most pleased to see them.

The greatest part of his mission was spent in and around his place of birth, Grahamstown; also at Uitenhage, King Williams Town, Port Elizabeth, Beaufort, Adelaide, East London, Queenstown, Burghers Dorp, and most all the Eastern Province, including in and around Durban, Natal Province.

He traveled without "purse or script", something his father could never understand. Even though his father did not agree with his affiliations and activities in the new Church, he occasionally furnished him with clothes and a little money to buy the necessities of life.

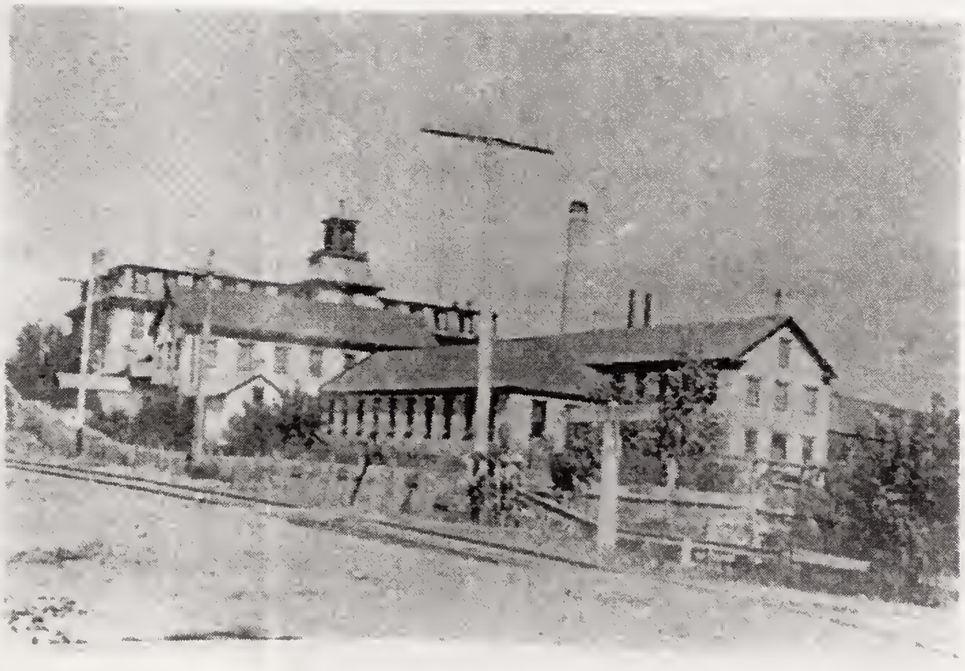
For days at a time, his diet consisted of syrup, made by adding boiling water to sugar; and then pouring this over bread.

On his return to the place of his birth, Grahams Town, he was shunned by many of his former school mates and some of his relatives and friends. This indeed made him very sad and blue; for to him the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was the greatest thing in all the world, even greater than life itself.

Most of his relatives and friends were glad to welcome him back home and treated himwell, by offering him entertainment and listening to his message. It was the members of the Church who consistently provided the missionaries with food, clothing and a place to sleep. Some missionaries received such gifts as money, saddles, horses and many other items from the Members.

It seems that Henry A. Dixon had a definite mission to perform

Tithing Office
Salt Lake City



Provo Woolen Mills

in this life. Many times his life was spared in order that he could accomplish this work.

At Port Elizabeth on Friday, January 9, 1863, the following incident was recorded in Henry A. Dixon's Diary:

"This morning myself and Brother Atwood took Brothers Talbot and Stickle horses to bathe. I rode Brother Stickle's horse, a very large one, out into the breakers. A very heavy breaker covered us. The horse came nearly falling over. I let go the reins and swam. I did not apprehend any great danger. After struggling a few minutes I found I did not make much headway. Several breakers came in quick succession over me. I felt my strength failing me. I prayed the Lord to preserve me. I tried to find ground but did not succeed, two or three times. I began to drown, a great quantity of water having entered my body. I felt resigned that it was the Lord's will that I should die. I called to Brother Atwood, held up my hand to draw his attention, as there was such a current. He made an attempt, rode in but was quickly washed off his horse. Had to return. It was root hog or die. He thought I was gone. He knelt down and prayed. I struggled found ground. Brother Adwood took me by the hand. A breaker knocked us down. He led me out. Death depicted in my countenance. I felt so weak I could not move my limbs for him to dress me. He administered to me twice. Brought up a considerable amount of water and bile. He laid me down and went and got a cart and brought me to Brother Slaughter's. Was very weak and had a severe headache attented with a fever. Was adminstered to by Pres. Fotheringham and Brother Atwood Got some better."

Many times during his mission, he was threatened with being mobbed. On one occasion while preaching on the street, a mob gathered to disturb him. One man, owner of the Hotel, threw a monkey on his head, but it did not even scratch him. The crowd began to shove and push, throwing loose objects at him and even batting him over the head with sticks. . Finally one gentlemen, realizing the situation, took him by the hand and led him into his garden. The mob took after them, but were stopped at the gate of the garden by another gentleman.

Judge Noon has related many stories and incidents that happened to the early missionaries, when he was living at Ispingo, near Durban, Natal.

On one occasion, Henry A. was holding a street meeting. The crowd started to ask questions. They not receiving their answer in the great confusion which followed, became angry. Soon they were calling Henry all sorts of vile names, and it soon developed into an unmaneageable mob. Judge Noon and his brother, realizing the dangerous situation Henry A. was in, then rode through the crowd on their horses and picked him up bodily and carried him away to their plantation.

In the latter part of 1864, after having endured many hardships, Henry A. Dixon completed his mission in South Africa and after bidding his Mother and Father and many friends goodbye, he returned to his adopted country and Church Headquarters, Salt Lake City, Utah.

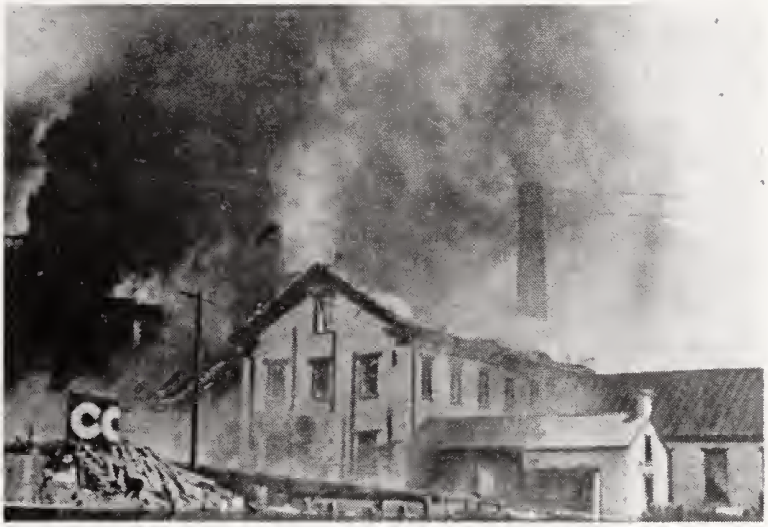
After his return to Salt Lake City, from his African Mission, Henry A. used to make friendly visits to the home of Widow DeGrey and her family, who were then living in the Eleventh Ward. The older girls had all married and moved from their mother's home, leaving Sarah and her mother along in the little, humble log home. Sarah, now a girl of twenty, attracted his attention and they were married January 21, 1865.

In the Spring of 1865 he was called to go to Sanpete County during the Indian troubles with Black Hawk. He was in Captain Charles Crow's Company (Major Andrew Burt's Command) Utah Militia Infantry, Black Hawk War.

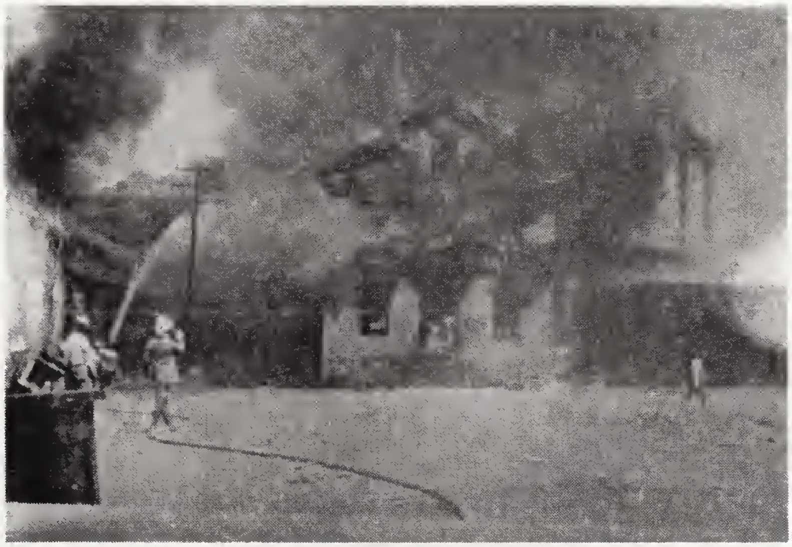
Henry A. Being a man of ability and industry, secured a good position as Tithing Clerk in the Tithing Office at Salt Lake City. The young married couple then built a neat little log house, on the same lot, near the house of Mother DeGrey. Here mother and daughter could enjoy the close companionship of each other, yet maintain their own home. The Dixon home was a happy one and on November 14, 1865 their first child, Henry Alfred Dixon was born. This happiness was soon marred on July 1, 1867 when Alfred died and was buried in Salt Lake City. Just sixteen days later, happiness again entered the home with the birth of John DeGrey Dixon on July 16, 1867.

As Tithing Clerk, it was Henry's responsibility to find accommodations and work for all the newly arrived emmigrants. In the Gillispie Company, which arrived in Salt Lake City on September of 1868, a smiling black eyed girl named Mary Smith arrived and desired work, to sustain herself as well as the good people who had brought her from England. Henry was very much attracted by her fine appearance and her womanly ways, even though she was only seventeen. For months he kept watch of her, and finally succeeded in claiming her as his second wife. They were married April 13, 1869.

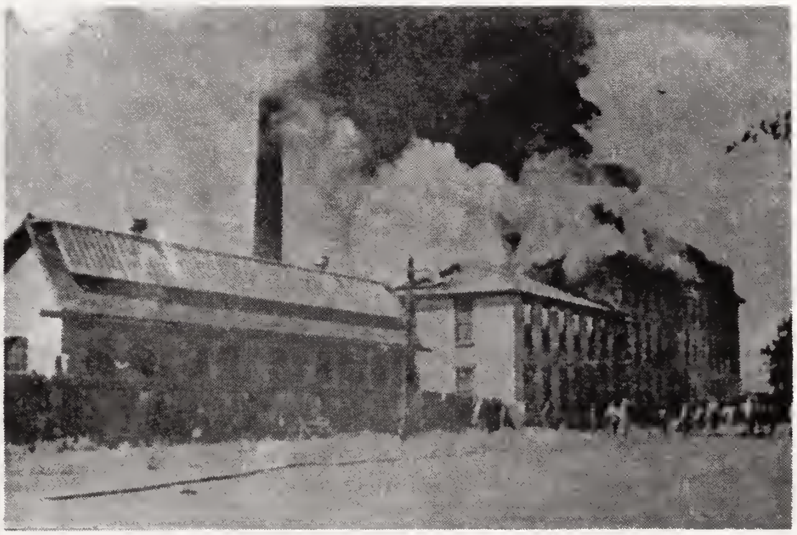
For seven years he worked in the Tithing Offices and proved himself as an honest, upright, ambitious and conscientious man. In 1870, the Woolen Mills at Provo was established, and Pres. Brigham Young selected Henry A. Dixon to go to Provo as Bookkeeper, where he remained for the next nine years.



Provo Woolen Mills - Second West



Provo Woolen Mills - First North



Provo Woolen Mills - Second North

On June 1, 1869, a company known as the TIMPANOGOS MANUFACTURING COMPANY was formed to build and operate a woolen mills. The mill site was bought from Hon. John Taylor, and ground for the first building was broken on the 28th of May 1870. The erection of the building was under the management of Pres. A. O. Smoot. Bishop Andrew H. Scott assisted Pres. Smoot in the construction. The buildings were erected at a cost of $155,000.00. Workmen were recruited from all over the territory and most of them received stock in the Company for their labors. Most of the materials furnished were paid for by stock in the Company.

President Brigham Young advanced $70,000.00 in cash to purchase the machinery in the East. Mr. F.X. Loughery of Philadelphia was engaged to install the machinery and get the mill in operation.

In 1872 the Timpanogos Manufacturing Company was incorporated with a capital stock of $1,000,000.00 in 10,000 shares of one hundred dollars per share.

Officers and Directors were:

President	Brigham Young
Vice-president	A. O. Smoot
Vice-president	Myron Tanner
Secretary	Henry A. Dixon
Treasurer	L. John Nuttall
Directors	William Bringhurst
	Orvil Simmons
	Joseph S. Tanner
	Andrew H. Scott

In October 1872 the cards and mules were started and yarn was spun and marketed. It was not until June 1873 that cloth was manufactured.

Myron Tanner was the first superintendent of this Provo Co-operative Woolen Mills, as it was then known. In 1874, James Dunn became superintendent and under his supervision it became a first class operation and achieved reasonable success. Reed Smoot was appointed superintendent with the resignation of James Dunn.

The rock building was built in the northwest corner of block 87, Plat A, Provo City Survey. The main building was 145 x 65 feet, a four story rock structure with a half mansaard roof covered with tin roofing and a thirty foot tower.

The upper floor was used for sorting of the wool and preparing it for the cards. On the floor below were eight sets of cards and one hand mule of 240 spindles, two reels and two spoolers. On the next floor below was the spinning room containing four self acting mules with 720 spindles each.

The ground floor of this main rock building contained nineteen broad looms and thirty-eight narrow looms, two wrappers and dressers, one shawl finger, one quilting frame, one bearnes and a machine for a double and twist stocking yarn of sixty-two spindles.

The finishing house was built of adobe just south of the rock building. It was a two and one half story building, 70 x 30 feet. On the first floor were three washers, three filter, two large screw presses, two gigs, one cloth measurer and one hand picker.

The factory was run by water power, the water coming down the Mill Race into two Leffel turbine wheels, one thirty-six inches and the other a forty-four inch wheel. The factory had a rotary pump.

Immediately south of the main rock building was a two and one-half story adobe building, 33 x 134 feet. The upper room was used for the receiving and sorting of the wool and the lower floor for the office and sales room, carpenter shop and drying room. Just east of this building was a one story, frame 30 x 60 foot building used for a dye house and scouring room.

The factory employed on an average of one-hundred twenty-four to One hundred fifty operatives. Many came from England and Scotland.

In 1871 Henry A. Dixon moved his two wives and their families from Salt Lake City to a newly constructed adobe house on the corner of Third West and Second North, just one block from his work at the factory.

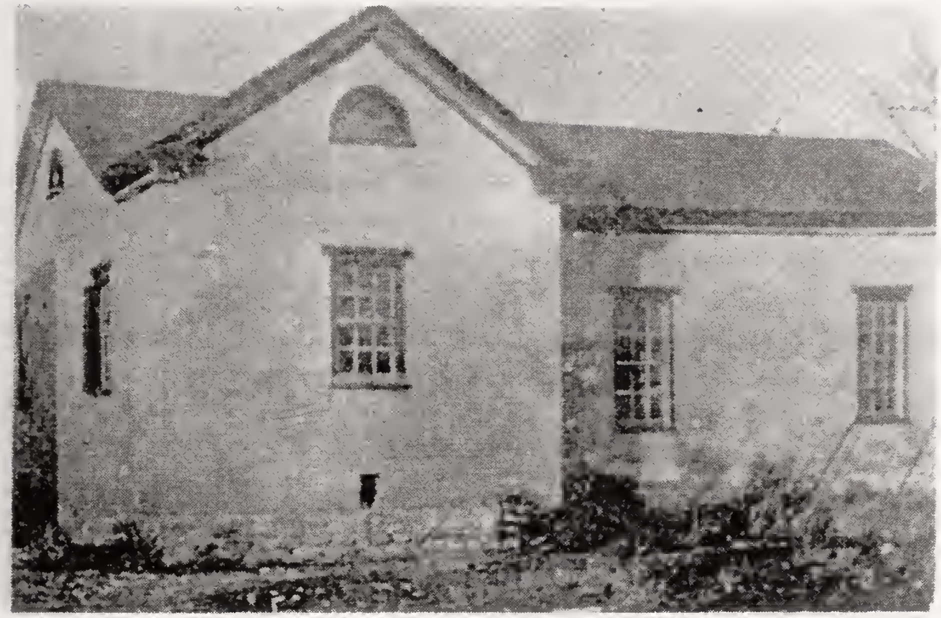
During the time he was bookkeeper at the Woolen Mills he acted as Utah County Treasurer.

Although in poor health at the time, on October 9, 1879, he left his family of two wives with their five children each, in answer to his second call to a foreign mission. This time it was to Great Britain. It was a great sacrifice to be called upon to make, for not only himself, but his wives and children, who would now have to support themselves. This beautifully portrays the abundance of faith and courage our pioneer ancestors possessed.

He took passage on the Steamship "Arizona" of the Guion Lines. While on the way the ship encountered an ice-berg which damaged the ship and endangered the lives of the passengers. The ship finally reached the port of St. Johns, Newfoundland. It stayed there one week until the passengers transferred to the ship "Nevada". Notes from his journal record the following:

Aboard the S.S. "Arizona" Friday, November 7, 1879

"About 8:45 p.m. engines stopped and we felt a sudden shock, we were about having our evening prayers. Before we could do so we rushed on deck thinking we had struck a vessel, when lo and behold we had struck an immense ice-berg. We were going at the rate of 16 knots an hour.



First Utah County Courthouse

Second Utah County Courthouse
1873

The force was so great as to completely stove in our bulkhead or bow, leaving about 20 tons of ice on the forecastle bulkhead. It broke both anchors. One chain was tested to hold 12 tons. A shocking site to behold. A very large hole in her just above the water edge. Four thousand gallons of water in the bulkhead. Two or three sailors were buried in the ice in the forecastle. Some time before they could be got out. One hurt very badly.

It was a clear night, the icebergs looked similiar to a bluish white cloud looming up about 50 feet. An awful grand sight.

The boats were ordered to be loosed from the davids, ready if needed. Considerable excitement on board. A Presbyterian minister with satchel in hand was ready to look to No.1. Some women were terribly excited.

We were from 240 to 250 miles from St. John's, Newfoundland. Steaming eight or nine knots an hour, notwithstanding her situation.

The "Arizona" steamship of the Guion Line, is built in seven compartments. All luggage was removed aft to lighten her. I called the boys together during the excitement and prayed the Lord to enable us to avert the calamity that it might be no worse. We exercised our Priesthood, prayed for a calm and that we might live, also all onboard get to our destination, also the vessel.

We went below to our cabins, prayed frequently according to the order of the Priesthood, for a calm sea and no wind, as this is apparently our salvation temporarily.

During the night I went on deck and while alone rebuked the winds and waves. We have a calm sea. Prayers answered. Also prayed for a vessel to come to our rescue if necessary and wisdom to be given the Captain. Prince of Power and Air to have no control at this time. Committed ourselves to God.

In talking to some of the passengers, I promised no lives should be lost or ship either, in the name of the Lord.

ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND, Sunday November 9, 1879

Having remained in sight of harbor all night, arrived about 11:00 p. m. This morning at 8:00 o'clock, pilot came aboard and took us into port. Very rocky coast, only one entrance to bay and that very narrow. Rocks on either side. Inside, a nice, comfortable harbor. Completely land blocked. Must have been 150 vessels of all sizes at anchor. People flocked down to the wharf by the thousands.

Several boats filled with small boys, saw more boys than since I left home, all healthy and strong. I suppose them to belong to fishing smack or schooners. The population appears to contain a great many Irish people, contains about 49,000 of the Islands 96,000. The streets very crooked in steps as it were along the hillside.

The damage done vessel was greater than I anticipated. The break extended below the water mark, the whole length of the keel."

After a very rough voyage, the "Nevada" arrived in Liverpool in November 1879. After laboring in the Liverpool Conference for about a year, Henry was released to return home on account of ill health.

Reaching Salt Lake City in November 1880, he obtained work as assistant bookkeeper for the H. Dinwoody Furniture Co., for one year when he resigned to take the position of shipping clerk in Z.C.M.I.

He still had his home in Provo, where one of his families was living. The other family had moved to Salt Lake to be with him. So when the Z.C.M.I. built their new wholesale house in Provo, he submitted his application for the position as manager. His application was readily accepted and he was installed as the first manager of the Provo Branch of Z.C.M.I. He was then united with his two families and everything went along smoothly and he began to prosper.

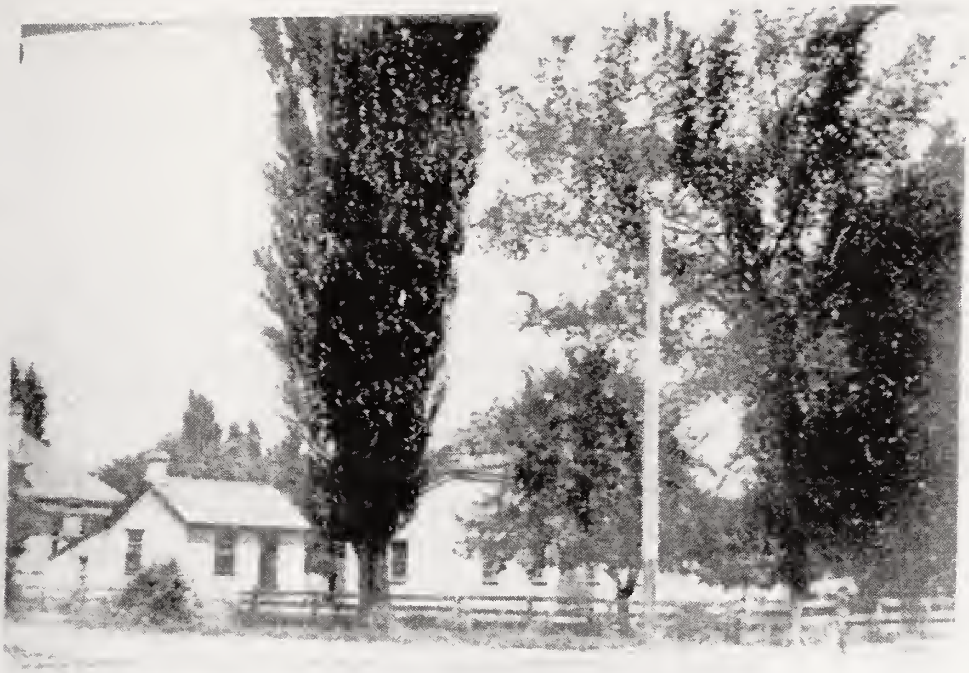
In May 1874 his 88 year old father died in South Africa. Henry received his portion of his father's estate. This he wisely invested in the purchase of two farms. One, the brickyard farm, located on the present site of the Provo Brick & Tile Co. property. The other was located about a mile further north in Carterville. From these farms he was able to grow all the vegetable and fruits the families needed. The farms also proved pasture land for the cows and horses.

This peaceful happiness and prosperity was not to last long. On April 28, 1884, Henry Aldous Dixon was stricken with pneumonia and just one week later, May 4, 1884 he passed on to his reward.

The whole community mourned the passing of this good man in his 49th year. He had friends without number. It is said, "To know Henry A. Dixon was to love him." Little children loved him for his kindness and the consideration he always gave them.

Mrs. Samuel Jepperson has said that she heard Pres. Brigham Young speak in the old Provo Tabernacle and say this of Henry A. Dixon: "Of all the men I know and trust, Henry A. Dixon is the one man I could trust with all my wealth and with all the wealth of the land, knowing full well that it would all be accounted for, in detail, when I desired."

Compiled by Clarence D. Taylor
January 1951



Dixon Homes
3rd West & 2nd North
Provo

HENRY A. DIXON'S ACCOUNT OF ICEBERG COLLISION
From His Journal

Aboard the S. S. "Arizona". Friday November 7, 1879

"About 8:45 p.m. engines stopped and we felt a sudden shock, we were about having our evening prayers. Before we could do so we rushed on deck thinking we had struck a vessel, when lo and behold we had struck an immense iceberg. We were going at the rate of 16 knots an hour.

The force was so great as to completely stove in our bulkhead or bow, leaving about 20 tons of ice on the forecastle bulkhead. Broke both anchors, one chain was tested to hold 12 tons. Shocking site to behold. A very large hole in her, just above the water edge. Four thousand gallons of water in the bulkhead. Two or three sailors buried in the ice in the forecastle, some time before they could get out. One hurt very badly.

It was a clear night, the iceberg looked similiar to a bluish-white cloud looming up about 50 feet. An awful grand sight.

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Went below to our cabins, prayed frequently according to the order of the Priesthood, for a calm sea and no wind, as this is apparently our salvation temporarily.

During the night we went on deck and while alone, rebuked winds and waves. We have a calm sea. Prayers answered. Also prayed for a vessel to come to our rescue, if necessary, and wisdom to be given the Captain, and Prince of Power and Air to have no control, at this time. Committed ourselves to God.

In talking to some of the passengers, I promised no lives should be lost or ship either, in the name of the Lord."

St. Johns, Newfoundland, Sunday, November 9, 1879.

"Having remained in sight of harbor all night, arrived about

11:00 P.M. This morning at 8:00 o'clock, pilot came aboard and took us into port. Very rocky coast, only one entrance to bay and that very narrow. Rocks on either side. Inside a nice, comfortable harbor completely land blocked. Must have been over 150 vessels of all sizes at anchor. People flocked down to the wharf by thousands.

Several boats filled with small boys, saw more boys than since I left home, all healthy and strong. I suppose them to belong to fishing smacks or schooners. The population appears to contain a great many Irish people, contains about 49,000 of the Island's 96,000. The streets are very crooked, in steps as it were, along the hillside.

The damage done vessel was greater than I anticpated. The break extended below the water mark, the whole length of the keel"

Monday, November 10, 1879.

"I took a walk into the country for about three or four miles. Beautiful scenery, farm houses, meadows, and timber. Beautiful lake and beautiful harbor. In the evening writing home, also sending a few newspapers.

November 11th. Writing on back of 25 cards, Articles of Faith, "Any person desirous of further information relative to these principles, until Thursday, November 13, 1879, address Elder Henry A. Dixon, St. Johns. After that date, to William Budge, Esq., 42 Islington St., Liverpool, England."

Comments on the above incident by Maria D. Taylor:

"While on a visit to Price, Utah in September 1930, my son Elton was telling me he spoke of this incident in Fast Meeting and a gentleman arose and said, "in the mouth of two witnesses all things shall be established."

This Brother Potter stated that he came home on that same vessel sometimes later. He talked to the Captain and also the crew and they all said it was nothing short of a miracle.

He said he saw the vessel while in the docks for repairs and there was a hole in it as large as a good sized room.

He was told that at the time of the accident, word was taken to the owner of the ship, Mr. Guion, who asked if any Mormons were aboard. They told him there were four. He went back to bed and said he knew the vessel would land safe, for forty years they had been carrying Mormons, no ship was lost. It paid them better than insurance."

A COLLISION AT SEA

THE WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF THE S.S. ARIZONA, WHICH COLLIDED WITH AN ICEBERG

" The present associate editor of the "Star" was a passenger on the S.S. "Arizona" when that vessel sailed from New York, September 5, 1891. The first night out the vessel was struck amidship by a three masted ship. The terrific shock which was then experienced is still remembered. Very little damage, however, was done, and the ship "Arizona" went on her way with but a dent in her side and about twenty feet of the railing torn away.

The porthole of the stateroom where four Elders lay sleeping was struck, and the glass flew over their beds. As they were suddenly awakened by the shock, and felt the pieces of glass, one of them exclaimed: "ICEBERGS!"

He thought an iceberg had been struck. Later, when excitement was somewhat abated, he told of the "Arizona's"experience with these dangers of the deep.

The incident is described by an article in the Windsor Magazine for August entitled, "The Peril Of The Iceberg." After reading it, the MILLENIAL STAR of December 1, 1879, was examined, and there was found a letter written by Elder Henry A. Dixon to Pres. William A. Budge, giving an account of the incident. Three other Elders were on the vessel, and the narrative adds but one more testimony to the truth that notwithstanding the great amount of traveling the Latter-Day Saints have done on the sea, the Lord has preserved them as in the hollow of His Hand from the dangers of the deep. Elder Dixon's letter contains the following:

"On the evening of the 7th inst., about a quarter to nine o'clock, the engines ceased working; there was a sudden thud and shock. I rushed on deck, thinking we had struck a vessel, and expected to see the ship I had supposed we collided with go down. Looking over the bulwarks into the seething sea-foam, my attention was directed to the iceberg. I should have mistaken it for a white cloud, as it resembled one very much in appearance, being like a bluish ground with a mantle of snow for a covering. The order was given for the boats to be lowered. At this time there was a good deal of excitement. Myself and brethren united in prayer to the Lord for the preservation of the vessel and all on board. The spirit of prophecy came upon me. I felt to cheer and comfort the passengers, telling a number of them, in the name of the Lord, no lives would be lost, and the vessel would reach port in safety."

"By the collision the bow was stove in, there being a big hole, about thirty feet in depth and twenty feet in width, in the widest part. About fifteen tons of ice were jammed into her forecastle, and three sailors were buried in it. It was some time before they could be extricated. One being insensible when taken out. Fortunately, the vessel is constructed of the very best material, and has seven compartments."

"We return thanks to our Heavenly Father for the preservation of our lives."

That part of the magazine article which deals with the "Arizona" accident is as follows:

"The most remarkable case on record of an iceberg collision is that of the Guion Liner "Arizona" in 1879. She was then the greyhound of the Atlantic, and the largest ship afloat--5,750 tons--except the "Great Eastern". Leaving New York in November for Liverpool, with five hundred nine souls aboard, she was coursing across the banks, with fair weather but dark, when near midnight about 250 miles east of St. John's, she rammed a monster iceberg at full speed--eighteen knots. Terrific was the impact and indescribable the alarm. The passengers, flung from their berths, made for the deck, as they stood, though some were so injured as to be helpless, and the calls of those forward, added to the shrieks of the frenzied mob of half-clad men and women who charged for the boats, made up a pandemonium. Wild cries arose that the ship was sinking, for she had settled by the head, and with piteous appeals and despairing exclamations the passengers urged the boats over, that they might escape the death they thought inevitable. But the crew were well in hand, the officers maintained order, and a hurried examination being made, the forward bulkhead was seen to be safe. The welcome word was passed along that the ship, though sorely stricken, would still float until she could make harbor. The vast white terror had lain across her course, stretched so far each way that, when descried, it was too late to alter the helm. Its giant shape filled the foreground, towering high above the masts, grim, and guant, and ghastly, immovable as the damantine buttresses of a frowning seaboard, while the liner lurched and staggered like a wounded thing in agony as her engines slowly drew her back from the rampart against which she had flung herself."

"She was headed for St. John's at slow speed, so as not to strain the bulkhead too much, and arrived there thirty-six hours later. That little port-the crippled ship's hospital-has seen many a strange sight come in from the sea, but never a more astounding spectacle than that which she presented the Sunday forenoon she entered there."

"Begob, Captain!" said the pilot as he swung himself over the rail. "I've heard of carrying coals to Newcastle, but this is the first time I've seen a steamer bringing a load of ice into St. John's."

"They are a grim race, these sailors, and, the danger over, the Captain's reply was, "We were lucky, my man, that we didn't all go to the bottom in an ice-box."

"Her deck and forepart were cumbered with great fragments of ice, weighing over two hundred tons in all, shattered from the berg when she struck, being so wedged into the fractures and gaps as to make it unwise to start them until she was docked. The whole population of St. John's lined the water-front to witness her arrival. Her escape was truly marvelous, and the annals of marine adventure may be searched in vain for its equal. From the top-rail to keelson her bows were driven in, the gaping wound fully twenty feet wide, and the massive plates and ribs crumbled up like so many pieces of cardboard. All the ironwork was twisted into fantastic forms; the oak planking was smashed into splinters, the beams and stanchion which backed the bow were shattered and torn, and her stem-piece had been wrenched off when she had bitten into the berg. As the dead weight, including engines and cargo, must have been fully 10,000 tons, and this propelled through the water at an eighteen knot clip must have produced momentum, the wonder is that she was not ripped apart and sent to the bottom with all on board in the twinkling of an eye."

"That she was well built her experience attested. Had her forward bulkhead started and the water poured in, they must have abandoned her and taken to the boats, a most hazardous as well as unpleasant alternative. Everything fragile aboard her had been broken, and every human being had participated in a unique adventure, one which none wished repeated. She remained at St. John's some months, had a temporary wooden bow built into her, and then returned to New York for permanent repairs."

"Many curious incidents occured in the panic, as always so on such occasions. A New York millionaire's wife rushed on deck barefooted and in her nightdress, drawing her stocking on her hands, and vainly endeavoring to find the fingers. A man appeared from the saloon with two gripsacks and a lifebuoy. He tossed this overboard first, then threw the bags after it, and was following himself when seized by a sailor. An elderly gentleman with a weak heart fainted away in the saloon at the shock of the impact, and was found there when the passengers returned from the deck to cloth themselves. Recovering to see the anxious-faced, half clad watchers about him, and believing for the moment that he was the concern, he deprecatingly observed: "I am very sorry. Do not be alarmed, It is nothing, I assure you."

HENRY A. DIXON'S PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

Great Salt Lake City
August 25th 1867

A Blessing given by Jno. Smith Patriarch upon the head of Henry Aldous Dixon, son of John Henry and Judith Dixon, born at Grahams-Town, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, March 14th 1835.

Bro. Henry, in the name of Jesus of Nazereth, I place my hands upon thy head in order to pronounce and seal a blessing upon thee, Therefore prepare thy mind and look forward to the future that thy lineage may be made known and that thy blessings made manifest. Thou art of the blood of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim, therefore thou art entitled to all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant and I seal upon thee also all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and say unto thee, be of good cheer and let thy heart be comforted, for the Lord knoweth thine integrity, and thy sins are forgiven thee. He will also answer thy petitions to thy satisfaction and the comforter shall whisper peace and consolation in thine ear and give you due notice that you may be prepared for every emergency, as has been made manifest here-to-fore, thou shalt also be an instrument in the hands of the Lord in doing much good in thy day, and shall administer in the House of our God and thou shalt be blessed with a posterity which shall be honourable in the land, and thy sons shall be mighty in the Priesthood. Thou shalt have power over the adversary and be mighty in healing the sick by the laying on of hands, and be able to do many miracles in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. And thou shalt live to take vengeance upon the ungodly who shed the blood of the Saints and Prophets and raised their voices and hands against the people of God. This blessing I seal upon thy head and I seal thee up unto Eternal Life to come forth in the morning of the first Resurrection, the Savior of thy Father's house, even so. AMEN.

Recorded in Book A, Page 446

DEATH OF HENRY ALDOUS DIXON
(Copied From Old Newspaper Clipping
Probably Deseret News)

AN EVENTFUL LIFE - - Henry Aldous Dixon, son of John Henry and Judith Dixon, was born March 14, 1835, in Grahams Town, South Africa. He heard the gospel through the labors of Elders Jesse Haven, Leonard I. Smith and Wm. Walker, missionaries to that nation and was convinced of its truth when 19 years of age, but was forbidden by his father to be baptized until he was of age, on pain of being cut off without a shilling. He was baptized March 14, 1856, his 21st birthdate, emigrated in the ship "Unity" (barque) landing in London Docks, and took passage from Liverpool in the ship George Washington; crossed the plains in Captain Martin's Company and the following year was called to Echo Canyon.

The next spring he was called with Brother Horne and others to go to Dixie to raise cotton. They were the first to raise cotton in Utah. In the year 1860 he was called on a mission to his native land, on a four year mission, labored one year in the British Mission, in the Reading Conference, and part of the time in Southampton. Arriving home he married in January 1865, and was called the following spring to go to Sanpete during the Indian troubles, in Captain Andrew Burt's Company. After his return he acted as Clerk in the Tithing Office, in this city seven years, and was then called by President B. Young to take a mission to Provo, to take charge of the books of the Provo Woolen Factory, where he labored faithfully between eight and nine years, at the same time being County Treasurer.

He again filled a mission to Great Britain, starting on the 9th of October 1879, being in poor health at that time. He took passage in the steamship "Arizona",Guion Line; on the way the ship encountered an iceberg, damaging the ship and hewas taken to the port of St. John's Newfoundland, staying one week. Again sailing in the ship "Nevada", after a very rough passage he arrived in Liverpool in November, labored in the Liverpool Conference one year, was honorably released to return home on account of sickness, and reached Salt Lake in November 1880. He reported himself and was blessed by Presidents Taylor, Cannon, and Smith. He afterwards acted as assistant book-keeper to Henry Dinwoodey, in this city for one year, also labored in Z. C. M. I. and was appointed to Provo to take charge of the Z. C. M. I. Wholesale House; where he labored very faithfully. He was taken sick on Monday, April 28th, and continued to his bed with pneumonia, which turned to brain fever. Death put an end to his sufferings Sunday afternoon, May 4th at 3 o'clock.

The funeral services were conducted in the Provo Tabernacle by Bishop Tanner on Tuesday last. The speakers were Presidents D. John and H. H. Cluff, Elders S. S. Jones and E. Harding and Bishop

Tanner, all bearing testimony to the good life of the deceased and sympathizing with the wives and children he had left. The beautiful anthem, "Pope's Ode", "Tital Spark", etc. was rendered excellenly by the choir, and benediction was pronounced by Patriarch Zebedee Coltrin.

The deceased leaves two wives and thirteen children, the oldest not yet 17 years. Fifty-four vehicles followed his remains to the cemetery.

(Copied from old newspaper clipping)

OBITUARY

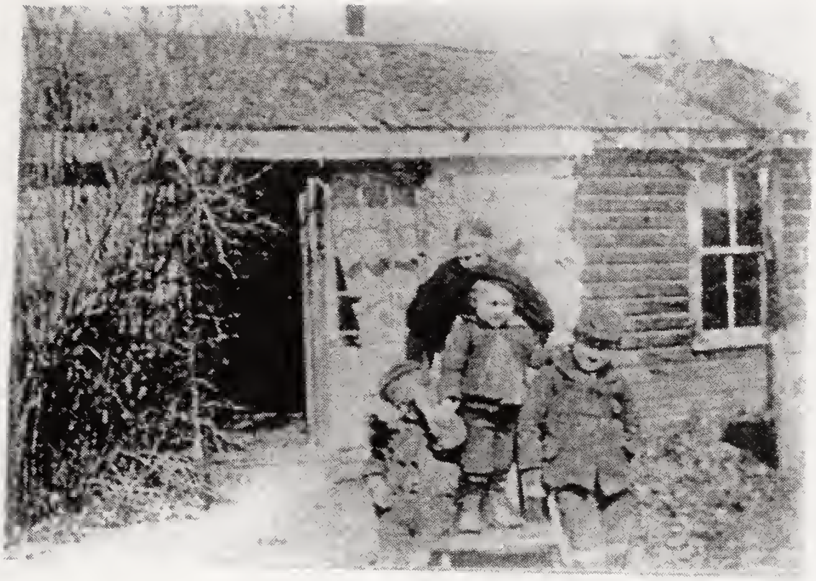
The funeral services over the remains of our brother and fellow citizen took place in the Meeting House in this City on Tuesday morning last. The house was crowded; and several of the Elders offered consoling remarks.

Henry Aldous Dixon, son of John Henry and Judith Dixon, was born March 14th 1835, in Grahams Town, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. He heard the Gospel through the labors of Elders Jesse Haven, Leonard Smith and W. Walker, when he was 19 years of age, and was baptized March 14, 1856. He shortly afterwards emigrated to Utah. He was one of the first who raised cotton in Southern Utah. He went on a mission to his native land in 1860, and on his way thither labored in the Southampton (Great Britain) Conference one year. During this mission he suffered considerable hardship. In the spring of 1865 he was called to go to Sanpete during the Indian troubles. After he return he acted as Clerk in the General Tithing Office, Salt Lake City, where he served about 7 years; after which he came to Provo and was employed in the Provo Woolen Mills, where he served 8 or 9 years, and acted for some time as County Treasurer. He was subsequently called to go on a mission to Great Britain. After laboring there nearly a year he was honorably released on account of ill health.

On April 28th last he was taken seriously ill, and died on Sunday, May 4th, leaving a large family to mourn his departure, and a host of friends who deeply sympathize with the bereaved.

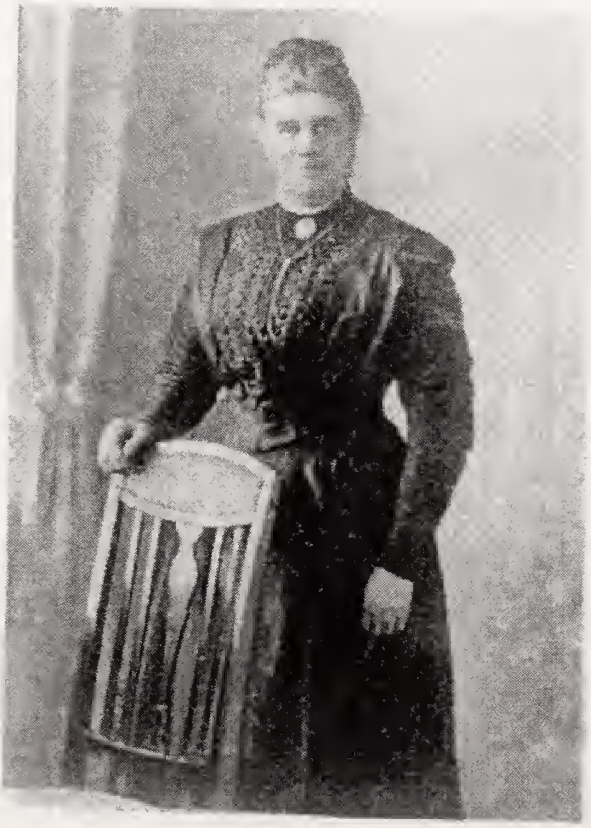
"Surely a good man has gone,
A loving father and true friend."

(Copied from Newspaper Clipping)



GRANDMA BARRETT

Log House located at rear of Henry A Dixon Lot



"AUNT" SARAH BARRETT MONK

AN ELM TREE'S HISTORY OF 68 YEARS

Rhea Dixon Reeve

It seems to me that I should appreciate being a tree.
God created trees according to His plan,that we might give beauty and be useful to man.
He gave us myriads of colorful leaves that rustle and sigh in the cooling breeze.
I, the Elm, am very old, and I have seen much that should be told.
I'm a survivor of an age forever gone, although recollections and fond memories linger on.
God made me a body so straight and strong; gave me endurance, durability, and made my life long.
I have faithfully stood for many long years; witnessed much joy, sorrow and fears.
The Associations I have known, bring me memories sweet. I have lived a well spent life, but now I have happiness complete
For a little bird has the secret told, that I'm to be honored tho' I'm withered and old.
The Daughters of my friends, the worthy pioneers, have been showing appreciation for old timers for years.
They have chosen to honor my brother and me, by placing a plaque for all passers-by to see.
We trees only ask for appreciation and sympathy; I'm happy for the honor that has come to me,
And as is customary among pioneers, to relate stories of loved ones that have gone with the years,
I, too, have a story I'd like to tell, to show gratitude for those who served me well.
I give credit first of all, for my health, my stature, and branches tall,
To Henry Aldous Dixon, a man good and true, an Englishman from South Africa to Utah he came; his faith and good works have bro't honor to the family name.
He loved things of beauty;plants, flowers, and trees; so he planted me, a sapling, securely among these.
He nurtured and watched me, took great pride in my growth; my welfare the family guarded like an oath.
This green well kept corner has always been my home; folks return and find me standing here, no matter where they roam.
I've watched over the Dixon homestead day after day; how well I remember, when the father went away
To the England he loved, and during his stay, while he preached the Gospel in his convincing way,
His family suffered hardships, illness, and fear,
But they were blessed with kind neighbors from far and near,
I was surprised one cold morning, to find mush ice all around,

The mill race had flooded all over the ground.
Prisoners were we until a kind neighbor, our plight did see,
He came to our rescue; everyone was glad when that winter was thru.
Springtime brought wild buttercups to the ditch bank close by
The lilac trees in blossom near the cottonwoods so high.
The mulberries the children enjoyed so much,
The bed of peppermint, my roots seemed to touch;
The rows of sage useful for seasoning and tea,
Always held a fascination for me.
The pink climbing roses, the red velvet ones too,
Added beauty and fragrance to the view.
Our red-haired gardner spent many hours,
Admiring and cultivating his beautiful flowers.
He worked energetically day after day,
At the Woolen Mills, a block away.
His fellow workers walked home with him, and would linger awhile
    neath the shade of my branches, which caused me to smile.
Now as in every story, some dark clouds appear,
We lost brother Dixon in his 49th year.
The sad news caused many a sigh and tear,
The sad, sweet tolling of the bell, for each year,
He had lived so well
Seemed like a benediction and farewell.
How well I remember that balmy spring day
When his friends in the Priesthood laid him away.
They carried him past me and down the long street.
On reaching the Tabernacle, the journey was complete.
After the services, his loved ones sorrowfully came home,
To carry on the best they could
And like him, practice doing good.
Three weeks later, even before her tears were dried,
I was startled when the new baby cried.
And they called him Arnold, and placed him by Sarah's side.
He proved to be a comfort and joy
Helped solace his mother's grief, for he was her last baby boy.
E're long Aunt Mary and her children moved away.
This didn't sever family ties, they're all for one and one for all in
    What they do and say.
It seems a tradition that it was to be
We Elm trees were a branch of the Dixon Family tree.

John DeGrey, the first born, with Sarah Lewis, his bride,
Came to the old Dixon home to reside.

Henry Aldous, the II, uttered his first lusty cry,
In the same adobe house, with me still standing by.
This boy brought honor to the family name.
I stand tall with pride when I hear of his fame.

Marie Louise, better known as Aunt Rye, valiant as any Pioneer
Gave birth to her first born while living here.
Another red-head - - -Arthur D.,
A finer fellow you'll never see.
Sincere in fostering the Gospel plan,
Missionary, Bishop, and a good, kind man.
I learned to love these red-haired lads,
I am as proud of them as I was of their Dads.

Ernest and Charles bought a home right near.
When I look at Ernest, it seemed to me
Such a resemblance to his Father I could see.
Parley and William lived close by,
To be close to the old home, they did try.

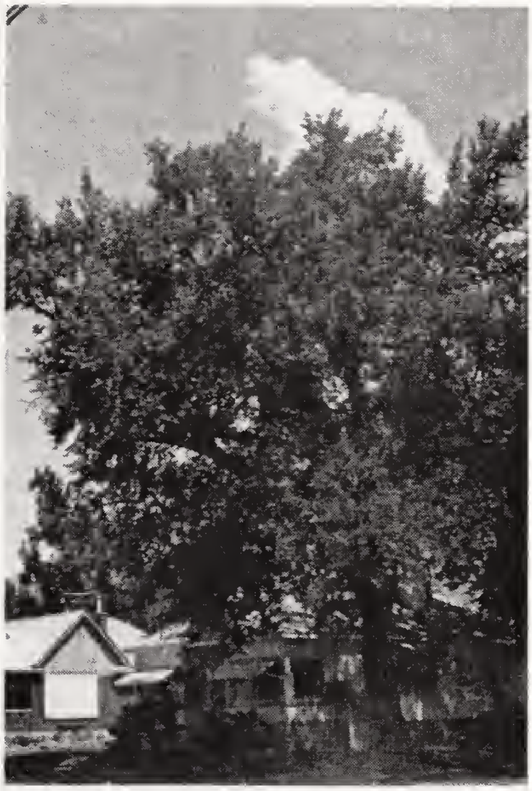
Walter DeGrey, a younger son,
Brought the bride he had won
To live in the old home near the Elm trees.
He loved the flowers too, and the garden, and photographed these.
He was always happy and liked people too.
One of the finest men I ever knew.
His first-born, a daughter, can remember
How she liked to play with the children neath my branches,
Until that terrible day,
When an uninvited Indian aquaw frightened them away,
Begging for their cookies, they misunderstood.
Thinking she wanted them, they ran fast as they could.
It was many a day,
Before the little Dixon girl came outside to play.

After Walter moved to his new home on Fifth West Street,
Barretts from England I want you to meet
Friends of Grandfather Dixon, they were part of this family,
Came to the old home near him to be.
And more loyal friends could ne'ere be found.
Their granddaughter, Tillie, lives on this lot today,
She has built a lovely, modern home, and the old home has been taken
away.
She protected us trees, and majestic we stand,

Altho' the others have been destroyed, we Elms seem to belong to this
choice land.
Tillie, herself, so ambitious and neat,
Keeps her place spic and span; it's an asset to Third West Street.
And tho' I miss the old mill whistle, that fire stilled many years ago,
And the old familiar faces, the ones I used to know,
And altho' I am a survivor of an age forever gone,
I'm glad that God keeps me growing, and my life goes on and on.
There's much more to tell from my book of life.
For I've seen much joy, sorrow, and strife.
When I die, as all living things do,
I hope I shall grow eternally with good folks like all of you.

Written by Rhea Dixon Reeve for the marking of the Elm Tree, which was planted by her Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon on the old homesite, corner of Second North and Third West Street, Provo, Utah, 68 years ago.

October 15, 1943



THE OLD DIXON ELM TREE

Corner of Third West & Second North

Planted in 1875 by Henry A. Dixon

94 years old (1969)

COPY OF HENRY A. DIXON'S WILL

Provo City, Utah Terry.
27 Oct. 1879

In the name of God Amen,

I, Henry A. Dixon of Provo City, being of sound mind and body, do make and declare this my last will and testament in manner and form following:

First I give and bequeth to my wife Sarah DeGrey, the farm situated in Sec. 36 on Provo River described as follows:

To have and to hold during her natural life at her death to revert to her sons; also one half ($\frac{1}{2}$) of investment in Provo Mfg. Co., U. C. C. Stock Ass'n. & in Provo East Store. Also 25 sheep in Rd. Pay's herd, one span of horses and wagon, 3 cows for her exclusive benefit. Also to my wife Mary Smith, the farm on Provo Bench in Sec. 24, at her death to revert to her sons; also half interest in factory, herd and in East Store; 2 cows, 25 sheep in Rd. Pay's herd for her exclusive benefit.

To my wife Sarah's children, two lots with buildings thereon in 3rd Bps. Wd., being lots Plat Provo City. To my wife Mary's children, all of my bees, also 20 acres of land situated on Provo Bench Sec. After defraying expenses out of all other property, the residue in whatever kind to all my children equally, after paying expenses of administration of Estate, save the Slate Kanyon Farm in Sec.

which I herewith bequeath to Sarah DeGrey and Mary Smith, My wives, at their death to revert to their children.

I do hereby constitute and appoint Sarah DeGrey, Executrix and David Mitchel and John Francom, Executors of this my last will and testament.

In witness whereof I have thereunto set my hand and seal the day and year as above written.

/S/ HENRY A. DIXON

The above sheet instrument of one sheet was now here subscribed by H. A. Dixon, the testator, in the presence of each of us and was at the same time declared by him to be his last will and testament. And we, at his request, sign our names as attesting witness.

/S/ Sarah Dixon residing at Provo
David Mitchell " Payson
John Francom " Payson

RE - NEWAL OF FAMILY TIES IN SOUTH AFRICA

With the death of Grandfather Dixon's sister, Anne, on March 28, 1877, just 3 years after the death of their father John Henry Dixon, all contacts with the Dixon Family in South Africa ceased. Some of the letters written to Anne by Henry A. Dixon were returned at that time, five of them having been enlarged and reproduced recently.

Our Dixon Family records were so incomplete in 1930 that the only records available were the date and place of birth of Henry A. Dixon and the name of his mother, father and sister.

So in May 1930 when my mission call for the California Mission was changed to the South African Mission, I was overjoyed. And I think it was an answer to my Mother's prayers that a representative of the Dixon Family be sent to the birthplace of her father.

Upon landing at Capetown and the Mission Home at Mowbray, I was immediately placed in the Mission Office and after two months training was assigned as Mission Secretary. This was disappointing for it now tied me down to a desk with little chance for genealogical contacts. Typical of my Mother's faith, she counselled me to do my assigned job thoroughly and to the best of my ability and if I did that, the way would be opened for me to obtain that information which she and I so much desired.

On April 30, 1931 at "Cumorah" Main & Grove Road, Mowbray, South Africa, The South African Mission Headquarters and Mission Home, I recorded the following thoughts:

On September 15, 1930, I left my home and beloved one's at Provo and Salt Lake City, Utah, to answer a call to fullfill a Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in South Africa, the former home and birthplace of Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon. 75 years before, he had left his home, his beloved parents and sister and friends, to sacrifice all for the love of the convictions of his mind and heart; to go to America, Utah, to help build up the great kingdom.

Little knowledge did I have of any ancestors or friends, for no detailed record had been kept, concerning the whereabouts of My Grandfather's family and their children. Yet within six months, through the help and guidance of Our Heavenly Father, I have been guided to the door of a total stranger, who upon conversing and searching proves to be one of my relatives here in South Africa. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform". This work of genealogy, that of collecting and linking up our family histories, is one of the greatest and most important works of the Lord in this the latter day.

It being the 29th of April and the end of the month, the time that is busiest in the office, I felt that I should stay in the office and do my work. I had previously told the Elders this when they inquired if I was going out tracting with them. After going to the office and outlining my days activities, I decided that they could wait until afternoon or the next day. None of it being exceptionally important or rushing . So I went tracting, really against my own convictions.

How it was that Elder Peterson and Elder Harris took the opposite side of the road and Elder Mac Arthur and myself the right side, is beyond my power of comprehension and reason. After tracting about six houses with fairly good conversations, we entered "Kenthurst". We knocked at the door, asked for the misses and waited. The maid reappeared and asked the names - we waited. Were asked to come in by the maid but refused. It not being in order to accept the invitation from a servant. Still we waited and finally the lady of the house came in from the back yard. She evidently had been working in the garden. We waited while she washed her hands. She finally appeared and we delivered our message or approach. She was not interested whatsoever. She had her Religion, Church of England, which was good enough for her.

She happened to mention that one of her father's uncles was a Mormon. I then told her the story of my Grandfather, of his being born and raised in Africa, after which he went to Utah. Upon mentioning his only sister as being Anne Hartman, she immediately gave me the startling news of her relationship to the Hartman's of Cradock. What good news! How my heart and soul thrilled! Just imagine the possibility of finding relatives, someone that knew my Grandfather's family history; which was more or less a blank page to his family in Utah. Here I am no longer alone. I have found kinsmen and the possibility of helping to fulfill one of my Mother's grandest hopes and dreams.

I asked if I might have the privilege of coming back some evening and talking more about the family tree. She answered in the affirmative, also stating she would write to Willie Hartman, who was living then at Cradock and was very ill and in a critically sick condition. I suggested coming around before mail day (letter writing day), and was given the invitation of calling Thursday, April 20th.

As I was leaving I inquired as to her name and found it to be Mrs. Humphris, living at Kenthurst on Banska Road, Rosebank (a suburb of Cape Town.)

Thursday evening at 8:00 p.m., Elder Peterson accompanied me back to the home of Mrs. Humphris. I took with me Grandfather's Diary and also the pictures and letters from home. In the last mail I had received the histories of Grandfather Dixon and also Grandmother Eliza Taylor.

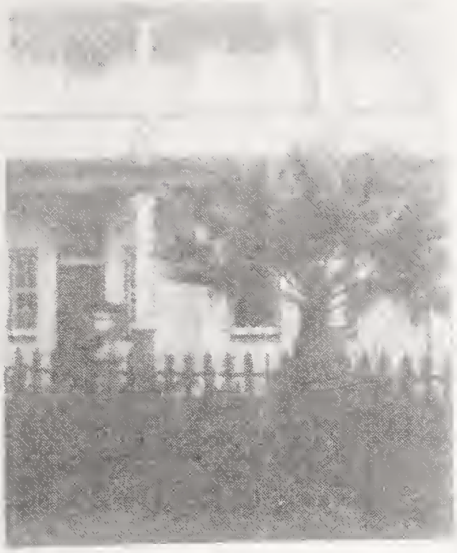
I took these histories, pictures and diary along and showed them and read them to Mrs. Humphris, Mr. Humphris (who is blind and without the use of his limbs), Miss Humphris, and another young man.

We were greeted with a very friendly welcome and made to feel at home. I had just read the letters, taken from Grandmother Dixon's box at Aunt Electa's. I showed them some of these letters and the pictures sent me. Mrs. Humphris located her album and showed me the picture of Miss Nash, who married Ben Webber, and also a number of his sisters as well as some of the other persons spoken of in Anne Hartman's letters to Grandfather, which we were just reading.

Mrs. Humphris remembers her mother, Mrs. Hamlin, who was Ben Webber's sister Harriet, telling her that her mother, Emma Dixon, told the story of having been left in care of some friends while her mother went to England to get some money, but was never heard of after that. As near as we can work it out (nothing definite) Emma Dixon must have been the half sister of Henry Aldous Dixon, my Grandfather.

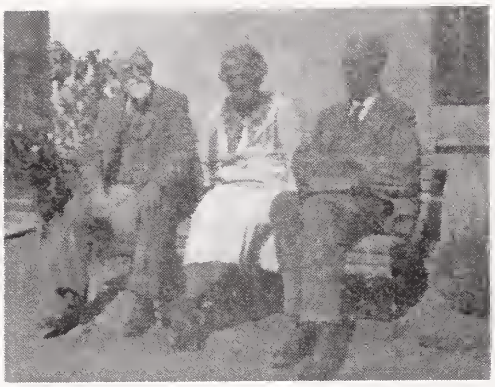
(Most recent records show that Margaret W. Dixon, first wife of John Henry Dixon, was buried at Grahamstown, C. P. South Africa, by the Rev. William Geary on June 21, 1824.)

Clarence D. Taylor



MISSION HEADQUARTERS
"CUMORAH" Main & Grove Rd.
Mowbray, Cape Town, South Africa

SOUTH AFRICAN RELATIVES

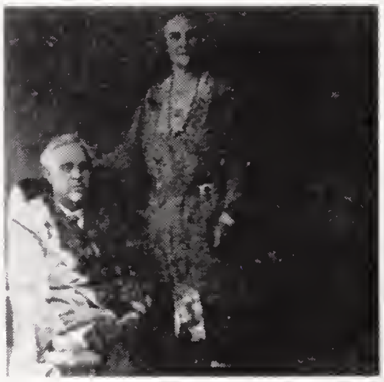


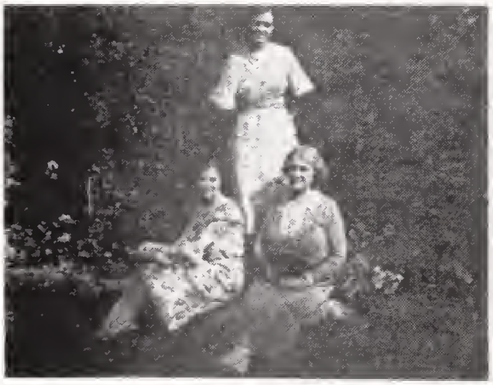
William Hartman

David T. Mc Cloed Florence Mc Cloed Hartman

Charles H. Humphris

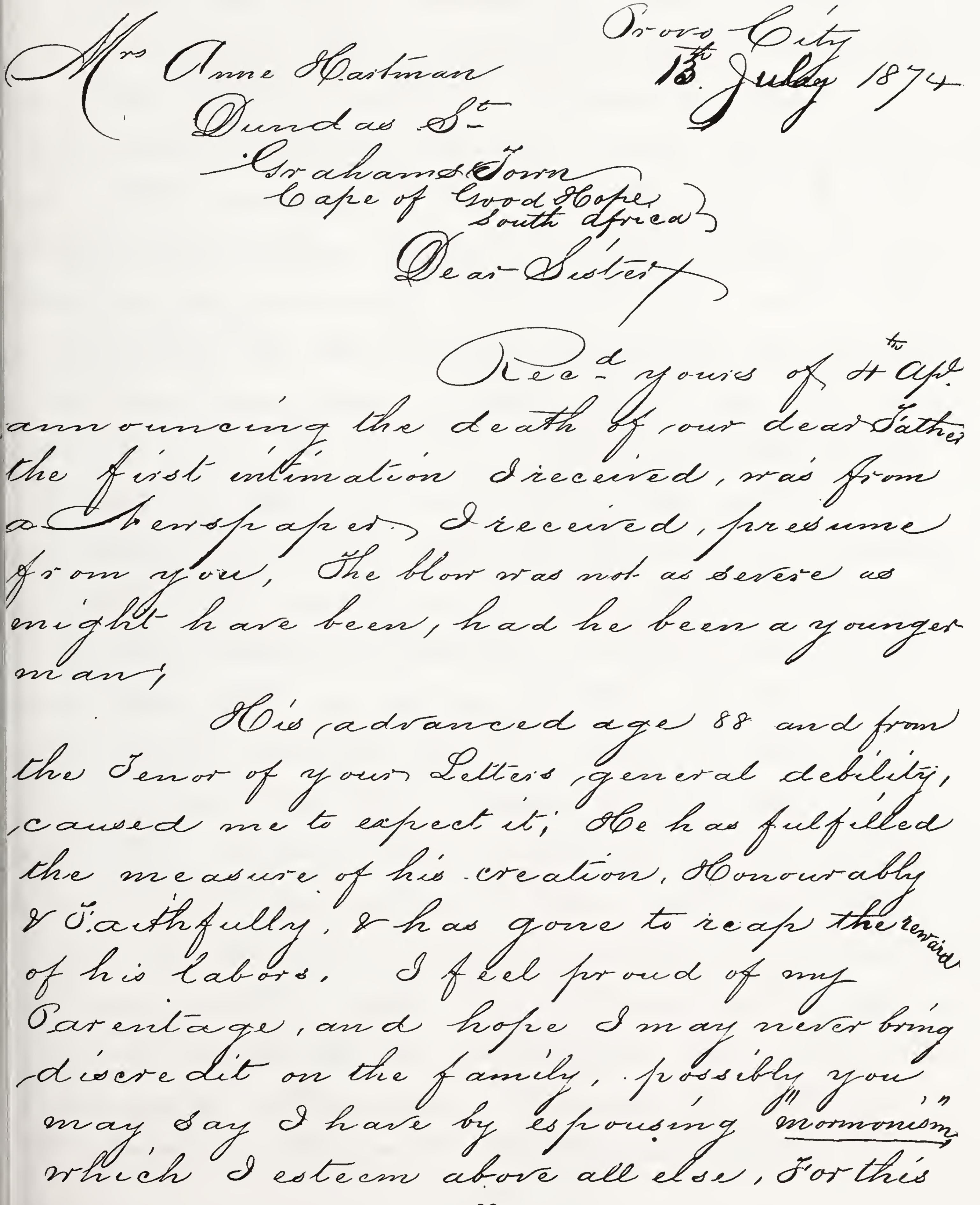
Laura Hamlin Humphris





Laura Hamlin Humphris

Joan Humphris Helen Humphris



Provo City
13th July 1874

Mrs Anne Hartman
Dundas St
Grahams Town
Cape of Good Hope,
South Africa

Dear Sister

Recd yours of 4th Apl. announcing the death of our dear Father the first intimation I received, was from a Newspaper I received, presume from you, The blow was not as severe as might have been, had he been a younger man;

His advanced age 88 and from the Tenor of your Letters general debility, caused me to expect it; He has fulfilled the measure of his creation, Honourably & Faithfully, & has gone to reap the reward of his labors. I feel proud of my Parentage, and hope I may never bring discredit on the family, possibly you may say I have by espousing "Mormonism" which I esteem above all else, For this as Abraham of Old, I forsook my Country Kindred and Friends, do I regret this step. **NO!** In the Sincerity of my heart, I went forth trusting in God, who has sustained me, I am in the right place happy and contented; let come what will, we are all right". God and one good man are a great majority; I must quit or you will consider me enthusiastic;

Was Sorry to hear of the death of Benjamin Sargeant & family also Uncles James Wife. I will write to him. I understood Mother, Father had made a Will quite a lengthy one which she would not sign, depriving me of my rights; If she has not signed it, it is worthleſs. The Orphan Chamber will manage the Estate seeing that justice is done to all concerned. If **We** obtain justice we are entitled to Mothers half of the property. The other half to be divided proportionatly amongst all

of Father's Children. Those of his
1st. Family having recd. their mothers
portion at Fathers 2nd Marriage,
Enclosed I forward you a power
of Attorney to act in my behalf
will answer every purpose, save me
a long journey;

Write to the Master of the Orphan
Chamber give him full particulars
and all will be right, but keep
it out of the hands, of Lawyer's.
or may be like the "2 Farmer's contending
which should poseſs the Cow. The one
hold of her head, the other her tail
and in the midst of their bother the
Lawyer milking her dry" I am in
for right: have simply Stated what is
due us: Any conceſsions you may
See fit to make to the rest of the family, I will
agree to having implicit confidence
in your integrity. Think if any favor
extended should be to Wm. Family being
fatherleſs. & yoursel having the care
of father for over 9 Years. whatever

obtained for me take your percentage % just as well have it as a Lawyer; A little means just now would assist me materially; money in Utah being Lets out @ from 1¼ % to 2 % p C^t. p Month, notwithstanding her numerous mines of Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, &c &c

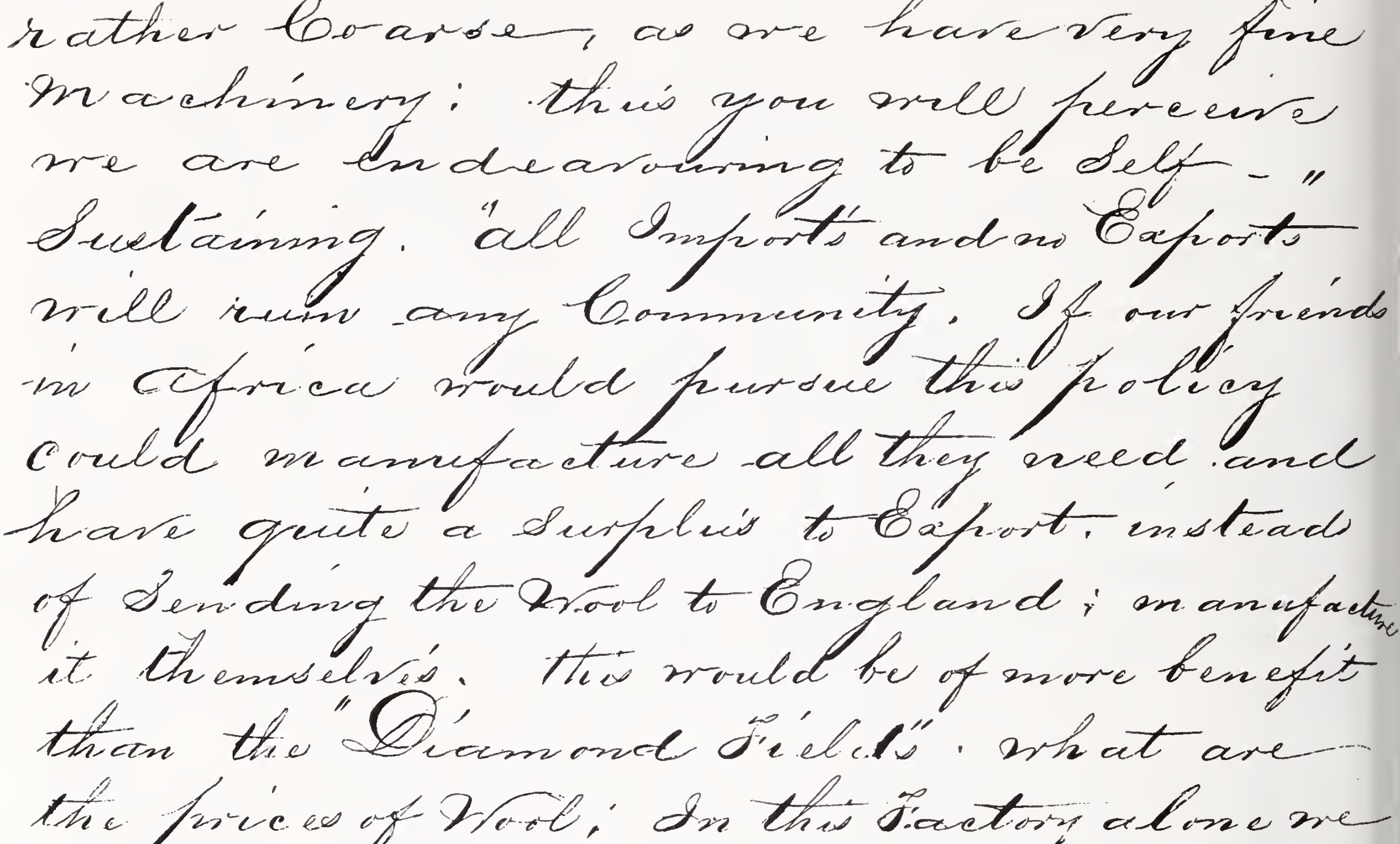
When you remit any thing to me forward to the Liverpool Office. I can than draw it at the Salt Lake Office. Address Elder Joseph F. Smith, Latter Day Millennial Star Saints. Office 42 Islington S^t. Liverpool England. Take the money to the Branch Bank of London in Graham's Town; Send 1^st Exchange D^ft. to me. 2^nd goes to J. F. Smith. 3^rd is retained in case ~~it is~~ others are lost.

Sell the House, or retain it and live in it which Suits you best, am agreed to whatever you may do.

Advertize all having claims against Est before any action is taken.

Sarah and children are well I am not very well. work to hard, remember me Kindly to all the Family and friend's. We are in the enjoyment of pretty good health & Spirits.

We are Extending the Utah Southern Rail Road from Provo 25 Miles South. , The Great Western Iron Co of Utah is forwarding its Pig's of Iron to Salt Lake City. which are being Cast into Lamp Posts &c &c. we will soon be enabled to make our own Rail's; We are erecting another a Temple South of Salt Lake City in St. George distant 400 miles. to Officiate during the Winter Months being a warmer climate. where the Fig. Pomegranate. Vine. & Cotton grow. The Temple in S. L. City is progressing will be a magnificent Building. We have Assessed our Factory Stock 6% to facilitate the Work of Manufacturing by this mean's we will be enabled to turn out 2000 Yds instead of only 800 Yds p diem. Are Manufacturing at present almost every Variety of Blankets. Shawls, Broad Cloth. Dress Goods. Carpet. Yarns &c &c., wish we had the Cape Wool's to workup our's



rather Coarse, as we have very fine Machinery: thus you will perceive we are Endeavouring to be Self-" Sustaining. "all Imports and no Exports will ruin any Community. If our friends in Africa would pursue this policy could manufacture all they need and have quite a Surplus to Export, instead of Sending the Wool to England; manufacture it themselves. this would be of more benefit than the "Diamond Fields". what are the prices of Wool; In this Factory alone we will require about 30,000 # Annually. President Brigham Young has gone South to Winter in St. George. think it will Improve his health. As I have nothing Special to write about will conclude and remain as ever Your Affectionate

Brother,

Henry A. Dixon

HENRY A. DIXON TRAVELS & IMPORTANT DATES

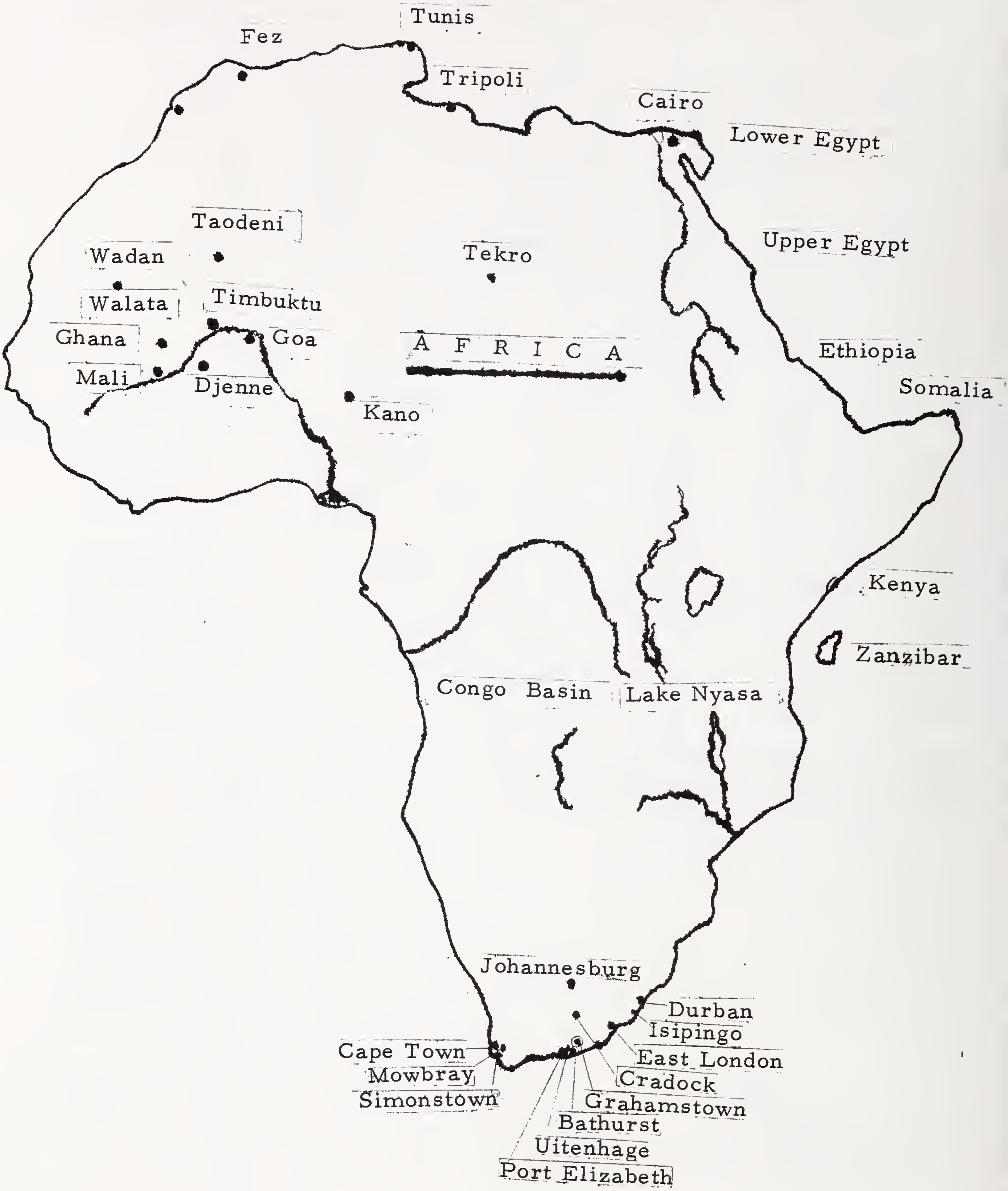
March	14,	1835	Born at Grahamstown, C. P. South Africa
		1850	Into Kerlies Native Country, beyond the confines of British Territory to return stolen cattle.
March	14,	1856	Baptized at Uitenhage, C. P., South Africa
Nov.	1,	1856	Sailed from Port Elizabeth for London, England on board brig "Unity".
Jan	12,	1857	Arrived in London, England.
Feb.	3,	1857	Left Liverpool, England on ship "Geo. Washington".
March		1857	Arrived at Boston, Massachusettes. Travelled in rail cars to Iowa City.
			Drove an ox team 1500 miles across the plains.
Sept.	12,	1857	Arrived in Great Salt Lake City.
	27,	1857	To Echo Canyon Narrows - To combat Johnston's Army.
December		1857	Sent to Washington Settlement - Dixie Cotton Project.
April	26,	1860	Left Great Salt Lake City on Mission to Africa via England.
			Camped at mouth of Parley's Canyon
	27,		Camped at head of Parley's Canyon
	29,		Camped within ½ mile of Weber River.
	30,		Up Weber Canyon to Chalk Creek.
May	1,		Crossed Chalk Creek several times.
	2,		Crossed Chalk Creek over 20 times today.
	3,		Stopped at noon at Bear River. Camped on Creek.
	4,		Travelled as far as Muddy.
	5,		Crossed Muddy, camped on small creek (8000Ft.).
	6,		New road, camped near Muddy.
	7,		Camped at Black's Fork.
	8,		Camped at Ham's Fork.
	9,		Camped at Green River.
	10,		Camped at Big Sandy.
	11,		Camped on Sandy.
	12,		Noon at crossing of Little Sandy. Camped on 17 miles
	13,		Watered at Pacific Creek. Camped on Sweetwater, 2 miles from South Pass.
	14,		Camped on east side of Sweetwater. Took Siminole cutoff.
	15,		Camped at Antelope Hollow.
	16,		Camped at a good spring.
	17,		Camped on Sweetwater.
	18,		Camped after crossing Sweetwater.
	19,		Camped on Sweetwater.
	20,		Camped on Sweetwater 1½ miles from Devil's Gate.

May	21,	1860	Camped on Greeswood Creek. Passed Devil's Gate, Independence Rock, Salurates Lake.
	22,		Camped on Willow Creek.
	23,		Camped on a small creek, 6 mi. from Platte Bridge.
	24,		Camped on Platte.
	30,		Camped on Dry Camp.
	31,		Camped on Platte.
June	1,	1860	Camped on Platte, 3 miles from Laramie.
	5,		Camped at Scott's Bluff.
	6,		Camped at Chimney Rock
	10,		Camped on Large Castle Creek.
	11,		Camped otherside of Wolf Creek.
	12,		Camped on Rattlesnake Creek for noon.
	15,		Camped at Cold Spring.
	18,		Took Pioneer Road.
	19,		Nooned at Buffalo Creek.
			Camped on Slough, passed Elm Creek.
	20,		Camped on Wood Rivers.
	22,		Camped on Platte with Wagon & Handcart Co.
	23,		Camped on Platte. Passed 200 Cheyenne Warriors.
	25,		Camped opposite Genoa.
	26,		Wagons ferried across South Fork.
			Camped at night near ferry.
	27,		Camped at noon at Cleveland.
	28,		Camped for night at Columbus.
	29,		Camped for night at Freemont.
	30,		Camped other side of Rawhide Creek.
July	1,	1860	Arrived at Florence. Found 80 African Saints.
	2,		Waiting for boat at Florence.
	3,		Went to Omaha.
	6,		Left on Steamer "Emile".
	7,		Arrived at St. Joseph.
	8,		Arrived at Hannibal by cart.
			Took steamer "Die Vernon" for St. Louis.
	9,		Arrived at St. Louis. Took train for Chicago.
	10,		Boarded steamboat "Ogdensburgh" screw at Chicago.
	11,		Arrived at Milwaukee, via Chicago River, Lake Michigan.
	12,		Arrived at Mackinaw Island into Lake Huron.
	13,		Arrived at St. Claire River.
	14,		Arrived at Detroit. Crossed Lake St. Clair up the Detroit River.

July	15,	1860	Sailed on Lake Erie, to the Canadian Welland Canal at Port Colburn thru the 26 locks to St. Catherina and Port Dalhouse.
	16,		Sailed across Lake Ontario down the St. Lawrence River to Cape Vincent. Took train for Albany, N. Y. Left Albany by steamboat down Hudson River.
	17,		Arrived New York City.
Aug.	2,		Left New York docks on packet ship "Middlesex" 14,000 tons. Tapscott Line.
	24,		In Irish Channel.
	25,		Landed at Liverpool, England.
Sept.	3,		Left Liverpool. Visited Chester, Wexam, Shrewsbury, Woverampton, Birmingham, Warwick, Banbury, Didcot, Reading.
	5,		Arrived Southampton.
	10,		At Farnam, Surry.
	11,		To Aldershott, Guilford.
	13,		At Havant. Walked to Chichester.
	14,		Bosham, Ernswoth. Left for Portsmouth.
	15,		In Lanport.
	19,		At Basingstoke. Walked to Mortimer. Took train to Reading.
	20,		Bricklebury Common, Coalahs, Newbury.
	24,		At Wodburn Green, Buckingham, Windsor, Slough, Hersham, Reading.
	28,		In Farnham, Guilford, Portsmouth.
Oct.	4,		In Southampton.
	8,		At Nettly.
	11,		To Winchester, Pitt, Ramsey.
	13,		To Newton, Saulsbury.
	14,		To Redlynch, Fording Bridge, Ferndown.
	16,		In Brockelhurst, Minsted, Southampton.
	27,		In Dorset Conference.
	28,		At Redlynch.
Aug.	5,	1861	At Cold Ash, England
	7,		At Hampstead.
	8,		At Ogburne
	11,		At Aldbourne.
	12,		At Newbury.
	17,		Arrived at Waterloo Station, London.
	19,		In Chelsea.
Sept.	7,		Boarded sailing vessel "Sydney"
	8,		Sailed down Thames River.
Dec.	16,		Arrived Table Bay, South Africa. Out to Mowbray.

Dec.	18,	1861	Visited at Wineburgh, C.P. South Africa
	20,		At Newlands.
	21,		On Cape Flats.
	24,		To Belvedere, Capetown.
	27,		To Calk Bay, Simonstown.
	30,		Up to Devil's Peak, Table Mountain, Caulk-Bay.
Jan.	12,	1862	Boarded steamer "Sir Geo. Grey" for Port Eliz.
	16,		Arrived at Port Elizabeth.
	18,		To Uitenhage on borrowed horse.
	20,		Return to Port Elizabeth.
	27,		To Grahamstown.
			King Williams Town
			Elands Post
			Winterberg
			Marsdorp
			Adelaide
			Fort Jackson
			Bongola
			East London
			Queenstown
			Burger's Dorp
			Fort Beaufort
Feb.	23,	1863	Leave Port Elizabeth for Durban, Isipingo.
April	10,	1864	Leave Port Elizabeth on "Susan Pardue" for New York and Utah.
		1864	Return to Salt Lake from Mission to South Africa.
Spring of		1865	Sent to Sanpete County to engage in Blackhawk Indian War.
1864	-	1871	Employed in General Tithing Office at Salt Lake City.
Jan.	21,	1865	Married Sarah DeGrey in Salt Lake Endowment House.
Nov.	14,	1865	Henry Alfred Dixon born at Salt Lake City, Utah.
July	1,	1867	Henry Alfred Dixon died at Salt Lake City, Utah.
	16,	1867	John DeGrey Dixon was born at Salt Lake City, Utah.
April	13,	1869	Married Mary Anne Smith in Salt Lake End. House.
June	1,	1869	Timpanogos Mfg. Co. organized at Provo, Utah
Oct.	5,	1869	Arthur DeGrey Dixon born at Salt Lake City, Utah.
April	29,	1870	Alice Smith Dixon born at Salt Lake City, Utah
May		1870	Ground broken for Provo Woolen Mills on ground purchased from John Taylor.
		1871	Moved family to Provo.
Dec.	7,	1871	Sarah Ann Dixon born at Provo, Utah.
Jan.	5,	1872	Maria Louise Dixon born at Provo, Utah.
		1872	Timpanogos Mfg. Co. was incorporated with Henry A. Dixon as Secretary. (Provo Woolen Mills)

		1872	Henry A. Dixon purchased lot from William Harrison who purchased it from A. O. Smoot. (Z. C. M. I. lot on Univ. Ave. & 6th South, Provo)
April	21,	1873	William Aldous Dixon born at Provo, Utah
Dec.	22,	1873	Ernest DeGrey Dixon born at Provo, Utah
April	1,	1874	John Henry Dixon, his father died in South Africa.
Nov.	10,	1874	Robert Smith Dixon born at Provo, Utah
Dec.	18,	1874	Robert Smith Dixon died at Provo, Utah
Nov.	22,	1875	Charles Owen Dixon born at Provo, Utah
Mar.	31,	1876	Albert Fredrick Dixon born at Provo, Utah
Nov.	15,	1877	Walter DeGrey Dixon born at Provo, Utah
June	9,	1878	Parley Smith Dixon born at Provo, Utah
Oct.	9	1879	Left for Mission to England
Nov.		1880	Arrived home from Mission to England (Ill Health).
		1880	Asst. Bookkeeper for Henry Dinwoody Furn. Co.
		1881	Z. C. M. I. Shipping Clerk-Salt Lake City, Utah
Oct.	16,	1881	LeRoy Dixon born at Salt Lake City, Utah
April	10,	1882	Z. C. M. I. first minutes suggesting Provo Branch
		1882	H. A. Dixon interviewed for Manager Provo Br.
May	24,	1882	Harriet Amelia Dixon born at Provo, Utah
Sept.	27,	1883	Z. C. M. I. warehouse nearly completed. Currently carrying a limited line of staple groceries.
Jan.	4,	1884	Fire destroys Lewis Hall - B. Y. Academy.
March	10,	1884	Z. C. M. I. building completed as far as planned. Cost $11,134.11.
April	5,	1884	B. Y. Academy requested permission to use the Z. C. M. I. Building.
April	28,	1884	Henry A. Dixon stricken with pneumonia,
May	4,	1884	Henry Aldous Dixon died at Provo, Utah
May	30,	1884	Arnold Dixon born at Provo, Utah


Tunis
Fez
Tripoli
Cairo
Lower Egypt
Taodeni
Upper Egypt
Wadan
Tekro
Walata
Timbuktu
Ghana
Goa
AFRICA
Ethiopia
Mali
Djenne
Somalia
Kano
Kenya
Zanzibar
Congo Basin
Lake Nyasa
Johannesburg
Durban
Isipingo
Cape Town
East London
Mowbray
Cradock
Simonstown
Grahamstown
Bathurst
Uitenhage
Port Elizabeth

SOUTH AFRICAN MILEAGE CHART

Distance in miles between the following:

Capetown to	Bloemfontein,	South Africa		750	Miles
"	Cape Flats	"		7	"
"	Durban, Natal	"	(Sea)	822	"
"	"	"	(Rail)	1,253	"
"	East London	"	(Sea)	569	"
"	"	"	(Rail)	887	"
"	Johanesburg	"		956	"
"	Kalk Bay	"		17	"
"	Kimberly	"		647	"
"	Maderia Islands			4,673	"
"	Mowbray	South Africa		3½	"
"	Newlands	"		6	"
"	Port Elizabeth	"	(Sea)	433	"
"	"	"	(Rail)	664	"
"	Pretoria	"		1,001	"
"	St. Helena Islands			1,697	"
"	Simonstown	South Africa		22½	"
"	Wineberg	"		8	"

Port Elizabeth, So. Africa to	Addo	South Africa		31	"
"	Adelaide	"		169	"
"	Aliwal North	"		581	"
"	Bloemfontein	"		450	"
"	Burgherdorp	"		545	"
"	Cradock	"		183	"
"	Durban, Natal	"	(Sea)	384	"
"	"	"	(Rail)	955	"
"	East London	"	(Sea)	133	"
"	"	"	(Rail)	301	"
"	Fort Beaufort	"		196	"
"	Fort Jackson	"		319	"
"	Graaf Reinet	"		185	"
"	Grahamstown	"		106	"
"	Johannesburg	"		712	"
"	King Williamstown	"		259	"
"	New York, U.S.A.		(Sea)	6,807	"
"	Queenstown, So. Africa			455	"
"	Somerset East	"		147	"
"	Uitenhage	"		21	"

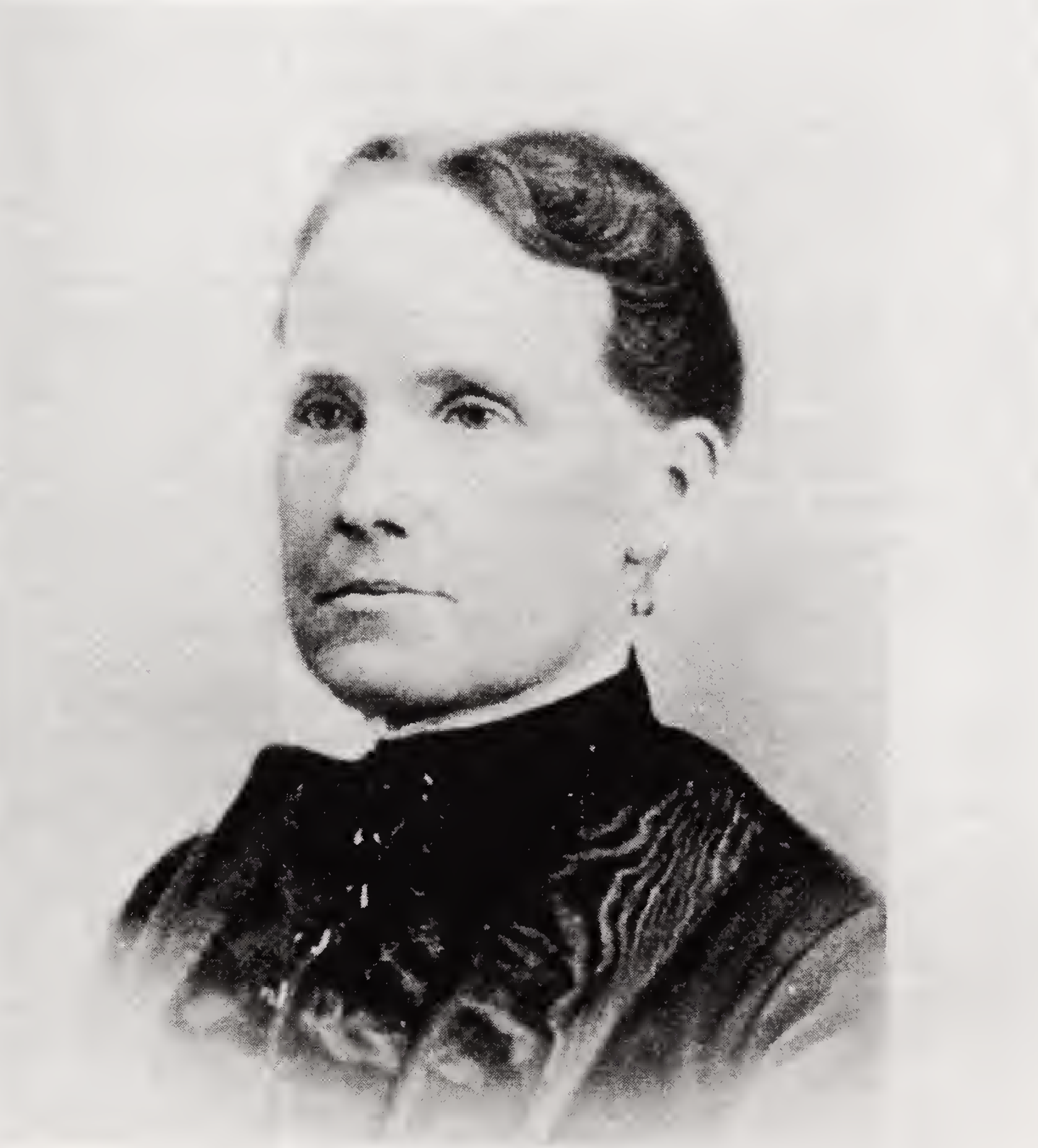
SOUTH AFRICAN MILEAGE CHART (Con't)

Distance in miles between the following;

Grahamstown,	South Africa to	Bathurst, So. Africa			34	Miles
"	"	Port Alfred	"		43	"
"	"	Adelaide	"		63	"
"	"	Capetown	"		770	"
"	"	Cradock	"		185	"
"	"	Durban (via E. L. (sea)			401	"
"	"	East London, So. Africa			148	"
"	"	Fort Beaufort	"		40	"
"	"	Isipingo (via E. L. (sea)			390	"
"	"	King Williamstown, So. Afr.			80	"
"	"	Port Elizabeth, So. Africa			106	"
"	"	Queenstown	"	"	349	"
"	"	Somerset East	"	"	148	"
"	"	Uitenhage	"	"	120	"
Durban, Natal,	South Africa to	Bloemfontein, So. Africa			503	"
"	"	East London (via sea)			253	"
"	"	" (via rail)			905	"
"	"	Isipingo, Natal, South Africa (Noon Bros. Sugar Plantation)			11	"
"	"	Johansesburg, So. Africa			417	"
"	"	Ladysmith	"	"	161	"
"	"	Maritzburg	"	"	56	"
"	"	Pietermaritzburg		"	73	"

SARAH DEGREY DIXON

1844 - 1926



BIOGRAPHY OF SARAH DE GREY DIXON

By Maria Dixon Taylor

Sarah DeGrey was born in the town of Dudley, England, February 4, 1844. She was the youngest child of John and Maria DeGrey. She had four sisters and one brother. Her father was a tailor by trade, and it kept him very busy to make a living.

Dudley was a coal camp, surrounded by green rolling hillsides. Upon one of these could be seen the Dudley Castle, of which the people were very proud.

The DeGrey children spent many happy hours near the walls of this structure, which many years previous had been the home of an Earl. The family hadn't joined any Church but were of a very honest and moral character. Their home was a most happy home. When Sarah was about eight years of age, this part of England was aroused by the news that there were missionaries from Utah preaching a very strange religion.

One afternoon a cousin, who was a dress-maker, of Maria DeGrey called at her home and made known to her that a meeting would be held in Dudley by these peculiar people. Maria out of curiosity attended and to her surprise was much impressed by the teachings she heard. Later these missionaries visited her home. John Hall, who was President of the Conference, made frequent calls to the DeGrey home. The result being that he had the privilege of baptizing the family. Persecution was apparent on all sides, so Pres. Hall chose night as the proper time to perform this ordinance.

One moonlight evening in a pond nearby, Brother Hall carrying Sarah in his arms down into the water, baptizing her, in the presence of members of the family. As soon as the DeGreys joined the Church, the desire came to go to the land of Zion, but they didn't have the money. The father being dead, made it even harder for them;but Widow DeGrey having much faith and being a devoted mother, got along as well as could be expected. John Hall very kindly assisted in selling the household goods and etc, receiving enough money to pay the passage to America, for the mother and four daughters: Kezia, Charlotte, Maria and Sarah.

In the meantime, John Hall, age 30, by permission of the Church, had married Selena, the oldest of the DeGrey girls. They remained in England, as did the brother Alfred. The rest took the train for Liverpool, where they set sail on the ship "Well Fleet" bound for Boston.

It was in the month of June 1856 when they sailed. The weather was beautiful, the sea being so calm that none of them experienced sea sickness. They were able to enjoy their meals, which consisted of salt bacon, beef, sea biscuits, etc. Sometime the waiters would give them lumps of brown sugar, which they would dip in vinegar, making a very tasty luxury. Water was not good. The water barrels being filled at England. Before they got across the ocean, the water smelled bad. Still it was all they had, and they had to use it. It was very interesting to be on this large sailing vessel. The children spent much time on deck, where they could watch the sailors climb the masts and govern the ship, and see the funny porpoise jumping up and down in the water. They also saw whales in the distance spurting water. The sailors sometimes would take a swim in the sea, it being so calm. Thus they really enjoyed the trip across the great Atlantic, even though it required six weeks. Many and varied were their experiences during this trip and they are among the not-to-be-forgotten memories of the DeGrey family. They landed at Boston in July 1856.

Mother DeGrey and children were now strangers in a strange land, without funds. They felt pretty blue for a time. One day to their surprise a girl friend of Kezia met and invited them to her home at Chelsea across the bay. They felt very grateful and spent many pleasant days at this home. It was necessary to scatter out and work. Each of the girls was placed in a different home. Sarah was sent to the home of an old Minister, several miles out of Boston. The old Minister and his wife lived alone and Sarah became very homesick for her mother and sisters. This was the first time she had ever been separated from her mother. She became so sick that she was put to bed. She could not eat the old dry crusts which they brought her, the grapes she could. She became so weak that they sent word to the mother.

Mother DeGrey explained the situation of her sick baby girl, to her employer, Mr. Coburn, who agreed with her that her eleven year old girl should be brought where her mother could take care of her. Mr. Coburn, a Boston shoe merchant, was a very kind man, and was very appreciative of the good work and the splendid influence Mother DeGrey had brought into his home. He told her to bring her little girl, Sarah, to his home, for she would be a fine companion for his little eleven year old daughter. The Coburns became so fond of Sarah, after being with them for eight months, they wanted to adopt her and give her the finest of clothes and education and make a fine lady of her. She and her mother thanked Mr. Coburn for his generous offer, but they wanted to live together as a family and it was to be out West in Utah.

After living at Boston for nine months, the family had saved $112. to be used for their further journey West. When it became known the DeGreys intent to leave, the Bostonians tried to persuade them not to take such a dangerous trip. They told them of stories of the Wild Indians that roamed the plains, and also informed them that Johnston's Army was to be sent to destroy the people in Utah

John Hall and wife, Selena arrived at Boston on the ship "George Washington". They had made the trip in twenty-one days, a record in those days. This caused much talk in Boston. John, having met with an accident on the ship, was compelled to spend a week in Boston in order to get in proper condition for the long journey before him. At the appointed time the little company, nine in number started on their westward journey (April 1857). They took the train as far as the Missouri River. It was the supposed border line of civilization. Arriving at Iowa City they purchased their equipment, which consisted of a yoke of cows, a yoke of steers, and a covered wagon. They were ferried across the river on a flat boat and travelled on to Florence where they joined the main company, which was fully organized with Jesse Martin as Captain. The long train of covered wagons commenced the journey. They travelled from 15 to 21 miles a day and stopped where-ever they could find suitable camp and feeding places near a creek or river.

Sarah was now a fine built girl of twelve. She was of a very pleasant nature and assisted much in making it pleasant for her associates. She and a girl companion especially attracted the attention of Captain Martin, who invited them to run along side of his horse, while he searched for a new camp ground. They going ahead of the Company, would sing to him and he appreciated it very much. After finding a desirable place, the girls would pick up"buffalo chips"while waiting for the Company to arrive. The wagons would then form in the shape of a horseshoe as a protection against invaders that might come to molest them. For there roamed on these plains the wolfe, coyote, buffalo and wild Indians. After preparing meals they would sit around the camp fires, and sing the songs of Zion. They were so thankful for a rest. Different men took turns in herding the cattle at night outside the enclosure. After all had retired it seemed very lonesome. At times they could hear the wolf and the coyotes howl. There was also danger in the buffalo causing a stampede among the cattle. There not being much room in the wagon, the girls did much walking. Running ahead they would gather flowers and have a good time.

They could wade most of the streams, but when they came to a large river, like the Platte, they would hang onto the back of the wagon, and thus they got across all right. Upon one occasion after the DeGrey wagon crossed the Platte, the oxen and cows gave out. John Hall was left behind the wagon train. Sarah and her sister was running along singing and gathering flowers, when to their surprise they saw in the distance a band of Indians on horseback. They scampered back to the DeGrey wagon. Three or four of the Indians rode up, encircled the wagon, poked their black faces in front of the women and children. They screamed and thought perhaps they would be destroyed, as the Bostonians had told them. Thanks to John Hall, who was brave and calm. He whipped the cattle, not paying any attention to the movements of these red skins, and told them there was a large Company ahead. The Indians rode on for a distance, and seeing the camp ahead rode off. This was a great relief to Mother De-

Grey and family. They were glad to again join the Company which journeyed on unmolested. They came down Echo Canyon and viewed Salt Lake Valley. It was quite a contrast to the green lanes of England.

The DeGreys arrived in Salt Lake in September 1857, Sarah had walked practically all the way across the plains. A distance of over one thousand miles. They all felt to praise God they were so happy and thankful to be in Zion. Excitement now prevailed as the people had received news of the coming of Johnston's Army. They camped in Echo Canyon that winter. The Martin Company was also glad to get in ahead of the Army; otherwise they would have been delayed a whole year.

Maria DeGrey and family lived in the Eleventh Ward. Several years after their arrival in Utah, the older sisters married men who were called by Brigham Young to colonize the Dixie Country. This left Sarah and her Mother alone in their humble Utah home. It seemed that they became more attached to each other, than ever before. Henry A. Dixon, a brave young man, had driven a yoke of oxen in the Martin Company and had become acquainted somewhat with the older sisters. Sarah, being quite young, never took much notice of him. He had kept an eye on her and used to listen to her songs as he sat on the wagon tongue around the camp fires.

After coming to Salt Lake, Henry was called on a five year mission to his home land, Africa. Upon his return he made friendly visits to the DeGrey home. Sarah, now being a young lady of about twenty years, attracted his attention and their courtship ripened into love. They were married on January 21, 1865 and settled down to married life. He built a neat little log house on the same lot as Mother DeGrey's house so that she could still have the close companionship of her precious daughter.

Henry, being a man of ability, secured a good position in the Tithing Office in Salt Lake City. Their home was a happy one and they continued to reside in Salt Lake City, until 1871. During this period of time, three children were born to them. Henry and Sarah were called upon to part with their first born. This was indeed a great sorrow to them. This, however, was the only incident which mared their otherwise happy home during their stay in Salt Lake.

In 1870, the Woolen Mills having been established at Provo, Brigham Young sent Henry to this establishment as bookkeeper. He engaged Luke Cook (a butcher) to build him an adobe house one block west of the factory, in Provo. It was a peculiar looking house. Architecture seemed to be of second consideration, however it was a very happy home.

In this humble home Sarah continued to live. It was the birthplace of the remainder of her family. She was the mother of nine children and was permitted to raise them all to manhood and womanhood, except her first born.

She deserved much credit for her noble effort in rearing so noble a family. Her husband was called upon to fill a mission to England in 1880, and it certainly took a heap of courage to face the problems of supporting so many children. This she did without a murmer. She felt equal to any task as long as it was a noble one. After Henry returned home, he secured good employment. All went well and the family began to prosper.

She was not permitted to enjoy this peaceful happiness for long. She was soon called upon to bear the bitterest sorrow of her life. He, who had been so noble and kind, who always brought into his home the peaceful, loving influence of a father, was called to leave the family circle. No one will ever know the feeling of the two widows, except those who have had to part with such a hero among men, and to face the responsibility of providing the necessities of life for a family of eight.

Sarah was not alone in her grief. Her husband had previously obeyed the laws of polygamy, married another wife and she also was left with a family to care for.

Together they shared each others sorrows and with one heart, one purpose and one desire, they struggled for the physical, mental and moral development of the children he had left behind. One in love and one in discipline, they spared no effort to help each child grow and develop into good law abiding, God fearing citizens. How well they succeeded let those who know their children be the judge.

For a few years after the death of her husband, Sarah devoted most of her time to the care of her family. As the children became older, she spent part of her time working for the cause in which she found so much comfort and consolation.

She was a teacher in the Relief Society of the Provo Third Ward for many years. She was also President of the Primary Association. In this capacity she labored for a number of years. In later years she, in connection with Grandma Taylor, devoted a large portion of her time to the cause of the sick, assisting when their services were needed and leaving their blessing for health and comfort in many homes.

On July 4, 1908, she in company with her daughter-in-law, Electa Dixon, visited the land of her birth. She enjoyed the trip immensely. She returned home in company with her son LeRoy who had filled a two years mission in Great Britain.

During her declining years, Grandma Dixon tasted the bitter as well as the sweet. Two of her sons, Arthur and Walter, perfect specimens of manhood, passed away. Several of her grandchildren were also taken. These sorrows she bore with fortitude.

In August 1922, her daughter-in-law died, leaving her son with a small family and an infant to care for. Grandma Dixon, although in her seventy-ninth year helped to share the responsibilities of this home. She seemed to receive new strength in this labor of love. The devotion and service she gave these motherless children was wonderful. Her life in Utah was certainly one of service. As a loyal cistizen she served her State. As a devoted wife and mother she served her husband and children. In obeying the commandments of her Maker, she served her God. As long as there was life within her body there was a desire within her heart to continue her life of service, to her children.

Her children were as follows: Henry Alfred, John DeGrey, Arthur DeGrey, Maria Louise Dixon Taylor, Ernest DeGrey, Charles Owen, Walter DeGrey, Le Roy and Arnold Dixon.

Since this history was written, the subject of this sketch died April 17, 1926, being over 81 years of age. Disease incident to old age was the cause of her death. Also her eldest son, John DeGrey Dixon passed away October 4, 1923. His sudden death was caused from apolexy. On December 28, 1926, LeRoy was called home shortly after his Mother. The whole community was shocked at this untimely death of these noble men who were loved by all.

Now in 1945 her only living children are Maria Louise Dixon Taylor and Arnold Dixon.

MOTHER

To Mrs. Sarah DeGrey Dixon, at a Family Reunion, on her
Seventy-fifth birthday, by her son WALTER D. DIXON

Of all lives to us, there is no other
Sweeter than that of our own dear Mother.
Born of good parentage, who were ever in search
To know how to live and join the true Church.
So, when the missionaries came, this little band
Gladly emigrated to this Promised Land.

Upon leaving Dudley, there was some commotion
In preparing for this trip across the great ocean.
While on their voyage, they were filled with glee
At so many strange sights for them to see.
Upon reaching Boston, though only twelve,
It fell to her lot to work hard and delve.

To accumulate money she did her best,
Thereby making it possible to come further West.
The people discouraged them, saying that only a clown
Would leave this good old Boston town.
To take this hazardous trip against the foe
Where only a few white people had ventured to go.

Undaunted in Council Bluffs they joined the wagon trains
For a thousand mile walk across the plains.
Discouragements confronted them and when the days seemed long,
She sang to the Captain her sweetest songs.
Her cheerfulness assisted to gladden his heart,
And made him feel more encouraged to make a new start.

From the wagons she never scarcely strayed
For buffaloes and Indians she was sore afraid.
When streams were too deep for them to wade through
They hung onto the wagon, - - it was the best thing to do.
And her older Sister Maria, would say in tones sweet and low,
"Hang on tight Sally, don't you dare let go."

At last she landed in Utah, her face full of smiles
Even though she had walked these long thousand miles.
You grew to be a beautiful woman and when proposals were offered
your hand
We are glad you chose HENRY A. DIXON of that valiant Pioneer
Band.

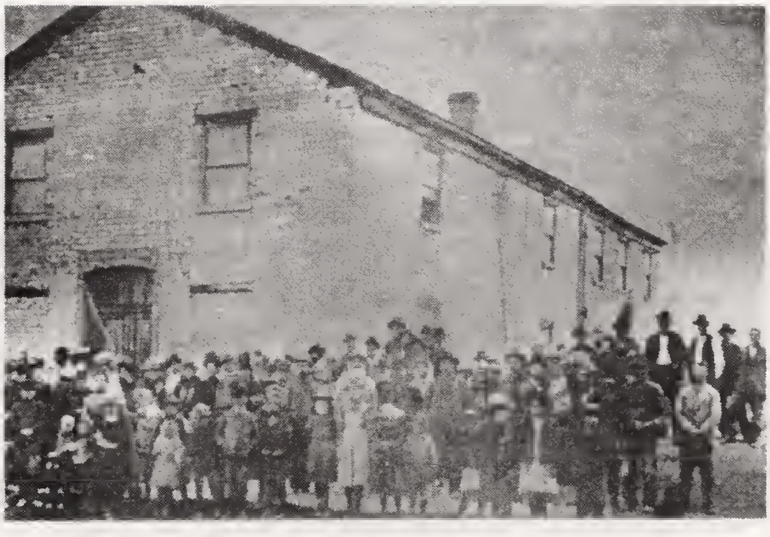
You became our Mother and we will all agree,
A better woman one never could see.

As a member of the Church you have been true blue,
Living a life most consistent, devoted and true.
You have held fast to the iron rod,
Which makes us more perfect and nearer to God.
When in delicate places we have chanced to stand,
You have always come forward with your helping hand.

With a heart full of love, you have beautifully shown
You consider Aunt Mary's Family like that of your own.
For whenever in distress we have made a call,
You have cheerfully responded to us all.
Having a guardian like you, we must not fail
For your path has been a more rugged trail.
God bless you, dear Mother, at this your 75th year
May your future path be full of sunshine, much joy and good cheer.

WALTER DE GREY DIXON

PROVO TABERNACLE
UTAH STAKE OF ZION



The First PROVO THIRD WARD
MEETINGHOUSE

MEMORIES OF GRANDMA

SARAH DE GREY DIXON

Arthur D. Taylor recalls: "No better woman ever lived than Sarah DeGrey Dixon. Even though years have passed since she left us, I clearly remember how she looked and the many activities of her life in our neighborhood on "Sandy Alley" (so called because of all the Dixon and Taylor redheads). She was medium in size, but big and tall in deeds."

Indeed, she was short - - a little under five feet in height. She was rosy-cheeked, healthy and energetic. Her good health proved to be a great blessing to Mary as well as to herself. Mary was frail and not always well. Sarah loved and cared for Mary and her children during these times with pure devotion and joy.

Grandma had a firm testimony of the Gospel. She had many wonderful virtues, such as patience and understanding, compassion and tenderness, pride and courage, frugality and independence, faith and spirituality, a quick wit and a great love for all mankind. Her desires were those of her children, and she prayed always "to remain faithful and true to the end". This desire was fulfilled and on many occasions she was destined to become second mother to her children's families, to minister to the sick and those in need. Her main concern was to be where she was needed most.

She was very religious and taught her children well by example as well as precept. She was President of the Third Ward Primary for many years and active as a teacher and visiting teacher in Relief Society. Many times she joined in singing duets for their programs. Her alto voice was very true and rich. According to the minutes of the Third Ward Relief Society, now residing in the Church Historian's Office and explored by Alice Taylor Nelson: "She bore her testimony nearly every meeting and always repeated her heart's desire:"She hoped her life would be spared to care for her children and that she would be faithful to the end." In one of her testimonies she said she could not bear the trials if she were not prayerful. She believed this life was a threshing floor to fit and prepare us for exaltation."

Grandma's "boys" worked hard. Many hair-raising tales have we heard of the hazardous log-hauling trips down the canyons, of the blizzards, wild animals, etc. Their home never knew luxury, but it knew love and loyalty. No matter what serious problems or trials involved her family, she was right there to help her brood back to safety. At times she knew more sorrows, perhaps, than joys, having three of her wonderful sons precede her in death (Arthur, John and Walter).

Among her sons were some skilled builders. Arthur, who was accidently electrocuted while in Heber, Utah, on a job, was a fine craftsman. He built Grandma's home at 270 North Fifth West, Provo

Utah. Here it was that Grandma helped and "mothered" so many of her family. An identical home was built next to it for her daughter, Maria Louise Dixon Taylor ("Aunt Rye" to all of us) and her husband Arthur Nicholls Taylor. Aunt Rye's sons, Arthur and Elton, both refer to Grandma's taking care of them while Uncle "Art" served a mission and Aunt Rye worked. Later, Aunt Rye went to England to meet her husband while Grandma stayed with the family.

Grandma also helped my parents make a dream come true. When my father, LeRoy, was called on a mission to Great Britain, my mother (Electa Smoot Dixon) and my brother, Paul, lived in Grandma's house. Grandma took care of Paul while mother enrolled in a home nursing course. Upon completing the course, mother took "case work" while Grandma continued to care for Paul. Their combined efforts earned enough money to take them both to England to meet Daddy, just prior to his release. Aunt Allie Smoot Coleman took care of Paul for three months while they were gone. Mother was able to do some missionary work while there, and together she and Grandma were able to see wonderful sights. They visited Grandma's birthplace, Dudley, England. There Grandma walked about the old neighborhood and even found one old man who distinctly remembered the DeGrey family. Upon several occasions, when in doubt as to which direction to take, she would turn to mother and say, "Leck (my mother's nickname), there's no need to be lost as long as you've got a tongue in your head." Another time, during a great celebration in London, they were almost crushed by the crowds. Grandma held her elbows out as far as she could possibly push and tightly clasped her hands across her chest. Mother was amazed to see tiny Grandma literally lifted up and borne along by the crowd. Together with Daddy, they crossed the English Channel, visiting Paris before returning home.

Grandma's whole life seemed centered in the success and welfare of her family. In 1922, Uncle Charles' beautiful wife, Virginia, died leaving six lovely children - - the youngest, an infant of two months. The oldest child, Valera, was just 12 years of age. I remember Grandma was living with us at the time this happened. She moved right into Uncle Charles' home. The baby came to our house for a while until things got organized and the baby was a bit older.

Grandma later came back to live with us. Her days were spent in planning how she could best help her children; which one needed her most. Having made up her mind, she would say, "Leck, I think I shall go UP THE LINE today to help Arnold's May (Ernest also married a 'May'). The next day she may be going DOWN THE LINE to help Rye or Louie. The 'line' was Fifth West Street in Provo, Utah, where most of her children lived.) I can remember her sitting on our little "iron chair" (child's ice cream chair which just "fit" Grandma) :

folding clothes, churning butter, mending or darning clothes that still had some "wear in 'em," peeling fruit at canning time until her poor thumb would curl backwards (invariably she wore a protective bandage), or singing songs and rhymes to us. I can still see her sitting in a brightly lighted window with her strong magnifying glass, following the lines of her large print Book of Mormon. Having had a cataract operation earlier, her sight was never good, and she had to always wear very thick lensed glasses. I wondered, as a child, how she could ever even see through her thick glasses. Later, she would have us older children read to her from this huge book. It was always a special privilege.

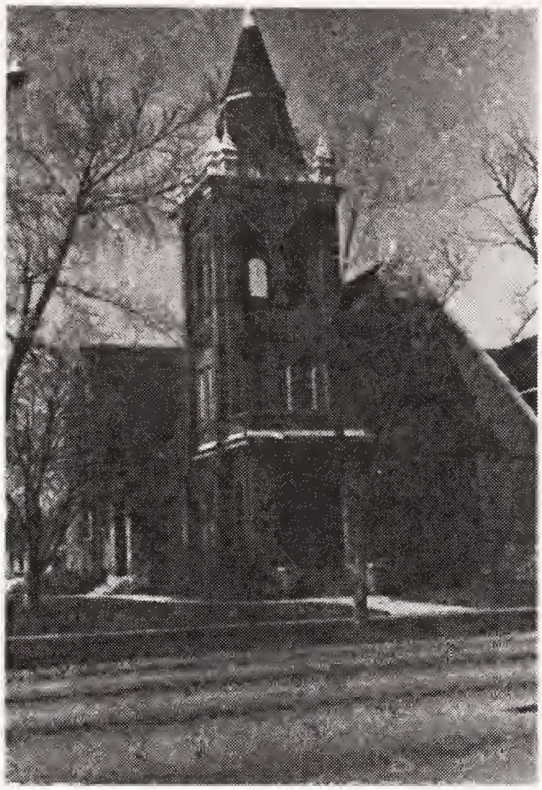
Grandma always liked to be "of use" - - yet she was very proud. She loved to wash dishes, "pick up", and especially spend time in her room. My sister, Allie Dixon Gardner, reminds me that Grandma's little room at our house was HERS. She had privacy and quiet there whenever she desired. It was a wonderful room, though small. It held so many charms for us children. Grandma had her own high sideboard, the shelves of which contained precious pictures of her family, handpainted dishes on stands, candy from her Christmas stocking which lasted as treats for us all through the summer. Her bed was always a great temptation to us, for it was puffed high with its feather mattress and down quilt. On great occasions she would allow us to open all doors through the narrow hall from her room into the kitchen and get a "running start" - - landing in the middle of all the puff. What fun it was to sink down - - down and do . And what a treat to sleep with Grandma once in a while. Then it was, we had the rare privilege of watching her put on her "petticoats": first the knit one, with the drawstring and crocheted around the bottom - - next the flannel one, also with drawstring - - then the linen one with lace edging, so clean and starched. Yes, it also had a drawstring. Finally her skirt, full or pleated, topped with a blouse - - or, on occasion, she may wear a dark dress. Then came her long, fresh white apron, reaching from her short waist to almost the bottom of her skirt. Her skirts ended just above the floor. They almost covered her small, high-top black shoes with low heels. The dresses she wore were made by my mother or given to her. Although she disliked fuss, she loved to have mother add a frill of lace or ruffle at the bottom of her long sleeves to cover the brown spots on her thin, work-worn hands. She often patted a bit of flour or cornstarch on the back of her hands to cover her veins. Her thin, fine dark hair was always neatly brushed on top of her head into a soft knot. In spite of the small combs to restrain them, a few "scolding locks" would find their way down onto her neck. She had very few streaks of gray in her hair even at the age of 81 years, when she passed away. Grandma had a fear of being buried alive. (In those days, it was sometimes heard of.) She was so glad to know of "embalming" and definitely wanted to be embalmed even though she wanted to stay in her own room until she was taken to her own funeral. (As a child, this thought always haunted me a little.)

Grandma had a widow's pension from the Black Hawk War. It was used for little things she wanted to give others. At Christmas she always asked father to get her enough quarters to put in each sock for her grandchildren as a surprise. Yet, when she was given anything, she always protested.

When her "boys" dropped in, as they often did, they would bend down and give her a kiss and a hug. She would always color a "Dixon blush" and say, "Ah, go along with you." She was so pleased, but found it difficult to show it. How we children dearly loved to sit and hear her "boys" tell thrilling stories of their youth. Wildwood Resort, Provo Canyon, was the scene of many of these campfire story-telling treats.

Grandma loved Wildwood and often spent days there enjoying her family and grandchildren. As my sister, Allie, said: "Grandma was wonderful with children. She took us on hikes up as far as Scott's cabin, and took us swimming in the river - - always taking along a bar of soap to wash our legs and arms." Clarence D. Taylor recalls: "My earliest remembrances of Wildwood connect with Grandma Dixon and Grandma Taylor. In our cabin, we only had one separate bedroom. This was the Grandmas' Room. Everyone else slept on sanitary couches in the main big living room. Two wicker rocking chairs occupied the front porch. Here the Grandmas could sit and rock, watch the people go up and down the camp, chat with those who had time to stop, and observe the children playing softball, tennis, volleyball and other sports. Grandma Dixon would take a dip in the river with the other bathers of the camp."

"Just as the sun was sinking beyond the west hills, it was the signal for all the children of the camp to gather round and go with the Grandmas on their evening walk. One evening the course would lead down to the main road, cross the creek and slowly follow the North Fork road up to the "Big Cliff" at the top of the camp. Here the Grandmas and the adults would sit down and rest, and the children would play around, climb the hills for service berries, hunt for precious rocks, or throw rocks in the creek. Grandma Dixon was always cautioning us to be careful so we would not get hurt. How pleased she was when the girls would gather a bouquet of wild flowers and present them to her. Soon we would cross the creek on the three poles which served as a bridge and proceed down the trail by the creek, past 'ground dog flat' and on down the camp, visiting most of the cabins on the way. The next evening walk would take us down the main canyon road for about one-eighth of a mile to the Grandmas' Rock. At this big rock the adults

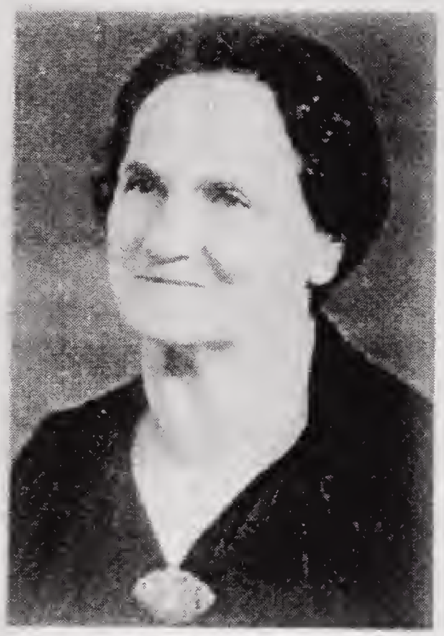


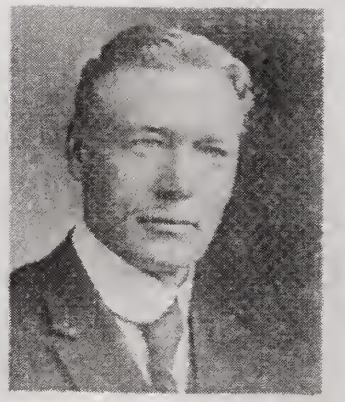
PROVO THIRD WARD CHAPEL

PROVO THIRD WARD GYMNASIUM
AND RECREATION HALL
and CHAPEL

MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

1872 - 1947





Arthur K. Taylor

would rest while the children played around. Then all would return back past the cow pasture, the frog ponds, the big dead cottonwood tree with the blue jays and back to the cabin, arriving just at dusk. Another favorite walk was down the railroad tracks for about one-eighth of a mile to the 'Bear's Head'. This was a cliff overhanging the railroad tracks and which resembled a bear's head. If you looked real close, you could see an eye, the mouth wide open with a tinge of red for the tongue and even an ear. Everyone kept a little closer together in going along the tracks, for fear of stepping on a rattlesnake, or having a skunk run out of the willows and weeds - -spraying you. For the older kids, a trip to Vivian Park was a treat; especially when the Grandmas would let us work at some odd and unnecessary job in order to earn a dime or quarter to spend at the store there."

In the cold mornings in Wildwood, how good Grandma's "crust coffee" tasted. It was made from the burned crusts of bread with boiling water poured over it, served with sugar and cream. Also the Mormon Tea made with hot water, sugar and cream. Alice Taylor Nelson remembers one morning in the canyon when Grandma Dixon was making bread. She noticed a pan with bits of oatmeal stuck to it, soaking with hot water on the coal stove. Realizing this warm water was just what she needed for the bread, Grandma poured cereal bits and all into the "makings" of the dough. Alice was horrified and questioned her. In reply, Grandma gave her a "straight-from-the-shoulder" lecture on Waste not, want not." (to Grandma, the bits of cereal and clean water were "food".) Clarence Taylor mentioned that Grandma would caution the children to take only the amount of food they were sure they could eat. "Make sure your eyes are not bigger than your belly." She would say. After eating, she would gather all the dishes and scrape them thoroughly clean. Anything she could save and use she would store away for another meal. Everything else she would put aside for someone's dog, pig or cow.

In the canyon, Grandma was always up first. She'd pour "creek water" into the washbowl and wash thoroughly, winding up with splashing cold water on her chest. Then she'd lovingly prepare warm wash water for Grandma Taylor, who really objected to the other Grandma's fussing over her so- - but "our" Grandma seemed to love it.

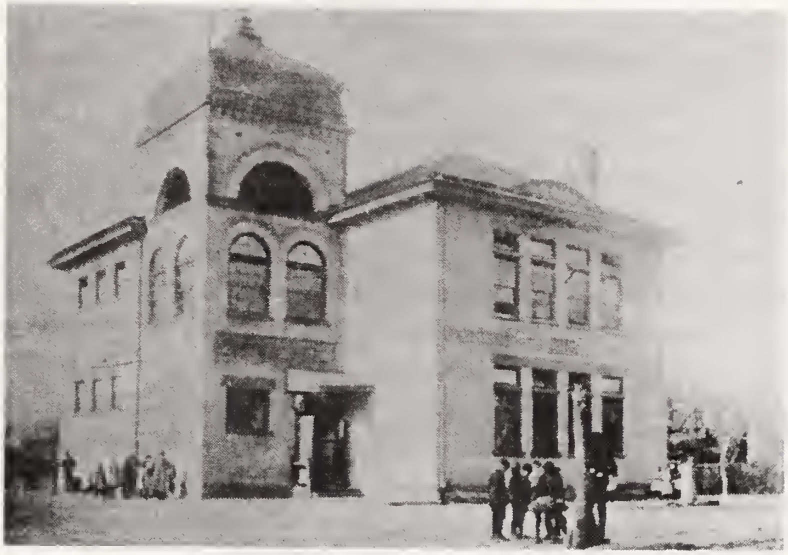
Grandma Dixon was fairness itself. "She never complained and was always ready to help anyone in need. Her loyalty and compassion were great. Before blaming others for errors, she examined herself to see if she could have helped them to avoid-wrong-doing. She was willing to share the blame." So recalls Allie Dixon Gardner.

Grandma meant many things to many people. She was noble, wonderful and a courageous person who dearly loved her posterity. The love was returned in full measure. Lessons learned from Grandma were not forgotten. Many of her older grandchildren have living memories of her.

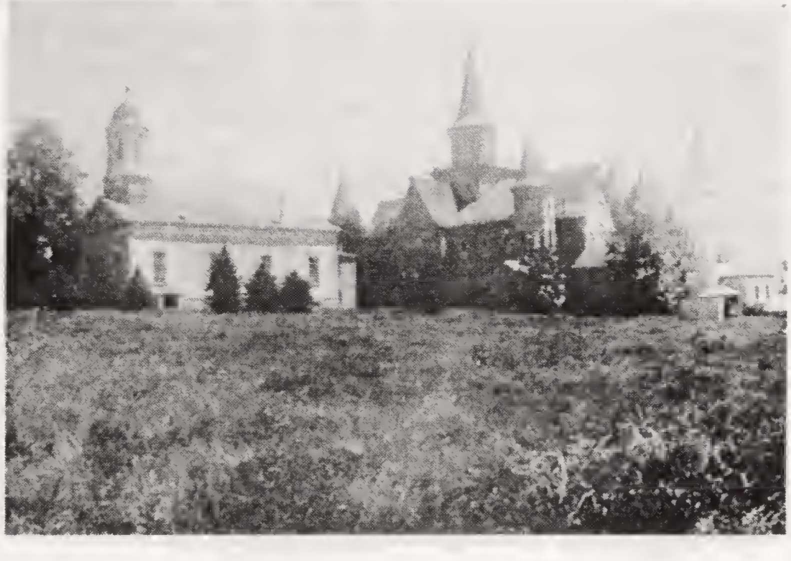
ARTHUR DIXON TAYLOR Comments: In 1903 when my brother, Elton was a baby, my mother went to England to meet father who was on a mission. Grandmother Dixon took over and was our mother and took care of Elton, Lynn and me. We lived with her for six months, and though I was only eight years old, I learned to love her very much and found out what a lovely, kind woman she was. Her home, that her boys built for her was just across the lane from our home, so through most of my growing up years I was near her and had her influences and guidance and love.

She used to go to Salt Lake City to attend General Conference every six months. She stayed at her sisters' place, Aunt Selina Hall and Aunt Charlotte Baddley. She took me with her on one of these occasions, the first time I had ever been on a train and the first time I ever went to Salt Lake. I remember so well that when we got off the train, there was a fruit stand nearby, and for the first time, I saw a banana. Grandmother stayed at Aunt Selina's place this time, and I remember how strange everything seemed and I became homesick. Grandma said that I came to her and said, "Grandma, the Lord will take care of us, won't he?" And, of course, she agreed with me and comforted me. She took me to Conference in the Tabernacle and we sat on the front bench. Aunt Selina had prepared a lunch for us to take along, and when the morning session was over, we did not leave our seats; but opened our lunch and ate it right there on that front bench and then she had me stretch out on the bench and go to sleep until the afternoon session started. We never left the Tabernacle from the time we arrived early in the morning until late in the afternoon when the session was over. I always admired Grandmother's faithfulness and loyalty to the Church. She had a firm testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I remember that she always bore her testimony in our Fast Meetings and she would always conclude her testimony with these words: "I hope and pray that the Lord will help me to be faithful to the end." She was so staunch and true, in my sight, that I could never see, as a boy, why she should make such a statement. Her desire was certainly fulfilled, for she was faithful and true to her testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel up to the day she died.

I remember that she was of a very serious nature and had an abundance of courage and patience. That was made manifest when Aunt Virginia, Uncle Charles' wife, died leaving a family of little children for Uncle "Charl" to raise. Grandma took over. She was old (79 years) and her nerves were not like they were when she was young and rearing her own children. The baby, Virginia, was just born and all the rest were very young. Grandma practically reared them until they



FIRST TIMPANOGOS SCHOOL HOUSE



The Old and the New

PROVO TABERNACLES

could take care of themselves.

We must not overlook her fine qualities in living the life of plural marriage. Jealousy and partialities did often strain women's feelings to the limit under those conditons. Often bitter feelings in some families were never lived down. Grandma Dixon showed her strong character in her ability to get along with others through her life and especially with Aunt Mary and her family. She loved Aunt Mary as if she were her own sister and they, and their children, worked together to survive after Grandpa Dixon died. I often think that the struggle and fight that both families had to make for existence in those early days is what has made the Dixons united and love one another.

Grandma had lived through the Pioneer days. She crossed the Plains in a wagon train and she walked all of the way. Her Mother was a widow and took in washing for a living - - - Grandma knew what hardships meant and how valuable and scarce food was in those pioneer days. I remember an incident that happened one day when Grandma came over to our house for dinner. She insisted on helping mother get dinner ready. Mother was peeling the potatoes and Grandmother watched her for a few minutes and then came over to the sink and scolded her for being so wasteful. Mother was peeling potatoes as any housewife would do at that time. Grandma felt that she should just scrape the skin off and not cut so deep into the potato. Grandma lived through a period when even the skins of potatoes would have been welcomed and she felt that mother was a bit wasteful.

Grandma was loved by the women in the Provo Third Ward and was constantly sought after in times of sickness, death and troubles that came into their homes. She had lived through plenty of troubles in her own life and knew what it meant to lend a helping hand to others. She was a leader in the Church. She was President of the Third Ward Primary for many years and had many responsibilities in the Relief Society.

She and Granmother, Eliza N. Taylor, were great friends all the days of their lives. I think probably the most interesting sight I had, just prior to the end of their days, was seeing them sitting together, in two large wicker rockers on the front porch of our Wildwood cabin, in perfect peace and comfort - - talking over the old times.

We can be very thankful and proud of our heritage and birthright passed on to us by such a wonderful individual as Grandma Sarah De-Grey Dixon.

ELTON LEROY TAYLOR Comments: Grandma Dixon was a very special person in my life and was a very practical and wholesome influence in it. I was born in June, 1900, and father (Arthur Nicholls Taylor) left for his mission to England the same fall, leaving mother (Maria Dixon Taylor) and my older brothers: Arthur, Lynn and myself, as the baby, at home on Fifth West in Provo, Utah. Mother went back to work at Shelton's Book Store (her employer before her marriage). She rented the home they were just completing (adjoining Grandma's house on the south) and we moved in with Grandma Dixon until father's return. I became Grandma's special charge and "trial", mother being gone through the day. This seemed to be Grandma Dixon's fate and mission in life, besides rearing her own family as a young widow of limited means, to take over the "bringing up" of her "problem" grandsons and granddaughters as well as the "better behaved ones" - - teaching us the way in which we should go. We ever owe her a debt of gratitude for the things she did in our behalf.

She was loving and kind, but firm in seeing that things were done right. Her deep spiritual influence and humble, never-questioning devotion to Gospel teachings still remains with us. Her love of children and loyal devotion to her family was something to behold. Even as larger boys and girls we loved to sit on her lap as she sat in her low, armless rocking chair, while she sang to us (she had a sweet alto voice) as she rocked - - -and then would tell us pioneer stories. She would sing "sea chanteys" which sailors had taught her during the long trip by sailing vessel from England to America - - - songs they sung while raising and lowering the sails. One of Grandma's songs she sang while teaching us to count was:

"one, two, three, four, five, I caught a fish alive. Why did you let him go? Because he bit my finger so." All the while she was counting our fingers and toes. We learned to count to five FAST.

I think one of Sarah DeGrey Dixon's outstanding traits was patience. She was the exemplification of it. She was industrious - always busy. Pioneer life had taught her to be frugal. This was evident in many of the sayings she lived by: "Waste not, want not" - "We better prepare for a hard winter" "The squirrels are gathering seeds and nuts early." "A green Christmas, a fat graveyard." One of her rules for mating. "Marry opposites. A light-haired person should marry a dark-haired person." (She approved of Ethel because she felt her dark hair went well with my red hair.)

She was of a cheerful disposition, had a sense of humor - - tho' typically English, being often belated. Father delighted in telling her "mother-in-law stories". At times she hardly knew how to take him, never knowing when he was serious or having fun with her. With all the red hair in our family, someone remarked about Henry Dixon Taylor's wavy black hair. A member of the family explained: "Oh, that's the African blood finally showing up in the family." Grandma defensively came back, "I'll have you understand there is no Kaffir blood in our family."

Grandma loved her "Dixie" relatives, as all of us enjoyed their visits to Provo. Her home was always their headquarters here. She had three married sisters living in Rockville, Grafton area of Southern Utah. Many of the people today in Hurricane, Utah area, are descendants of Maria Brooks DeGrey. Grandma loved to go to visit them although the trip down "The Black Ridge" above Toquerville was always a terrifying experience for her. You can readily appreciate this when today you travel a beautiful six-lane highway on the opposite side of the canyon and look across and see the steep, narrow, winding road which the early settlers there had to travel. Their early farms were on a narrow strip of land on either side of the Virgin River and every spring they would be flooded or cut away. Grandma said the folks there said it was named the Virgin, but should have been called "The Dirty Devil."

The last time we saw Grandma alive, was in Uncle Roy's home on Fifth West. She was bedfast when Ethel and I went to visit her on our return from our honeymoon in California. She wanted to know all about Aunt Hattie and Uncle George West, whom we had visited in San Bernardino. We had to tell her about the little two-roomed "Pot Rock" house we had moved into in Pleasant Grove. How the folks had been over and strewn rice through the house, taken the slats out of the bed, tied the sheets in knots and had even hung old shoes on the front gate. The shoe business seemed to strike her as very funny, as she burst out laughing and seemed so much like her old self again. This, I think, was the last time she laughed, as she passed away a short time later.

ERMA DIXON BOSHARD Comments: Grandma had a large picture of the Pioneer Route crossing the Plains hanging on her wall. I loved that picture and the stories she told us. That same picture is now handing in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneer Museum in Provo.

Their first home had one large room in the center with Grandma Sarah's bedroom on the west side and Aunt Mary's bedroom on the east side. At the rear was the eating kitchen and an outdoor summer porch,which Grandma used as a summer kitchen. In the hot summers, she would cook outside to keep the house cool. Grandpa planted two elm trees in front - - they are still there. He also planted a silver maple, some lilacs and mulberry trees. The mulberry trees were used as food for silkworms. The two families lived together in this home for a short time until Grandpa built another adobe house on the same lot for Aunt Mary. Grandma made all the boys' suits during their growing years. They were well-fitting and beautifully made. Grandma was always industrious and very frugal. Frugality was a dominant part of her life.

One winter we stayed with Grandma Dixon while Dad was working in Salt Lake City. I remember when Grandma went to Salt Lake to have Dr. Stauffer remove her cataracts from her eyes. We all gathered at Aunt Rye's house, where we all prayed and fasted for her.

Grandma observed the Word of Wisdom always. It hurt her when others didn't. I can still taste the delicious "crust coffee" she used to make with burned bread and hot water poured over it. Also Mormon Tea; hot water, sugar andcream. My Dad said Grandma was the best cook in all the world.

I loved her so much. You could always depend on her in times of need - -it didn't matter what the weather, she would go where she thought she was needed most. I do love and appreciate my relatives and am proud of our heritage.

LEAH DIXON FORD Comments: Grandmother was a very marvelous person, I do know. And the older I get, the more I appreciate her. I remember we used to ask Grandma: Please sing "Can She Bake a Cherry Pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?" etc. That was my favorite. She would sing it over and over.

Grandmother came to our house a lot when the twins, Ronald and Ralph, were small to help mother. Ronald was not well and such a care. She would walk about four blocks in the deep snow. Mother would say, "it's too far for you to walk, and too slick, Grandma."She would answer, "I am careful not to fall, and I need the exercise and you need my help, so I will come." Father said, "If you would only stay overnight, Mother." But she would only reply, "I need to walk, it makes me feel better, and I'm used to the heated house at Roy's - and I need my own bed at night." I am sure she was happiest there "Electa understands me just as if she were my own daughter,"she'd say. I remember Aunt Electa was so sweet and tactful. If Grandma would suggest something, she would say, "Yes, I think you are right, Grandma."

Grandma would make her roly-poly pudding with fruit in it and served with cream over it. It was delicious. I still long for some. When I make it, it doesn't taste the same.

Grandma went to the Temple with our family. She was so happy about it. Mother, Dad and the small children went home afterwards. But Grandma, Erma and I stayed overnight at Aunt Sarah McConachie's" We slept with Grandma. It was such fun.

MAUD DIXON MARKHAM Recollections: When I was a little girl, we loved to hear Grandma tell of crossing the Plains. "I walked all the way," she would say - not proudly, but with a good deal of satisfaction. She even refused rides, not to break her record, I think. "But Grandma, "we'd say, "the cold, the heat, lack of water, fear of Indians?" She'd answer, "I enjoyed crossing the Plains."

While she was living on the corner of 3rd West and 2nd North, which was just a block from the big, deep-running Mill Race, her children would often sneak away and play on its dangerous banks . . . no matter how she threatened them. This had to stop. So she and a friend, called "old Lady Radybow" put their heads together and came up with the answer. The next time the boys went to the Mill Race, they heard an eerie, wailing sound under the bridge . . then a terrible witchbegan to emerge in the dusk, shaking a stick and screetching at them "to never come there again." They ran home, white as sheets, to tell their mother, who knew all the time it was the dramatic performance of her friend. It was very effective.

When my father, John DeGrey Dixon was 17 years old, Grandpa Dixon died while still a young man. That first year all Grandma had to burn in her stove was green wood., but she never complained about this or rearing her large family alone - - or the sad loss of her dear Henry.

Grandma Dixon was a good cook and made excellent pies. Grandpa Dixon loved pie which contained lard in the crust. Now he was extremely opposed to eating pork and always refused it. But he never passed up pie. Once Grandma, a little exasperated said, "Henry,you just as well eat the Devil's meat, as drink his brothe."

It was General Conference and John was riding into Salt Lake City, a trip taking about three days in those times. Grandma, who couldn't go, waited for him to return to tell her who the new apostle was. As he entered, she said, "Well, John, who is the new apostle?" He told her. "Well", she said, "it's a good thing the Lord thought of him,for I never should have."

I first remember Grandma when she came to Salt Lake to stay with us while having cataracts removed from her eyes. She was always patient. In fact, I think PATIENCE was her dominant quality.

Years later we moved to Provo and lived in the north part of Grandma's house while our present house was being built. Aunt Electa and Uncle Roy lived in the south half. Grandma was staying with Aunt Rye or other children who needed her at the time. The Dixon brothers used to congregate at our place evenings. "Horses" was their main topic of conversation. "Charl" and "Ern" would often get into heated arguments as to who had the best pacer or what little "filly" could run the fastest. About midnight Grandma would get disgusted and sweep them all out of the place.

Grandma was very saving, but gave it all away to children who needed it;saving one son's home and helping others in financial stress.

LUCILE KNOWLDEN DIXON Comments: (Wife of Aldous Dixon, who lived next door to Grandma). Little Grandma was getting quite old and was not very well when I lived by her on Fifth West. Mostly we had very little to say to each other beyond the usual greetings and pleasantries.

Most of all, I was impressed by her thriftiness. Memories of want and privation in her early years and the hard experiences crossing the Plains seemed to crowd in on her as she became old and weary. She was saving beyond being reasonable, not enjoying the presents given to her. Aldous' mother often bought her a pretty white blouse or some other "dress-up" piece of clothing. She always said, "Thank you". And then, "But Sarah, I shall never live to wear it out." This went on for years. Aunt Sarah told her to get all the good out of the gift, and that she would see to it that some deserving person got it later.

Toward the end of her life she didn't want Aunt Leck's girls to change jelly or jam to a clean dish because some might be wasted in the exchange. She was not stingy - - just wanted to make use of everything.

Our children always called her "Little Grandma Dixon" to distinguish her from their own Grandma Dixon (Sarah Lewis Dixon, John's wife). Aldous used to tell a story that he said his father told him: When Grandma Dixon and her sister, Charlotte, were small and crossing the Plains, they had one ox that was a good puller and one ox that was not. When they came to a steep hill or water to be crossed and the one ox balked, Grandma would say, "Come on Charlotte, let's pray." They would go out to the side of the road and kneel down. Then they would say, "O Lord, bless all the oxen that WILL pull and all the oxen that WON'T pull. Amen."

RHEA DIXON REEVE recollections. When I think of Grandma Dixon, I picture a small, modest, independent, humble woman. I think of her as being seen and not heard. I see a small, frail, active 12 year old, foot-weary, but uncomplaining as she trekked across the hot, dusty trail of the Plains. This determination that helped her walk those long miles and not falter, I observed all through her life while I knew her. Grandma Dixon had little to say, but she was a "doer", and what she did was practical, helpful and without remuneration. Money was not Grandma's goal. The simple, everyday things were her way of life. I can remember when she ate dinner with us one Sunday. She said, "Louie, you're a good woman and a fine cook, but you could leave the frosting off the cake and it would be better for Walter and all concerned." Mother loved and understood Grandma, so she wasn't offended. Grandma was frank and plain spoken. She was kind and her intentions were meant to help and not to insult.

She had so many sad experiences and times were so hard in her girlhood and all of her married life that she never ceased being frugal, thrifty and self-sacrificing. I recall Erma and I picking strawberries in the hot sun to earn a little money. With some of our meager earnings we bought Grandma a nice black purse. (The one she had was so very shabby.) We wrapped it nicely and bought a card and wrote our love for our Grandma Dixon. We took it to her home which at that time was Uncle LeRoy's place. Well, we were all smiles as we entered the door and called, "Happy Birthday, Grandma!" As we glanced at her face, our smiles changed to frown as Grandma said, "Gracious me, girls, I don't need a present. There isn't anything you could buy that I could use." We insisted on her opening the gift and thought when she saw it she would change her mind. But no, she said, "That's a very nice purse, but I like the one I have and it will do for me, the little shopping I need to do these days." She wouldn't accept it and thanked us and told us to get our money back and buy something for us. We were sad all the way home and my father, in his kind way, tried to reassure us that this was Grandma's "way", but deep down in her heart she was happy because we loved her enough to get something for her.

Frills, silks and satins were not a part of Grandma's wardrobe. She wore plain, practical, dark clothing that wouldn't show soil and would wear well. "Durable" was an important word to Grandma. Her character proved to be "durable", too. I can think of her hands wrinkled and rough from years of dedicated service to family, neighbors and friends. Work was her goal. She had learned the satisfaction of work well done as a child. As she grew, her desire to help and give service grew also. I heard her tell my mother, after the death of my beloved father, that she was glad my mother enjoyed housekeeping and working hard, as that would help her through the sad days to come, and comfort and sustain her. The poet tells us that into each life some rain must fall. Cloudbursts came into Grandma's unselfish way of life, in spite of her goodness and faithfulness to her God. He tested her and found that her heart and shoulders were equal to the challenge she must meet. All her days when things went wrong, she did not ask to be freed from sorrow and hardships, but plead for strength and courage to conquer adversity. I can't recall her complaining.

One day Erma and I were visiting with Grandma. We asked her about polygamy and said we didn't think it was fair for Grandpa to marry a young, pretty girl when she was old and had so much work to do that she couldn't spend time or money to dress up. We made some silly comments about what we would do to get rid of the other wife. Grandma didn't get upset, but looked sternly at us and said, "It is wise to keep still when you don't know what you're talking about. Anyway, the Church has changed this law and you won't have to live it, which is a good thing, as you aren't unselfish and big enough to live in that way." She added that she loved Aunt Mary and her children and treated them as her own. I know this is true and that good feeling of togetherness is a part of our present day heritage.

Grandma was meek and unassuming. She didn't want compliments or pay for the service she gave. She felt that the Landlord of Life had given her more than she could ever repay by just giving her the privilege of living. To her, "living was working and giving." I think Grandma, if she had been asked about her blessings or what she was thankful for, would have said, "I cherish the treasures I have been given here upon this lovely earth. I appreciate my many blessings and thank God for my birth."

Grandma's wealth consisted of the love she received from a good, upright, devoted husband who lived the good life well. Her cup overflowed with the joy that each of her sons and daughter brought her. After Grandpa passed away, through her wisdom, ability to work, faith and courage, they had a happy home and were not deprived of the necessities of life. Grandma, by example and precept, taught appreciation to her family. I can remember my father telling how thrilled they were with a few pieces of molasses candy on Christmas Day; how proud he was of his "home-made" clean clothing. Grandma didn't try to "keep up with the Joneses." She didn't covet her neighbor's good fortune, but was content.

I can remember her helping mother bottle fruit for our boarders when it came noon, she took off her apron and said, " I shall eat with Rye or Charles" (who lived nearby). "They can afford to feed me more than you can." This would make my mother sad, as the little food Grandma ate didn't amount to much. After lunch she would be on hand to finish the fruit. I can't remember when Grandma just "dropped in" to visit. She would come when she knew there was something extra to be done. Idleness was not a fault of my Grandmother's.

I referred to her "worn-out pocketbook " I doubt if its contents were ever more than $5 at a time, but she carried it with her and used it wisely. She was honest to a fault with paying her share to the Church or whatever donation that was called for her to contribute. I can recall coming home from school one day and asking my generous mother for some money to get something that my friend had. Mother didn't have the change. Grandma felt it was a worthy cause and without any one's knowing about it, she gave me the money and said, " This is my secret." I said I'd pay it back, and she answered, "You help your mother and that will be the debt paid."

One day Erma ate dinner with us. Grandma happened to come in. She said, "Mercy me, Louie has enough mouths to feed without your eating here. Your father can afford to feed you and Louie cannot." Erma cried and ran home. I was provoked at Grandma, but realized how concerned she was about helping my mother. Grandma had been so poor in worldly good most of her life that she could realize how other poor people felt and didn't just sympathize, but managed with her limited store to share with them. Her consideration of others won her many devoted friends. Grandma was sincere. She didn't pretend or exaggerate. She didn't approve of the hypocrite, and her word was her bond. She was a most spiritual person. She communicated and kept in tune with her Heavenly Father. She was a faithful servant and attending Church was the highlight of her week. I loved my grandmother. I am happy for my memories of my association with her and I am pleased to relate them to the Dixon youth to cherish and appreciate."

VESTA DIXON BOOTH Comments: "I remember Grandma Dixon was always the first to come and help if anyone was ill. I remember her telling my mother, "Hattie, you are like I am; we have that rosy-cheeked English complexion and no one ever thinks we are sick, because our skin isn't pale. We can be as sick as anyone, even if we look the picture of health."

NANCY McCONACHIE ARMSTRONG recalls how Grandma loved to do Temple Work. She stayed at Aunt Sarah McConachie's, sometimes for ten days at a time. Nearly every day she'd spend a full day at the Temple. She'd take her lunch and Nancy would go from school to the Temple Grounds to go home with Grandma. She came prepared to have a long wait, for Grandma was never quite through. Although they had money to take the streetcar home, Grandma insisted on walking up steep Main Street Hill, home, and use the money for the Temple.

Some of the sayings remembered by VIVIAN HASTINGS KERR, who lived at the LeRoy Dixon home the same time as Grandma Dixon: "Comb that child's hair; she looks like a broom in a fit." "That girl can throw more out the back door with a spoon than her husband can bring in the front door with a scoop shovel." At times when Electa was nursing her babies, yet being busy, would "hand them over" to others to tend, Grandma would say, "Leck, you are teaching that child to have nothing but cupboard love for you."She would often say, "Leck, you and Vivian go along with your work, I'll churn; you don't have to think to do that." Early every morning you could see her going up or down Fifth West to some home of her family to give of her unselfish devotion wherever she thought she could do the most good.

Sarah DeGrey Dixon, a woman small in stature, but "tall in deeds", died in "her room" on April 17, 1926, in Provo, Utah, at the age of eighty-one years. For several days prior to her death, I remember the family gathering around her bedside. "Her body is really worn out", they would say, "but her valiant heart just won't give up". WHAT A PIONEER she was - - what a courageous spirit - - an example of all that is "eternally" good. Surely her heart's desire to "remain faithful to the end" was granted. She was buried in Provo City Cemetery on April 19, 1926.

Compiled by
Sarah Vera Dixon Summerhays
June 1969

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING
of
SARAH DE GREY DIXON

Provo, Utah
Nov. 17, 1900

A blessing pronounced by Patriarch Charles D. Evans upon the head of Sarah DeGrey Dixon, daughter of John DeGrey and Maria Brooks, born in Worcestershire, England, January 27, 1845.

Sister Sarah by virtue of my office I lay my hands upon thy head, and pronounce and seal upon thee a blessing, for thou art of the royal seed of Ephraim and heiress of eternal covenants. Thou hast been tried and weighed in the balances, and art not found wanting. Thou art a great mother in Israel. Thy soul is honest and thy love of children boundless. Thou wilt have power to train them in the ways of the Lord. They will cling unto thee and never forsake thee. Thy feet are established in the path which leads to thy glory and thou shalt not fall under trial, but be like the great oak to resist the storms. Thy humility is recorded by the angels, for pride hath not lifted thee up. Highly favored art thou of the Lord, like Elizabeth and Mary of old. Great shall be thy blessings and thou shalt be lifted up above many. The Lord loveth thee for thy righteousness. He will make thee great and thy royal generations shall never cease out of the earth, nor thy name be taken from the book of life. Prudence and wisdom will abide in thee as a fountain, and thou shalt direct thy steps aright, and be strong in the Lord. Israel upon thee the blessing of inheritance with thy husband, and with thy generations forever. The words of thy lips shall comfort the sorrowful and bind thy children unto the Lord. Intelligence shall beam from thy eyes as the light of precious gems before a flame. Thy throne is prepared before the foundations of the earth; thou shalt stand with the great mothers, and overcome by faith. Thy food and raiment shall not fail, but thou shalt be a queen forever and I seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Blessing # 2157. Recorded in Book C, Page 394 by CHARLES D. EVANS, Patriarch.

MARY SMITH DIXON

1852 - 1907

Biography of MARY SMITH DIXON

By Alice Dixon Dangerfield

Mary Anne Smith Dixon, the daughter of Robert and Mary Brown Smith, was born at Hull, England, on October 3, 1852. She and her brothers, William and Robert, were the only three children that their parents were permitted to raise; the others having died in infancy.

When Mary was but six years old her mother died. The father and two children felt deeply the grief caused by the passing of the one member of the home whose place is seldom, if ever, filled. Loved ones came to their assistance, and for awhile they were cared for by a cousin. Later, the grandmother, who is surely the next to mother, gave her services and they were given the best of care. Mary could never forget the few short years she spent with her grandmother. In later years she never tired of telling her own children of the days thus spent. She told them how she and her dear old grandmother sat together in the evening, listening to the chimes of the Church bells, while Grandmother told stories of her own childhood days.

At the age of thirteen, another deep sorrow came to the home. This time the father was taken and the children were deprived of all support. It now became necessary for Mary to work. Soon after the father's death she secured a position as nurse-maid, and continued to work as such until her health failed and she was forced to give it up. Her brother who was older than she, had found work at Hull and was boarding with friends. When Mary was no longer able to work, he took her to see these people. They thought that if she would take a rest in the Country that she might regain her health. She was taken by these friends to the home of William Leake and remained there during the rest of her life in England.

Being very proficient with the needle she was of much service to the family, and since she had a sunny disposition, she added to the happiness of the home. These people were members of the Mormon Church, and Mary went with them to the Church service. She became a convert and later was baptized a member. Most of the converts were anxious to reach Utah. The Leake family was no exception. They did not have enough money to migrate to Utah but were saving with that end in view.

Mary's health did not improve but had grown steadily worse. The doctor had told her that her only chance was a change of climate, as she was suffering from tuberculosis. The Leake family was anxious to take her with them on their journey to America. Being without money, Mary said she could not think of going. She was only persuaded when assured that she would enjoy better health in Utah, and could then earn money to pay them back. While being administered to, in behalf of her health, she was promised by one of the missionaries that she should make the journey in safety and that upon reaching Utah, She would be in perfect health. Her brother was willing for her to go since he had also become a convert to the Mormon Faith. However, her grandmother and other relatives were very much opposed to her going. They had no faith in what she had been promised and, knowing her physical condition, could see nothing but death and a watery grave. Mary was but a child in years, being only sixteen, but she eagerly accepted the kind offer of her friends and took the only chance which was open to her for a return to health.

When she arrived in Liverpool, she was so weak that she had to be assisted in boarding the ship. Brave people were Father and Mother Leake, to take this almost invalid child under their protecting care and attempt a perilous journey. Their courage was something more than human. They left Liverpool on June 5, 1868. The journey was made in a sailing vessel called "The Constitution", and required six weeks and two days. After landing, they traveled as far as Laramie, Wyoming by rail and the remainder of the way by ox team in Captain Gillispie's Company. It required about six weeks to make the journey. The wagons were quite well filled with provisions and baggage so that many of the emigrants were required to walk.

The trip across the ocean was a wonderful help to Mary. Her health began to return. It was so much improved that she was able to walk almost the entire distance from Laramie to Salt Lake - -a very wonderful experience for this girl of sixteen years. We can only imagine her delight in being able to report to her loved ones in England that upon arriving in Utah she was in perfect health, and had gained thirty-five pounds in weight. The disease which she had been suffering never troubled her during the remainder of her life.

They arrived in Salt Lake City in September 1868. The members of the Leake family were without funds and had no particular place to go. They were fortunate, however, in meeting a returned missionary from their native land and they spent the first night under his roof. The tithing clerk, whose duty it was to secure places for the emigrants, found homes for the children to work in, as Father Leake was not able at first to keep them all at home. Mary Smith went to work for John W. Young, who was then living in the house that is now located at Liberty Park. Many will recall having seen this historic building.

The tithing clerk, who was none other than Henry Aldous Dixon, was much pleased with the appearance of Mary. He admired her smiling black eyes and womanly ways, although she was but sixteen years of age. For months he kept watch of her, and finally succeeded in claiming her as his second bride.

Although only seventeen, she was married on April 13, 1869. Her marriage proved to be the crowning event of her life. She not only received a worthy, ambitious and affectionate husband, but she found in

PROVO THIRD WARD MEETING HOUSES

The Old and the New

PROVO THIRD WARD MEETING HOUSE

GEO. A. SMITH ROW

Roberts Home in background

" THE ROUND HOUSE "

SOUTHWORTH'S STORE
Corner 5th West and
First North

his first wife a wonderful sister, the like of whom she never had known. They lived in the same house and exchanged with each other their joys and their sorrows.

Together they lived, together they worked for the man who shared alike his love and support with both women. Mary lived in Salt Lake about two years and then the family moved to Provo. The remainder of her life, except one year, was spent in that town. She was the mother of seven children - four boys and three girls, all, except the first were born in Provo. She was privileged to raise all of her children but one, who died in infancy. The Children: Alice Dixon Dangerfield, Sarah Dixon Mc Conachie, William Aldous, Albert Frederick, Parley Smith, and Hattie Dixon West.

Mary and Sarah lived together in the same house while the family was small, but as it increased in size it became necessary to occupy separate homes. The children grew up to honor, love and respect each woman as a mother. During the first few years in Provo, Mary's time was given almost entirely to the care of the family, which was then young. Few mothers have given more hours of service in caring for her sick children than she did. Many nights she watched and prayed over her second child, who for years required her constant care. Sister Sarah took her turn also in nursing this child back to health. In fact, Sarah was always ready to assist during the days of sickness and worry.

On May 4, 1884, death robbed these two faithful women of their beloved husband. One can only imagine the grief caused by his passing, but in knowing the children who were left to grow to manhood and womanhood, one cannot help but know the courage and the fortitude these two women possessed in rearing their family.

During her later life, Mary Dixon gave much of her time to the public. She was a teacher in the Relief Society for years, and she worked in the Primary Association for a long period. She was a lover of children, and her patience in their behalf was wonderful.

Being very skilled in sewing, she rendered invaluable service to the community in which she lived. Most of the people who departed from this life, while she lived in the community, were laid away in clothing which she had made or had helped to make.

Mary Anne Smith Dixon passed away at her home in the Provo Third Ward on June 27, 1907.

History of MARY ANN SMITH DIXON
Written By Herself

Provo City
17 Mar. 1892

I was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England, October 3rd 1851. My father's name was Robert Smith, born in Patrington, Yorkshire, England in the year 1815 and died in Hull, England, November 10, 1864. My mother's name was Mary Brown Smith born in Preston, Yorkshire, England in the year 1811. They were married Christmas Day 1835. My mother died June 11, 1858 at Hull, England. Both my parents and five of their children were buried in Hedon Church Yard, Yorkshire, England.

My brothers and sisters were: George, Ann Amelia, and William, who all died as infants. Hannah died when 10 or 11 years of age. Robert died November 14th aged 21 years.

William joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Hull in 1863. He was baptized by Elder John Nicholson. He emigrated to Utah in 1873 arriving in Salt Lake City, July 24th. He died the 9th of November 1887 and is buried in West Jordan.

I was baptized in Hull by my brother, William and confirmed by Elder Thomas Cracroft the same day. I emigrated to Utah June 24th 1868 on the sailing vessel Constitution. I arrived in Salt Lake City September 12, 1868. I was married April 13, 1869 to Henry Aldous Dixon in the Endowment House in Salt Lake by Pres. Daniel H. Wells. My husband died in Provo May 4th 1884. He was a good Latter Day Saint and died in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

It is my desire to live faithful that I may be able to meet him.

He was born in Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, son of John Henry and Judith Dixon.

We moved to Provo in 1871. I have been a member of the Relief Society since 1872.

I have seven children: Alice Smith Dixon born Salt Lake City, April 29, 1870 in the Eleventh Ward; Sarah Ann Dixon, born in Provo, December 7th 1871; William Aldous Dixon born in Provo, April 21st 1873; Robert Smith Dixon born in Provo, November 10th 1874, died December 18th 1874 of erysipeles. Albert Frederick Dixon born in Provo, March 31st 1876; Parley Smith Dixon born in Provo, June 9th 1878 and Harriet Amelia Dixon born in Provo, May 24th 1882.

I have a testimony of the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and am a polygamist wife and proud to say it, knowing it to be a true principle. I hope to live so that I can obtain an eternal salvation in the Kingdom of God.

Your loving and affectionate Mother,
M. A. DIXON

OLD PROVO TABERNACLE TOWER

OLD PROVO TABERNACLE
and
NEW PROVO TABERNACLE

MARIA BROOKS DEGREY

1805 - 1876

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF
MARIA DEGREY

Recorded in Book A, Page 445

Great Salt Lake City
Sept. 15, 1867

A blessing given by JOHN SMITH Patriarch upon the head of MARIA DE GREY daughter of Job and Elizabeth Brooks, born at Tipton, Staffordshire, England, April 10, 1805.

Sr. Maria,

In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I lay my hands upon thy head in order to pronounce & seal upon thee a Patriarchal blessing, for thou hast desired it as a comfort unto thee and also that thy lineage might be made known. Therefore I say unto thee be firm in thy mind and let thy heart be comforted, for inasmuch as thou are faithful, no good thing which is necessary to make you comfortable in this life shall be withheld from you, for the Lord knoweth the integrity of thy heart and will hear & answer thy petitions as he hath done heretofore many times. Thou art of the house of Israel & shall be numbered among the elect. For thou art of the blood of Joseph, and shall receive thy blessings in the tribe of Ephraim, therefore I say unto thee slacken not thine endeavors to do good and every desire of thine heart in righteousness shall be granted thee, yea even, in the salvation of thy kindred & friends, whom thou hast left in thy native land. This blessing I seal upon thy head and all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant and of the Redeemers Kingdom and I seal thee up unto Eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, a saviour in thy fathers house, even so. Amen.

Biography of MARIA BROOKS DE GREY

By Maria Dixon Taylor

Maria Brooks DeGrey was born at Tipton, Worcestershire, England, April 10, 1805. She was the daughter of Job and Elizabeth Walton Brooks. She had four brothers and four sisters whose names were: Daniel, married Ann Parkes on September 4, 1815 in Dudley; Isaac, married Harriett Parkes on September 1, 1817; James, married Mary Ann Jones on December 27, 1819; Job, not known if he married. Her sisters were: Sarah, who married Thomas Crowley; Mary who married Joseph Bainford; Phoebe Williams and Elizabeth. Her parents were highly respected and well to do people of Tipton.

One of the brothers became a minister. The other brothers were operating the various shops in a large iron works owned and operated by their father.

Maria's family was very much opposed to her marrying John DeGrey, because he was a poor man. She knew she loved him and that was more important to her than money. She was young and ambitious and could financially help her young husband in many ways.

John was a tailor by trade, and worked hard to establish a comfortable home for his wife and rapidly increasing family. Maria requested him to teach her the tailor trade so that she could help him. John consented to this, and Maria became very efficient and was able to carry on the tailor trade which left her husband free to procure other work in the nearby brewry. His work in the damp brewry basement aggravated and brought on lung trouble, from which he died at the early age of 47. He was buried in the Dudley Church Yard. Financially, the death of her husband was a great blow to Maria, for now there was only one pair of hands to work and support her young family, instead of the two.

As time went on, her eldest son Alfred married Maria Raybould. Her eldest daughter, Selena, married John C. Hall, who later became President of the local Branch of the L.D.S. Church.

One day a cousin of Maria's came in and said, "Have you heard about a strange religion and preachers traveling through here. I Would like to go and hear them, will you go with me?" She went and was convinced it was the true religion.

The spirit of gathering to Zion came upon her immediately, as it did nearly every convert. She still had six living children. Having buried three, one a boy named after his father, and two girls. All were small when they died.

Maria decided to sell everything she had, and left her home in Dudley for America. Alfred had not accepted the Gospel, so he and his wife remained behind. Selena and her husband could not go to Utah, at that time, as he was a missionary and Branch President of the Birmingham Conference. The mother and four daughters, Kezia, Maria, Charlotte and Sarah, embarked in a sailing vessel. As their means was limited, they had to travel in the lowest class and the cheapest food, but their courage was high.

Many interesting events took place during their six weeks voyage. One day as they were nearing Boston, the negro cook stabbed the steward, which caused a great commotion amongst the passengers, and for a time it looked like there would be a riot. Before the ship landed, a police boat came into the harbor and took the negro into custody.

When they landed this little family were without funds. The mother had great faith and trusted in her Heavenly Father to direct them to where they could secure work.

The family had to separate, which was a great trial to the mother and the daughters. Maria secured work at the home of a Mr. Coburn of Boston, owner of a large shoe manufacturing plant. Sarah, the youngest, was sent several miles away to the home of an old minister and his wife. She became so homesick, they had to put her to bed. The old lady took her a plate upstairs with old dry crusts she could not eat,and a bunch of grapes. The fruit was eaten but the crusts were left. She became so ill and weak, word was sent to the mother. She asked Mr. Coburn if it would be possible to bring her little girl to their home, where she could take care of her. She was only eleven years old. He was very kind and said she could be a companion for his little girl, who was the same age.

Charlotte also became ill, and the mother's courage nearly failed her at times, as she thought of her little girls in different homes in a big city. But again she felt it would only be for a short time. For just as soon as they could save enough money, it would take them across the plains to Utah.

One day, Mr. Coburn was reading the paper at the dinner table. Maria was serving the meal, and she heard him remark that a most wonderful thing had happened. A steamship named, George Washington, had arrived from England in three weeks instead of six weeks, the fastest time of the sailing vessels. Maria said, "Did you say the George Washington had arrived?" He said, "Yes." She then said, "If that is right I must prepare to leave you for I have a daughter and son-in-law on that boat and we will be leaving for the West." He then wanted to know where, and she told him to Utah. He gasped and said, "Please Mrs. DeGrey, don't go out there. Don't you know the Government Troops, Johnston's Army, is on their way to wipe out the Mormons? You have been with us eight months and we all love you so much. I will take your little girl, Sarah, for a companion for my little girl, and will feed and clothe and school her, and make a fine lady out of her." Maria thanked him kindly for all he had done for she and her children, but if the Mormons were to be wiped out, she would be one with them.

With the money she and her daughters had accumulated, John C.

Hall purchased a yoke of oxen, a yoke of cows and a wagon and started on their trek of a thousand miles West.

They were in Jesse B. Martin's Company. Many times their wagon was several miles in the rear of the Company. On one such occasion, the girls were picking wild berries. They had been warned never to go far from the wagon. In the distance they saw clouds of dust, so off to the wagon they ran, barely climbing inside before several Indians rode up. The Indians pulled the wagon cover aside which frightened the little children who were under it. They finally tried to stop the oxen and cows, but John Hall cracked his whip and shouted to keep them going. Maria had heard the word "Howdy" and as they rode in front of the wagon. Maria pretended to be very brave and would nod her head and say "Howdy". The Indians scowled at her and it began to look like they meant mischief. Finally, John said, pointing his finger, "Captain, Company ahead". The Indians looked at each other and began to talk. Finally they rode up out of the ravine where they consulted with about thirty more of their companions. The Indians looked in the distance and sighted the Company about three miles ahead, then rode off, much to the relief of those in the wagon.

The girls walked the entire distance of a thousand miles, clinging onto the back of the wagon as it went through the Platte River and other streams. It was always a relief to the mother to see them safely across stream on the other side.

In the mornings, the cows were milked. The milk was put in a tin can with a lid on. When they arrived at camp at night, they had little balls of butter, formed in the can, for their supper by the jolting wagon.

As they neared their journey's end, the cattle became thin and weak. One day a Company came along with some Texas steers that were fat and ready for the yoke. They unyoked the cows and replaced them with these steers. Maria was leading one of the cows when she first viewed the Valley. She felt as Brigham Young said, "This is the Place", and was perfectly contented. The cow must have felt the same, for it layed down and, Maria by its side, went to sleep.

Their first home was in the Eleventh Ward, Salt Lake City, between Brigham Street and First South on Seventh East Street. The house consisted of one log room with a dirt roof. She was a very neat housekeeper and had dainty white curtains to the windows, and valences around the bed. When the rain came, it ran through the dirt roof, and left mud streaked on the white washed logs, as well as soiling the curtains and other furnishings.

Her daughters were all married while still young, as most of the girls did at that time. She worked hard, doing washing and ironing for some of the wealthier families of the City, but she was thankful to be financially independent. Her son Alfred and family came to Utah in 1868, which made her very happy to have all of her children with her.

John Hall, soon after arriving in the valley, took Kezie as a plural wife. They were called to help settle the Dixie Country. Her daughter Maria, married Charles N. Smith, and they were called to the same Mission. He was Bishop of Rockville for many years, and Maria, his wife, was the post mistress and first telegraph operator. They suffered many hardships, but through their untiring efforts were able to tunnel through rock ledges and build a canal which brought water onto a dry, barren bench, and made it "blossom as the rose". This is now the beautiful little town called Hurricane.

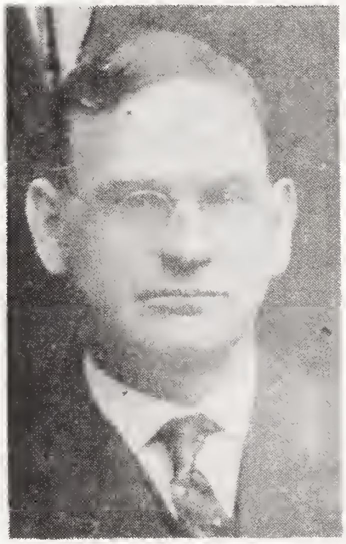
George Badley, Charlotte's husband, was called to the Dixie country, taking his wife Charlotte with him. Her first child was born in a dugout in the side of a hill. They only remained in Dixie a short time, when they were released to return to Salt Lake on account of his Health. This pleased Mother DeGrey, as her youngest daughter, Sarah, had married Henry Aldous Dixon. He had come from South Africa, across the plains in the same Company as had Mother DeGrey and her family.

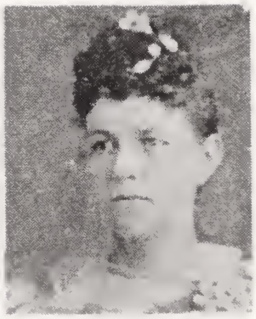
After Henry and Sarah were married, they lived next to Mother DeGrey until Brigham Young called him to Provo to take charge of the Woolen Mills, when it was first opened. The mother was still happy to have Sarah living only fifty miles from her.

She died as she had lived; a true Latter Day Saint, and an unselfish woman, on April 12, 1876, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

JOHN DEGREY DIXON

1867 - 1923





Sarah Lewis Dixon

Biography of JOHN DE GREY DIXON
By Maria Dixon Taylor

John DeGrey Dixon was born in Salt Lake City, on July 16, 1867. His father, Henry Aldous Dixon, was born in Grahamstown, Cape Colony, South Africa, the son of John Henry Dixon of London, England. In 1820 John Henry left his native land with a company of about 5000 people, for South Africa to help settle that part of the country. These people were divided into groups or parties with a captain over each. John Henry's group was called the Dixon Party, as he was the Captain.

Henry Aldous Dixon's mother was Judith Boardman, daughter of the 1st Colonial Minister. Henry Aldous was born March 14, 1835. The first Mormon missionaries to that far off land South Africa, taught and explained the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to Henry A., who accepted and joined the L. D. S. Church upon reaching the age of 21. He left Africa in 1856 and arrived in Salt Lake City in 1857. In 1860 he went back to his native land on a mission for his Church. He spent five years in the mission field and returned in 1864. On January 21, 1865 he married Sarah DeGrey, daughter of John and Maria Brooks DeGrey. She was born in Dudley, England. The first son of the Dixon's, Henry Alfred, died July 1, 1867. Two years later their second son John DeGrey, the subject of this sketch, was born.

When John was about five years of age, his father was called by President Brigham Young to go to Provo. The Provo Woolen Mills began its first operation and Henry was to act as its first secretary.

John acquired his early education in the public schools of Provo. Afterwards he attended the Brigham Young Academy, now known as Brigham Young University.

His time was spent like most boys of his age, doing chores, milking cows, tending horses, chopping wood, which was of great importance at that time, as coal was very hard to get. He assumed responsibility while very young and was always dependable, which proved a blessing to his mother and those who had to depend upon him later. He was hardly 17 years of age when a great sorrow came to their home. The father, only 49 years of age, was called to leave them after only a short week of illness. He died on the 4th of May 1884 of pneumonia. He left two wives and 13 children. Three weeks after the father's death, Arnold, John's youngest brother, was born. This making 14 children to provide for. John being the eldest, felt the responsibility keenly.

He started out upon his business career as bookkeeper in the employ of Samuel Liddiard, a building contractor. He remained with him for three years. John was also clerk of the School Board at the same time. He became connected with the Provo Lumber & Building Co., where he worked for four years. Then he entered into active association with the Taylor Brothers Company at its incorporation and acted as Secretary and Treasurer of the Company.

He was chosen a member of the Provo City Council and was instrumental in having rescinded a contract with a company that was to build and operate the waterworks for Provo. The contract was very unfair and unwise in many particulars, and instead of being carried out, the City built its own splendid waterworks system, which has proven quite successful and has saved a large amount of money to the residents of Provo.

In the History "Utah Since Statehood", I find a sketch of the life of John. I will quote from one or two paragraphs:

"It was Mr. Dixon's business standing and well known ability that led to his election to the office of State Treasurer in 1900 on the Republican ticket, being the 2nd State Treasurer of Utah. He filled this position for four years, and while incumbent in the office conceived a plan, after a study of the laws of Iowa, California and other states, that led him to prepare a bill to tax foreign corporations stocks. The income thus derived has been very great, in fact, it has been sufficient to pay for the beautiful new capitol building of Utah, which was erected at a cost of three million dollars."

After his term of office expired as State Treasurer, he was appointed as Secretary of the State Land Board, and served in that capacity for two years, after which he resigned to become cashier and manager of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, which had just been established in 1906.

On the 18th of September 1889, he was married to Sarah Lewis, a daughter of Bishop William J. Lewis of the Provo Third Ward and Jane Davis Lewis, a former resident of Wales. This union proved a very happy one and they continued as lovers until the day of John's death, which occured October 4, 1923.

Much credit is due his wife, she backed him in everything he did, which was a big factor in the success of his business career, as well as his high standing in religious affairs.

John was a very religious boy from his childhood and all through his life. In 1896 he left his wife and children to answer a call to the mission field for his Church. He was assigned to the Southern States Mission where he served as President of the Virginia Conference for two years.

For several years he acted as President of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Utah Stake. He was a member of the High Council of Utah Stake at the time of his death, where he had served for 15 years.

While living in Salt Lake, as Utah State Treasurer, he became a member of the Bishopric of the Thirtieth Ward with Heber C. Cutler as Bishop and Charles Cottrell as Counselor. During World War One he gave much time to the promotion of Liberty Loan Bonds and other phases of War work. He was also a member of Provo Commercial Club.

John had many hobbies, but I think farming and fruit raising were the most outstanding. His orchard, consisting of 40 acres of peaches, was a great pride to him, although the work and responsibility was far too great for him. It was necessary for him to load cars of peaches and ship to Eastern markets, as well as carry on his work at the Bank. At one time while helping load a fruit car at night on a railroad spur, in the darkness, he fell thru a cattle guard and broke his nose. This shook him up considerably and undermined his health. Three years later he passed away without a moments warning. We were all so shocked and it cast a gloom over the whole community.

The following was taken from an Extra Edition of the Provo Herald, a short time after the news was received:

"Thursday the news of greatest importance to the people of Provo and Utah County, was the death of John DeGrey Dixon Financier, Church man, farmer, and citizen of first rank.

Mr. Dixon passed away without warning, suddenly, and at a moment when his physician and friends believed him on the road to complete recovery. This was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The Herald Press already had been turning out papers for nearly an hour.

The moment when the news of Mr. Dixon's death came in the Herald Office, the press was stopped, the papers already printed and not distributed to carriers, were held for out of the State mails, and the first page of the paper made over. Two reporters had hurried to the home to obtain the facts of Mr. Dixon's death. Another was busy preparing the biographical sketch of Mr. Dixon. All this was being set as rapidly as two linotypes could do the work. At exactly fifty minutes after 4 o'clock the first Herald Extra, containing Mr. Dixon's picture and the report of his death and a sketch of life, were being distributed.

Gloom and sadness filled the hearts of thousands of people of Provo and vicinity, who during their long association with Mr. Dixon had learned to love and respect him for his sterling qualities.

The farmers and fruit growers of the district, whom Mr. Dixon had befriended and assisted at every opportunity were especially grief stricken, realizing they had lost a genuine friend and benefactor, one who understood their problems as clearly or perhaps better than they themselves, one who helped tide them over their hard times, when they could not get help elsewhere."

Scores of tributes paid to this good man were published in the daily papers. The following tribute from Charles R. Mabey, Governor of Utah:

"The State of Utah stands with bowed head, silently grieving the loss of John DeGrey Dixon, one of her best loved and staunchest sons. As a servant of his State, his Church and all the banking institutions to which he gave the last year of his life, he leaves a record of quiet unassuming efficiency, shot through with the spirit of gentleness and service. His State is blessed in having had John D. Dixon with her.

I know of no man who can face the great Examiner before whom our friend has been summoned and have the records of his life in cleaner condition for that examination to which we must all some time submit."

Space will permit me to quote only a few of the many tributes which covered the front page of the local paper:

"Dixon the Community Builder"

"The entire community is shocked and bowed in sorrow at the sudden death of our fellow citizen, John D. Dixon. His loss is one of the greatest which Provo has sustained for some time and will be felt through out the State.

Even though cut short in life, his great industry has enabled him to accumulate more than many are able to do in a much longer time. There have been no idle or misdirected moments in his life. Not only has been untiring in his efforts to build up the community industrially, but he has contributed most liberally of his time and means for the good of his fellowmen.

His was a judgement which placed him on the right side of every problem. His association in business, in church and civic organizations seldom passed a measure or made an important decision without his counsel.

His modesty was such that he never pushed himself forward, so he may not be as widely known as others, but he was one of the great men of our community. His kindness and sympathy have endeared him to thousands of the people through out the West, who will mourn his loss. John D. Dixon was one of the most substantial men of my acquaintance. A thoroughly good citizen, not only of the State, but a devoted member of his Church."

F. S. Harris, President
Brigham Young University

"Dixon the Employer"

"In passing out of life of Cashier John D. Dixon, the employees of the Farmers and Merchants Bank feel that they have lost their best friend. He was always cheerful no matter what his worries or troubles were.

Always on entering the bank in the morning he would greet each of the employees with a smile and pleasant "Good Morning", and would always have some pleasant little joke to relate. He was a friend of the rich and the poor alike. He was a thorough business man and yet possessed a tender heart full of feeling and sympathy for anyone in need.

He was never too tired or busy to hear the troubles of his friends and aid in every way possible to drive trouble or misfortune away from the path of anyone. In fact, many times he would go out of his way to comfort and cheer the distressed.

The Bank lost a man whom it will be very hard indeed to replace. The community will suffer his sudden departure and the employees of the bank will miss his cheerful and pleasant association."

Ole E. Olsen, Jr.
In behalf of the Employees

"Dixon the Neighbor"

"of all my acquaintences, John D. Dixon was my dearest friend. I have known him ever since I remember anyone and he was always just the same. A kindly spirit to all men whatever their station in life, always a friend to the unfortunate and needy, always radiant of good cheer and always an encouraging word and sympathetic understanding.

Tolerant of the opinions of others, patient in his own afflications, a kind and loving father - a life devoted to service and unselfishness."

F. S. Davies, Manager
J. C. Penney Company

Many other tributes were listed as "Dixon the Father", "Dixon the Man", "Dixon the Friend", "Dixon the Citizen", "Dixon the Banker", "Dixon the Ward Worker", and "Dixon the Farmer's Friend", etc, etc.

An account published in the Herald of the funeral service is as follows:

"Men and women from every walk in life and from every community of Utah County and other parts of the State, gathered at the Stake Tabernacle in Provo Sunday afternoon to pay respects to the memory of one of Provo's foremost citizens, John DeGrey Dixon, Utah's second State Treasurer, who died at his home Thursday afternoon.

Every seat in the large Tabernacle was occupied and the aisles and doorways were lined with people; more than 2000 people being present. It was the largest audience ever to attend a funeral in Provo.

The Tabernacle Choir was under the direction of Prof. J. R. Boshard. Eloquent tributes were paid by the following speakers: President S. P. Eggertsen, representing the Stake Presidency; Governor Charles R. Mabey; President Emeritus George H. Brimhall; Senator Charles Cottrell of Salt Lake.

George Albert Smith of the Council of Twelve, representing the First Presidency, said that many of the General Authorities of the

Church would have been present at the funeral services, had it not have been for the closing session of the General Conference. President Heber J. Grant told him to convey to the family the message that when he was President of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A., John Dixon was one of the most able Stake Presidents of the organizations. President Grant also told Mr. George Albert Smith that Brother Dixon was one of the few men in politics who has been able to stand firm in the faith, notwithstanding his participation in political matters."

Bishop George Powelson was in charge of the services. One of the largest funeral corteges ever seen in Provo accompanied the body to the Provo Cemetery, where the grave was dedicated by Bishop Heber S. Cutler of Salt Lake City."

John DeGrey Dixon was the father of the following seven children:

Henry Aldous	Born June 29, 1890	Married Lucille Knowlden
John William	Born Sept. 6, 1892	Died June 6, 1894
Stanley Lewis	Born Mar. 3, 1895	Married Luella Madsen (div.)
		" Maurine Welker
Rulon Sterling	Born Sept. 9, 1898	" Erma Murdock
Maud	Born Feb. 29, 1901	" Fred L. Markham
Lucian	Born Jun. 17, 1903	Died March 22, 1904
Grant	Born Mar. 30, 1905	Died Dec. 18, 1905

MY FOLKS ON FIFTH WEST

By Rulon S. Dixon

February 1964

Aldous was up last night and we were talking about Dad. I just happened to think that you kids did not know him. You have read in the History of Utah about his political life but to know him was really a joy. I haven't the ability to describe him, but in my feeble way will try to give you an idea of what he was like. I think the best way would be to take a trip from our home in Provo to the Bank - - about six and one half blocks.

Pop told me one noon to stick around as he wanted me to go down to John T. Taylor's with him to pick up some groceries. I knew something was up as we didn't buy groceries at John T's unless it was something special. He had the best store in town and was a director of the Bank and Dad's close friend but they decided it best for us to buy at our next door grocery as he needed the business and banked with us.

He went into the kitchen and I heard him say to mother that he thought the Lord would forgive him for sending Aunt Annie some tea and it would make the grand old lady very happy. I now knew the reason for my trip to John T's as his was the only store that carried "English Breakfast Tea", also he would not talk about it. Now Aunt Annie wasn't really our aunt, but a lovely character about seventy-five years old who was converted to the Church in England and a "spot" of tea" was her life. She knew it was wicked but it was her medicine for "medicinal purposes only".

As we started out, mother gave us some date-nut bread and pie to give to Sister Brown on our way to the Bank. Uncle Roy, Dad's brother, who lived next door, called to us. He said he would drop in at the bank to see Dad a little later.

You didn't know Uncle Roy but he as a man was liked by everybody. He had a terrific drive and while he died in his early forties, he had been Mayor of Provo two or three terms, a member of the State Senate year after year, founder and President of Dixon Real Estate Co. and the Provo Ice and Cold Storage Co., President of several Clubs, an avid sportsman, a High Church official and everyone said he was a sure shot for Governor of Utah. He was good enough to sell Aldous the corner lot he was saving for his children so Aldous could live next to him and Dad. (About 408 North Fifth West.)

As we left Aldous' place, Dad asked me if I shouldn't bring a pony down from the farm for Aldous' kids and fix their roller skates (nothing was too good for those grandkids.)

In the next block was Uncle Tom Taylor's home. He was Dad's business partner in the founding of Taylor Bros. Co., the Farmers & Merchants Bank and the Taylor Investment Co. He was President of the Bank, Stake President, President of the B. Y. U. Executive

Committee. He had been defeated in the race for Governor by Charles R. Mabey, a Republican. He wasn't really our uncle but his brother, Arthur N., the father of Arthur, Elton, Lynn, Henry, et al, married father's sister, Aunt Rye.

When we crossed the street to make our delivery to Sister Brown, we waived to Uncle Charles' kids (they lived on the corner of 5th West and 3rd North only on the west side of the street). Uncle Charles ran the Dixon Ranch Co. and the South Fork Cattle Co. All owned entirely by the Dixon Brothers. Uncle Charles had been a bricklayer but got his leg crushed in laying brick on the Third Ward Meeting House. He was a great horseman.

Next to Sister Brown's place lived Aunt Rene, Uncle Arthur's widow. Arthur was the virtual owner of the Provo Pressed Brick Co. and by all odds the most prominent contractor in the County. He had just completed the building for the Murdock Power Plant and was leaving for home when the electrical contractor asked him and one of his men to help move a dynamo. Uncle Art and his men were carrying the back end and the electrical contractor and his man the front. The contractor bumped into a live wire and the charge went through him and the dynamo and killed Uncle Art and his man.

We then crossed back over the street as all the "small fry" were waiting for Uncle John. It was always the same. Dad would say that he just happened to go in Sam Kopp's (the local candy store) and had a pocket full of jelly beans, licorice and "jaw breakers" and each kid was to have his favorite. He never missed or passed them up; he was Uncle John not only to the Dixons but also to every kid on "Sandy Alley".

Grandma Dixon's home was next to Aunt Rye Taylor's in this block. Dad's youngest brother, Uncle Arnold and family lived there. He had worked for Dad in Salt Lake when Dad was State Treasurer and Secretary of the State Land Board and had been with the Bank from the beginning. Dad was really the only father Uncle Arnold ever knew because his father died six months before Arnold was born. Arnold was a very good boxer and spent a lot of time with us kids in a little gym in the barn which he had rigged up. He gave me the first bantams I ever had.

Uncle Arthur Taylor's place was the next stop. He married Aunt Rye, father's only sister, who always was so close to Mother and Dad. They had started the seven Dixon-Taylor-Russell stores and were such a model family. All six boys served missions; four - Arthur, Elton, Lynn D. and Henry D. were Bishops and Henry D. is now an Assistant Apostle.

In the same block was Aunt Louie, Uncle Walter's widow. That is Buck and Sanky's home. Uncle Walter named his boys Fred and

Donald so they couldn't be nicknamed but no one today knows those famous athletes by any other name than "Buck and "Sanky". Well, we called to see if everything was under control. Uncle Walter died following an operation for ulcers of the stomach when he was a very young man. He loved kids as much as Dad and had the same habit of dropping in on all the homes either after work or before work every day. He gave up every holiday to the kids. They planned basketball and skating in the winter; and tennis, baseball and Timpanogos hikes in the summer. He was a remarkable athlete and was an easy winner as the best liked man in Provo. He was a camera fan and wrote to everyone on birthdays often including a picture of them or their kids; often hand colored with a little verse he had written especially for the occasion. Verses just dripped with good old-fashioned sentiment - - but did people love it!

One door south and across the street we passed the Catholic Church (only a basement affair at the time.) Father Delaire was directing some of his parishoners at work on the grounds. Dad asked him how he ever got so many out to work and the good Father said he showed the boys the error of their ways and where they would go if they didn't repent. He then thanked Dad for sending him the seed to plant.

We then proceeded nearly two blocks south, without incident, when Dad spotted a Dixon Coal Co. truck loaded with coal and stopped the driver. He told Jake, the driver, to take some coal and kindling over to Brother Jones and tell Jones that John had asked him to dump off a little (2 tons). Well, hadn't Bro. Jones been sick for a long time and didn't he, Uncle Roy and Charles have a coal yard?

As we passed the Blumenthal Plumbing Co., the owner, Henry Blumenthal, (he was a Mason and didn't bank at the Bank) stopped Dad to tell him he was bringing the big shot of the Masons to see Dad at the Bank that morning.

Next was Duckett's Barber Shop. Dad asked if I still got my hair cut there. (What if Brother Duckett did put a bowl over your head to keep your hair even. Wasn't Bro. Duckett an English convert, didn't he need the trade and didn't he bank at the Bank?)

Clara Kopp, Sam Kopp's daughter saw us passing, dashed out to tell Dad that she and Jerry were going to be married and thanked Dad for speaking to Sam (her father) on Jerry's behalf. It seemed that everytime Clara had a boy friend, Sam would chase him away as "none of them was good enough for Clara". (Clara was no spring chicken). Dad had it doped out that Sam just didn't want to lose a clerk who was for free. Dad pointed out that Jerry was off Saturdays and Sundays which were Sam's two big days and that Jerry could pinch hit for Sam. He told Sam he needed the rest, and that he would only make "Clarie" happy but also get another Clerk for free.

When you opened Sam's door, you nearly passed out unless you were German and then it was another world. He not only had the best assortment of penny candy this side of Denver, but was also loaded with open ten gallon barrels of cabbage, sauerkraut, dried fish, fragrant Kammerbert and Limburger cheese and Schnapps all fresh from the "Fatherland".

We dropped into Bro. Anderson's butcher shop to see about his remodeling and plans to carry first grade meat. We had to patronize him; though his meat was tough and the shop a little dirty (the understatement of the year.) Didn't he need the business and didn't he bank at the Bank?

On the corner Louie Gaudio raced out and put a cigar in Dad's pocket for the birth of child number twelve, ("the strongest kid you ever saw"). He asked Dad if he couldn't stand just "one snort of Dago Red", real stuff. He made it himself.

We pass the next two stores as they don't bank with the Bank or belong to the Church.

As we passed Steve Bee's, the local saddlery, Steve tells us it just happens that this very morning he took in a used harness on a trade and he just knew Johnny could use it on the farm. We looked it over and boy had this harness "ever had it" but with a little repair and saddle soap, Steve said it would be as good as new (and would cost just as much as a new one). I finally talked Dad out of it since I worked on the farm.

It was impossible to get him past Al Van Wagenen's garage, where they sold Saxon cars. Al wasn't there but he had a used one that Dad could buy. (You always purchased Saxons in pairs, one to pull the other one home.) We looked at the used car and was it a fugitive from the junkyard!

Our local blacksmith called us over across the street to see a new saddle horse Will Knight had brought from Kentucky, and was it a beauty! But by the time we got out of the blacksmith shop, Dad had purchased a used plow and cultivator. (It just happened that he had Johnnie in mind when he took them in on a trade.)

Before we parted at the Bank, he told me had had made a date with Mom and Sis to go to the show that night. We had an early dinner that night and then Dad, Mom, Sis and I walked to the "Ellen Theater". (We always walked in spite of owning a Saxon car.) We always went to the "Ellen". Weren't the Epperson boys, who owned it, having a hard time, and didn't they bank with us? Besides this, the other shows were owned by "outsiders" and none of them banked at our Bank. The film made no difference to Dad and Mom as they were always both so tired that they fell asleep five minutes after the show started. No matter how hard they thumped the piano (they followed the picture and made up the music to fit the intensity of the scene) it didn't disturb the rest in the least. When Dad and Mom had slept for about an hour, Sis and I would shake them and tell them the show was over, especially if it happened to be dull.

Then on cold nights we always walked up to the Commercial Bank corner to Cory's pop corn wagon and bought peanuts for Mom and a hot meat pie for Dad, Sis and me. When he opened that broiler and the smell of those hot meat pies hit the air, it made me almost delirious. He'd take the pie out and from a big can with a spout on it, he would give the pie a couple of squirts and order a "Golden West". It started out like a banana split, but from there on out any similarity was coincidental -a split banana, a scoop of strawberry ice cream, one of vanilla and one of chocolate with a choice of syrups. Around the banana was brandied fruit with a cherry on top. This was the plain one. The deluxe one was smothered with pecan halves with a rosette of whipped cream, and a candle stuck in the strawberry and chocolate and an American flag in the center of the vanilla. When they served it, they would light the candle with a flourish and every one would look on with envy (really a thing of beauty, about 2,000 calories and about as many nightmares in each one), then home. Dad and Mother used to sleep on the open sleeping porch, winter and summer, no matter how cold the weather. Mom always had one foot out of the covers. She "just seemed smothered" if she didn't.

I know this is a weak attempt to give you a peek at your Grandpa. He would no doubt have spoiled you because he knew what kid's dreams are made of and as far as he could, he made them come true. You would have had the "mostest and the bestest", for didn't we have any toy basketball, etc. at Taylor Brothers and the finest ponies on the farm?

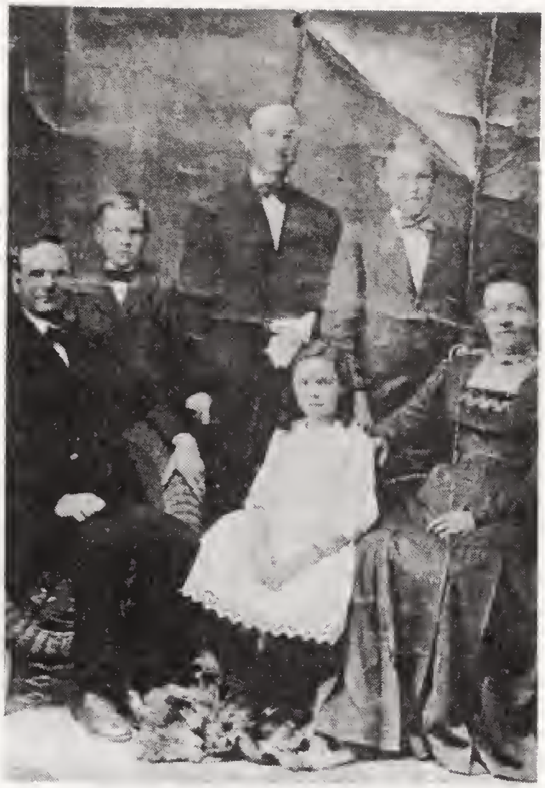
When he died they put out a special edition of the paper. The flag hung at half mast on the State Capitol. They closed all business houses in Provo during the funeral. Hundreds packed the Provo Tabernacle and hundreds were turned away. The Provo Herald says it was the biggest funeral Provo ever had. He made his way from bricklayer to bookkeeper, from bookkeeper to City Recorder, to City Councilman, to businessman, to State Treasurer, to Secretary of the State Land Board, co-founder of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, farmer and pioneer of Provo Bench (Orem), its water and economy.

As one paper put it "hundreds from every walk of life paid their respects to John DeGrey Dixon". It was every walk of life that best described him - - from the town drunk to the Governor - -they were his friends.

In Dad you had a man of boundless energy, great ability, tremendous loyalty, and as one paper put it, " He stood like the Rock of Gilbralter asking no quarter and giving no quarter if he thought he was in the right." In dealing with people he was kind almost to a fault. It was the standing joke of the town how "John Dixon could turn a man down on a loan and have the man go away from the bank feeling better than Jos. Farrer's customers felt when he made them the loan."

Dad had a code of ethics which he applied to himself that it would take a saint to live by. He was a true Christian not because it was expected of him but because he wanted it that way. If he had a fault (besides his yean for horses and second hand bargains) it was that he believed there was some good in everyone - - and they sometimes let him down. He was the last man people wanted to beat out of money. It was also a point of common knowledge and gossip that in times of depression, insolvent people and firms could come into the bank and pay Dad what they owed him before taking out bankruptcy.

If you had asked him what inspired him most, he would have said his wife, Sarah. What did I like about him? It was that Sarah was his best girl until the day he died. WHAT A GUY !



JOHN DE GREY DIXON FAMILY

John D., Rulon S., Henry Aldous II Stanley,
Sarah L, and Maud

HOME at 440 No. 5th West
Provo, Utah

ARTHUR DE GREY DIXON

1869 - 1911

Catherine Morgan Dixon

Biography of ARTHUR DE GREY DIXON

By Arthur D. Taylor

Arthur DeGrey Dixon known by us all as Uncle Art Dixon was the third child of Henry Aldous and Sarah DeGrey Dixon. He was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, ten minutes past seven p. m., October 5, 1869. When he was about three years old he moved to Provo with his folks, at the time his father was sent by Brigham Young to keep the books of the Provo Woolen Mills.

Art was a robust, healthy lad, well built and very good looking. It was said that there was none of the boys near his age that could throw him in a wrestling match. He was the tallest of the Dixon boys. Very early in life he was employed by the Liddiards' and Collins' who were rock and brick masons. He learned this trade and had the reputation of being one of the best brick layers in Utah County.

As he grew to manhood he went into business for himself and was a very successful contractor. He worked on the B. Y. U. buildings, now known as the lower campus. He assisted in building the State Mental Hospital and many of Provo's best homes and business houses. Scores of school houses and public buildings in various parts of the State were built under his direction.

He was a pupil of Dr. Karl G. Maeser when the B. Y. Academy was located in the old ZCMI warehouse at Provo. He was especially apt in mathematics which was useful to him in his contracting business. He was loved by his workmen and companions and had a heart as big as the moon and would give his last cent to a man in need.

He loved the out-of-doors. He was a great fisherman. His greatest fun was a day fishing up the Provo River. Several times each year he would take Al Davis, his fishing pal, or get some of his friends and go to Strawberry Valley or into the Indian Reservation country for weeks at a time on a fishing trip. It was said, "If a fish was in the stream, Art Dixon would get it".

His social life was with his pals. He was bashful around women and it looked like he would never marry. He was considered an old batch, but Aunt Rene came along and when he was 36 years old she married him. He built a nice, new, brick home for his bride on Fifth West, across the street from his Mother's home. They had a very happy life together, even though it was for a short time.

Aunt Rene liked many things that Uncle Art liked. She was an expert horsewoman. Uncle Art had a beautiful black mare that he called Bess. She was a high spirited animal and could travel like the wind. Very few people could handle her other than Uncle Art. Aunt Rene was one of those few. There were few women that could handle horses as well as Aunt Rene. Uncle Art loved old Bess and used to ride her nearly everywhere he went.

Uncle Art loved children and although he never had any of his own he passed his love onto the children that lived on "Sandy Alley". All the children of the neighborhood loved him.

His earth life experience came to an end on the 5th of June 1911. He was completing his contract on the Murdock Power Plant at Heber and was asked to assist some electricians to move a piece of machinery. One of the men ran into a live wire. He was being terribly burned and Uncle Art ran to his rescue. He took the man's hand to pull him off the wire and the current went through him and killed him. He gave his life to help some one else.

His death was a terrible shock to all of Provo and Utah County and especially to Aunt Rene, who had only had six years as his wife and sweetheart.

ARTHUR D. DIXON'S DEATH

Deseret Evening News
Tuesday June 6, 1911

Arthur D. Dixon who was killed at the Murdock Power Plant, owned by the Knight Co., situated nine miles northeast of Heber; was brought to Provo by relatives yesterday afternoon, who went to the scene of the accident in the forenoon. Mr. Dixon had the contract for building a new transformer house and was helping to move the transformer into the power house. He and William Blood of Midway, had hold of the side of the transformer and Earl Francom and M. V. Eardley on the other side. In passing live wires heavily charged with electtricity, Mr. Blood touched the live wire with his hip. The result was that heavy spitage passed through all the men and knocked them down. Blood died immediately and Dixon in a few minutes. Eardley and Francom, who were on the other side of the transformer, were not so seriously hurt; Francom practically escaping without injury. He was standing on a plank while the others stood on cement floor. Eardley was quite badly burned. He was taken to Salt Lake for treatment on yesterdays train, by way of Park City.

Mr. Dixon was born here October 1869 and has lived here all his life. He was a contractor and builder of repute and an honorable, capable man and great sympathy is felt for his wife and his aged Mother, Mrs. Sarah Dixon and numerous relatives here. He was a brother to former State Treasurer, John D. Dixon. The time of the funeral has not yet been fixed.

Arthur D. Dixon Home
275 No. 5th West
Provo

Catherine M. Dixon Arthur D. Dixon

ALICE DIXON DANGERFIELD

1870 - 1948

Jabez W. Dangerfield

ALICE SMITH DIXON DANGERFIELD

One of the most generous and lovable individuals was born to Mary Smith and Henry Aldous Dixon in the Salt Lake City Eleventh Ward on April 29, 1869. This eldest child of Mary and the eldest daughter of Henry A. Dixon, was blessed and given the name of Alice Smith Dixon by her father on May 7, 1869. To all of her relatives and friends she was lovingly known as "Aunt Alice". Alice Taylor Nelson and Alice Dixon Andrews are proud to have the same first name.

When just about a year old, her father was appointed by Brigham Young to go to Provo as Secretary and Bookkeeper of the new Provo Woolen Mills, which was being built. Upon completion of a new adobe house on the corner of Third West and Second North, she and her mother left Salt Lake City and moved into this new home in Provo.

Alice was very active and energetic as a young girl. She prefferred to be out competing and playing with her older brothers and their boy friends than in the house playing with her doll and the girls.

Aunt Alice and her sister Hattie had sort of reddish brown hair. She was not the type to spend her money on fancy clothes and the newest styles, but was always neat, clean and very attractive. Her concern for the material things of life for herself, was the last thing she ever thought about. She was always thinking about someone else. She worried about her younger sisters, Hattie and Sarah, and was always concerned with their welfare. Aunt Hattie West came to Provo from California and spent many vacations as Aunt Alice's guest. Aunt Alice cheered her up, for Aunt Hattie was ill much of her life and didn't have the faith and positive attitude of her sister Alice.

Alice received a limited education in the Provo City Schools and was fortunate to attend the B. Y. U. (Academy) in the old Lewis Hall, on the corner of Center Street and Third West. She wanted her family to have a better education than she was able to enjoy.

Upon the death of her father in 1884 and being the oldest of her mother's six children, she felt her responsibility to go to work and help provide for the wants of her fatherless brothers and sisters.

Having been raised in a large family, she had acquired the art of cooking and especially for large numbers of people. So when she was offered the job as cook for Dave Stagg's railroad construction gang, she readily accepted.

Later, and up to the time of her marriage, she "clerked" in the R. R. Irvine Dry Goods Store. Here she became a very popular and successful clerk. Many of the store's customers would have no other sales clerk wait on them but Alice Dixon. They completely relied on her knowledge and honesty for selecting the merchandise they needed.

A very energetic and industrious printer by the name of Jabez W. Dangerfield, had moved from Salt Lake City to Provo, as a partner of Will Silver, an old friend and former missionary companion. They did business under the name of " The Grocery Job Printing Company".

On December 5, 1900, Alice was married to Jabez W. Dangerfield in the Salt Lake Temple. Alice then channeled all her attention to "keeping house" for her husband, Jabez, here in Provo.

Their first child Jabez Aldous was born at Provo, Utah, November 20, 1901. He died March 26, 1902 at Provo, Utah.

Their second son, Royden James, was born at Provo, Utah on the 31st of December 1902. Aunt Alice was so happy to have another boy after losing her first born.

Their first daughter, Afton, was born on May 18, 1904, but she died on February 14, 1905.

Twin boys, Harold and Clifford, were born the 14th of May 1906 at Provo, Utah. Although they were not identical twins, they both chose the medical profession and have become prominent Doctors in New York State, where they practice.

Grace Mary Dangerfield was born at Provo, Utah on the 10th of September 1910. Aunt Alice gloried in her daughter Grace, for she was the only daughter she was permitted to raise to maturity.

Donna May was born at Provo, Utah, September 11, 1911. She died on March 15, 1912 at Provo, Utah.

To supplement his earnings as a printer, Jabez ventured in the speculative business of buying houses. He moved his family into them, fixed them up and then sold them for a profit. Between the years of his marriage in 1900 and 1909, Alice was required to pack all of her belongings and gather up her family and move into a different rundown house, at least five different times.

In 1909 Alice and Jabez became interested in the fashionable "Greer House", which was located on First West Street, across the street west from the Old Opera House. Adjoining the restaurant, on the North, was a hotel, then a vacant lot and next was the Westrope Livery Stable. Their plans were to buy the restaurant, hotel and vacant lot, and then build a new two story building on the vacant lot. The ground floor and basement to be used for the printing shop and the upstairs to be used by the Hotel for rented rooms. The old hotel was to be modernized by installing new plumbing and heating, thus making it into a first rate Hotel. They would lease the restaurant. Alice would manage the Hotel. Jabez would carry on his printing business, and the family could live at the Hotel and all help, when and where needed. The new and remodeled Hotel was given a new name, "Royden House", after the eldest son, Royden.

It was really a rare treat to be invited to go to the Royden House and play with the Dangerfield children. There were many steps and long, dark corridors in which to play and pretend all sorts of imaginary things. Aunt Alice, being a good cook, always had plenty of delectable foods for her guests. Her hot bread was a favored specialty. She always had a surprise for us and generally sent something home for the family.

The back door to John T. Taylor's Grocery Store was very conveniently located adjoining the back door of the Royden House. Aunt Alice would give the kids some eggs and they could take them over to the Grocery Store and trade them for all varieties of "goodies".

Just before it was time to go home., Aunt Alice would give her young visitors tickets to the merry-go-round and ferris wheel which was located just across the street. It was owned and operated by her close and valued friend, the Eldreds. This was a perfect climax to a wonderful visit with Aunt Alice, and would be remembered forever.

A few weeks before Christmas time, the kids from all over town would go to Aunt Alice and Uncle Jabez' for scraps of various colored paper to make paper chains for trimming the Christmas trees or to hang around and decorate the rooms. No one was ever turned away empty handed, even if Uncle Jabez had to cut up, in strips, some perfectly usable paper. Their generosity was unlimited. Aunt Alice was dedicated to helping the handicapped or under privileged folks she knew. She had the ability to project their needs into her heart and understand their desire for kindness and consideration.

In 1924 after fifteen years residence at the Royden House, Aunt Alice desired to have a little more privacy and comfort in her home, where she could entertain her friends and relatives without the confusion and interuptions which always existed at the Hotel. So Uncle Jabez purchased the home of Mrs. Cy. Smith at 64 North First East, where they moved and lived the rest of their lives.

Aunt Alice loved to entertain. Under most any pretext or suggestion she would invite the Dixon Sisters, or her neighbors and friends to her home for a party or a visit. She had a good sense of humor and enjoyed a good joke. When she told of some funny incident that had happened to her or that she had heard, you could see a twinkle creep into her attractive eyes. She always smiled with her whole face and would squint her eyes when she laughed.

It has truthfully been said that every Dixon daughter or daughter-in-law who got married in that era, was entertained with a shower or a party of some kind, by Aunt Alice. She always gave the bride-to be an electric iron or some useful, expensive gift.

Being a true Dixon, it was natural for Aunt Alice to have Uncle Jabez build her a summer home at Wildwood, where several of her brothers and sisters had cabins.

It was very difficult for her to spend all summer at Wildwood, due to being tied down at the Royden House for seven days a week and twenty-four hours a day; however she always managed to take her children and spend a few weeks each summer in the Canyon. A vacation for her in the Canyon, was not one of laying around, resting and doing nothing. She always had one of her relatives or friends come and enjoy the Canyon with her. This meant that she spent most of her time cooking and making her guest comfortable and happy.

Like most of the other early cabins at Wildwood, it consisted of a wooden floor, with a half-way wood sides, a framework over the top to support a canvas tent, and a wooden doorway. At the front was an open porch with a screened cupboard and a wood burning range to cook on. Water for washing and cooking was carried from the near-by creek.

As long as it did not rain, life in the Canyon was pleasant, relaxing and exhilirating. But a sudden shower, chased all the family into the one room and brought out buckets and pans to catch the drips from the leaky canvas tent. With the coming of the sun the next day, the clothes, bedding and everything which had been soaked; dried out and life again moved into its pleasant, relaxing and satisfying routine.

Aunt Alice was deeply interested, not only in her immediate family, but the whole Dixon Family. Whenever she had an inkling of trouble and distress, Aunt Alice was always there to be of assistance.

It was the aim of Aunt Alice and Uncle Jabez to provide the best education available for their children. The three boys obtained their Doctor's Degree and Grace graduated from College with her degree. Aunt Alice's dream had been realized. She was very proud of the achievements her family had made.

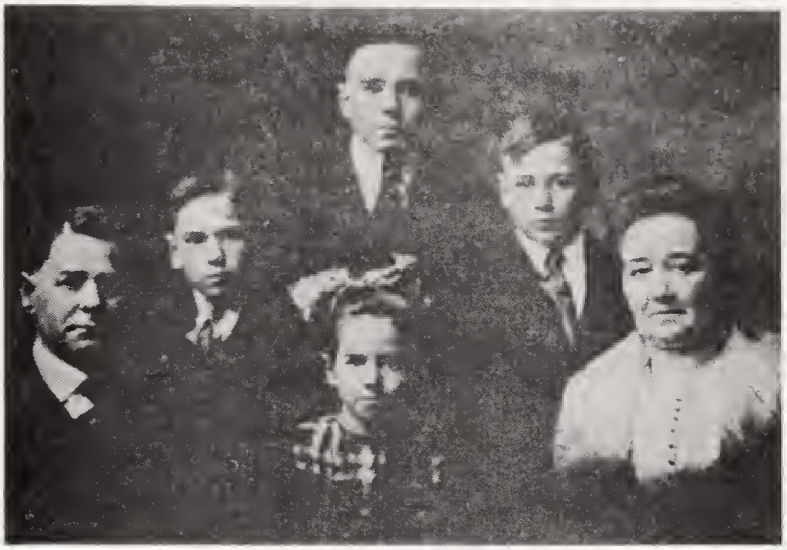
She was very active in the Provo Third, Fourth and Fifth Wards. She taught in the Sunday School and the Relief Society for many years. She was a member of the Daughter of Pioneers, Camp #5 and also a member of the Alice Louise Reynolds Club.

In her later years she suffered much, but patiently endured it all with a pleasant assurance that all would work out for the best. Throughout her five years of sickness and ill health, Uncle Jabez stayed at her side, giving her his cheerful presence and ever thoughtfulness for her every need, and his patient hope for her well being.

On December 7,1948, Alice Smith Dixon Dangerfield passed away at her home in Provo, Utah. She had lived a good life, loving God and her fellowmen.

As one of her neices remarked. "As children we were sure that in heaven there would be three people: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Aunt Alice Dangerfield".

To all adults who knew Aunt Alice Dangerfield, this same thought is applicable.



FRONT - L to R - Jabez W. Dangerfield,
Grace, Alice D. Dangerfield.
CENTER- Clifford D., Harold D.
BACK - Royden J. Dangerfield.

SARAH DIXON MC CONACHIE

1871 - 1950

Alexander Mc Conachie

A Sketch of The Life of SARAH DIXON MC CONACHIE

In writing this sketch of Mother's life, I may not have all the facts in chronological order. I would like to relate some of the incidents in her early life that made such a lasting impression upon her that she told them to me many times. Also, to relate some of the experiences she had and the things she did that developed her into the lovable person she was . . . . Nancy McConachie Armstrong

According to an old family record, at exactly 22 minutes past nine o'clock, Thursday evening, December 7, 1871; Sarah Anne Dixon made her entrance into the world. She was the second daughter born to the union of Mary Smith and Henry Aldous Dixon.

From the very beginning she was a delicate baby and her parents were careful to see that she did not overexert herself. As a child she was required to stay home from school a great deal. . Often when feeling ill, she would put her head under her desk and rub her cheeks, for fear the teacher would send her home if she looked pale. Having a great deal of native intelligence, she had a desire for learning, and being extremely sensitive person, her lack of early formal education was a source of worry to her.

At the age of twelve a great tragedy came into her life in the death of her father. Her recollection of him was of a very generous, warm hearted and understanding individual. For comfort, she turned to taking almost constant care of her baby sister, Hattie, who had been born just previous to her father's death.

A serious injury nearly ended her life when she was fourteen. She had not been able to learn to skate while younger, and she coaxed her brother to take her skating with them, on the Provo River. Not being experienced, she was easily overbalanced by a boy who bumped into her. She struck her head on the ice receiving a skull fracture. For seventeen weeks she was bedfast. Many times during those weeks, the family was afraid the end had come.

As she slowly regained her health, she began to take a great interest in sewing and designing of clothes. Her sister Alice disliked sewing as much as Sarah disliked cooking, so a compact was made between them; Sarah would do Alices's sewing and Alice would take Sarah's turn at the stove. Sarah became so adept that she began to sew for others outside the family. She made quite a career for herself. Later she had a small dressmaking shop with others to assist her. At that time she was designing her own patterns.

Sarah grew to be beautiful in appearance, charming in manner and very attractive to the young men of the community. She had many suitors and soon there was one for whom she felt affection. But upon discovering that he had bad habits she simply could not condone. She endeavored to break her engagement, but he persisted in his attentions, so with the permission of her family she went to Salt Lake to stay with some friends of her mother. These people, by the name of Abernathy, operated a small candy shop and factory. Sarah enjoyed waiting on customers and helping occasionally with making candy. While staying with them she obtained a position as cashier at the Royal Bakery.

In order to reach her work each morning, she had to pass by the Vienna Cafe. In this Cafe, the headwaiter was a tall, handsome, blond Scotchman by the name of Alexander Mc Conachie. He noticed this lovely young lady pass by and soon found himself watching for her every morning. Then he discovered that his day was not complete unless he had seen this vision of loveliness. She wore her shining black hair piled high upon a proudly held head, which turned neither to right nor left. He took notice of the trim little figure dressed in the latest fashions. He liked the way she held her skits at just the proper heighth in one hand and the tilt of the dainty parasol she held in the other.

One morning as Sarah passed, another waiter was standing beside Mac looking out. Mac turned to him and asked, "Do you see that young lady with the black hair and polkadot dress?" The waiter nodded, "Well, that's the lady I'm going to marry." The waiter looked puzzled. No doubt he thought it strange that the young lady of Mac's choice had not even glanced his way.

"Does she know it?" the waiter asked.

"No", Mac replied, "But she will as soon as I find some way to meet her."

One evening only a short time later, Mac's good friend, Gus Vogeler and his fiancee came into the cafe for dinner and with them was his dream girl. It seemed the two girls were good friends. If Mac had only known! A proper introduction was made and Mac began his courtship immediately.

In a few short months this sincere, straightforward, clean cut fellow had completely won Sarah's heart. But when she told her family she intended to marry him, she met with a great opposition. Very readily they recognized his worth, but he was not a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Her mother felt she could not find happiness outside of her own faith.

Sarah honored her mother and knew in her heart she could not be happy if she disobeyed the wishes of her family. She also knew there could never be anyone else for her but Mac and so at the ripe old age of about twenty-three years she resigned herself to the fate of being an old maid. She went back to Provo again to take up dressmaking.

Sarah had always enjoyed people and parties and her family felt sure she would soon find someone else. But she practically withdrew from social life. Then too there was the determination and charm of the young Scotchman to reackon with. He continued to pay court . This was not to easy in his day. It meant a day away from work, a long ride on the steam train, a long walk from the station - - - only a few hours time with Sarah before the steam train returned to Salt Lake.

He often told in later years, the story of sending her some American Beauty roses for Christmas, saying that when he arrived later on the train and was walking from the station, every other man he passed was wearing one of his roses in his Lapel. Sarah's version of the story was, that she had merely had a couple of Christmas Day callers and she thought it only polite to share her roses with them. Mac no doubt learned later that her generous nature made it impossible for her to enjoy anything she had unless she shared it with others. However, it happened, it was a standing joke in the family in later years. Whenever Mac brought her flowers, even from their own garden, he would say, "Mither, I don't want to catch half the men in town wearing these in their buttonholes".

Sarah's resignation and Mac's determination finally wore away the family opposition and the marriage date was set. The following is an exact copy of the wedding invitation:

> "Mrs. Mary A. Dixon desires your presence at the wedding reception of her daughter, Sarah, and Mr. A. C. McConachie at her residence, Cor. F and 9th Sts., Provo City, Utah, Thursday evening October 7, 1897, at seven o'clock."

Guests did not call for a few moments to visit and wish the bride well, in Sarah's day. Oh! no, they came for a full course chicken dinner and a full evening of visiting and entertainment.

The bride was indeed radiant in her cream satin gown with leg o'mutton sleeves and pearl trimmed high collar yoke. The skirt had 7 gores all heavily lined. Her slippers were also of satin with the latest toothpick toes and shaped heels. The gown was designed and made by Sarah and cherished for years to come. Many and many a time when the anniversary of this date was celebrated, Mac would say, "Mither, put on your wedding dress and let's see how you looked when you were a bride." Always, he was proud that she had the same trim figure, the same sparkle in her eye. Only the hair kept changing and finally when she wore the dress for the last time, on their fortieth anniversary, her hair was pure silver.

After the wedding they journeyed to Salt Lake, where Mac had furnished a nice little home he had rented in Whitaker's Court on 3rd. South.

With her emphasis having been on sewing and her dislike for cooking, Sarah had a lot to learn. Being in the restaurant business, Mac was in no danger of going hungry, but Sarah knew it was her duty to cook for him. No one had told her that in making lemon pie, the crust is baked before being filled, consequently the pie crust raised, the oven received the filling and the house received some very unappetizing odors, and just as Mac was to arrive home. She quickly hid the pie on the top shelf behind the pantry door and scraped out the oven. Mac wrinkled up his nose when he entered and wanted to know what the delicious aroma was. Then he went snooping and found the pie. He cut himself a huge piece of pie and sat down to devour it, declaring it the best he had ever tasted. But when the bride burst into tears, he knew he had carried the joke too far. She vowed she would make a pie he could truly say was the best if it took her a lifetime. She succeeded without spending a lifetime at it, not only with pie but all kinds of cookery. She experimented with receipts until she became not only a good cook, but an unusual one.

The only child born to this marriage was a beautiful, brown eyed baby boy, who arrived August 16, 1898. He was christened Donald Collie. Sarah's health was greatly impaired by the birth of the child and she had to walk on crutches for several weeks. The baby was only a little over a year old when she had a major operation.

Sarah felt they should be acquiring a home of their own, but Mac was sure they hadn't enough money. However Sarah kept watching the advertisements and went looking whenever she could. Finally she found a little home on 7th West that was within their means and entirely filled their needs as it provided Donald with a safe place to play. They were pleased and proud to be in their own home and thrilled with their wonderful boy.

By this time Mac had been made manager of the Cafe and things were looking very prosperous.

The greatest unhappiness this couple ever had to share together came to them on March 4, 1902, when their baby son was called home. He had contracted a severe case of Scarlet Fever and although everything known to medical science was done for him, it was to no avail. There are no words to describe the anguish of this young couple who knew they could never have another child.

Several years of illness followed for Sarah. Another operation and trip to California for her health. She was never happy in the little home after Donald's death and had many times discussed selling it. One evening Mac brought home some splendid news. He was to have a long leave of absence from business and they would sell the home and, at long last, take the honeymoon trip he had always promised her. When they returned, they would start the building of their new home. The trip was to be a combination of pleasure and business. But what a pleasure it was, to attend to business which consisted of visiting the finest restaurants and hotel dining rooms in the east to make a study of their cuisine and methods of serving.

The home was readily disposed of at a good profit. This was in 1907 and a World's Exposition was in progress at Jamestown, Virginia. They made their first major stop there and spent a good deal of time along the water front at various places in Virginia. They had days of sightseeing in Washington, New York and Chicago. Then they went up into Canada to the little town of Welland, Ontario, where Mac had spent his boyhood from the age of five when he came from Scotland, until the age of seventeen when he ran away from his Uncle's home to go West and be a cowboy. They had a long visit at the Uncle's home, who by this time was an old man and being cared for by Mac's younger sister Katherine.

Sarah was fascinated with the Canadian people and their customs and Katherine so enjoyed her that she begged Sarah to stay on after it was time for Mac to return to work. Sarah stayed for several weeks and although she never again saw Katherine, after leaving Canada ; they corresponded with each other until Sarah's passing.

Upon arrival in Salt Lake, Sarah found that Mac had a place for them to board, just one block from the site of their new home, which was to be built on the corner of Main and Apricot Streets.

This was a happy year. Ginnie and Papa Wade, with whom they stayed, were jolly people and again Sarah made some life long friends. Although Papa Wade passed away many years ago, Ginnie, who is in her nineties and lives in California, kept in contact by letter or a visit whenever she came to Utah.

By the following year the home was completed enough for them to move in. It was large and beautiful. Although it was a lot of work, Sarah enjoyed it and at that time she was able to have plenty of help.

In January of 1910, word came that her cousin, Fanny Shearsmith, and her three little girls were coming from England, to make their home in Provo. Sarah's brother, Albert, had been on a mission there, a few years previous and with other missionaries had been instrumental in converting Fanny and her husband to the Church. In the meantime, Fanny had been left a widow, but still having the desire to come to Zion, she was encouraged and helped by Albert Dixon. He, of course, planned to meet her upon arrival in Salt Lake, but was called out of town on business. He asked his Sister Sarah to go to the Station. He forgot to bring her the picture of them, as he had promised, so her only means of identification was that both the mother and children had brown eyes. However she had no difficulty in recognizing them when three little girls all dressed alike in blue pleated kilts and green sweaters and caps stepped off the train.

Sarah took them home and fell in love with all three children. In a day or so the little family left to settle in Provo. She and Mac had often talked of adopting a child and had encountered one sad experience in trying to do so. They wanted so much to have one of Fanny's little girls and after several months, she consented to seven year old Nancy, her second child, go to live with them. They took Nancy permanently into their home and their hearts.

The next few years were ones of accomplishment and fulfillment. Sarah had every opportunity to use her knowledge of design and sewing in making clothes for Nancy and Nancy's big family of dolls and later she made countless dance costumes. All the youngsters in the neighborhood knew they could always have a play dinner at Nancy's house. Or maybe a taffy pull with Mrs. Mac showing them how to make candy canes or twisted baskets. Hour upon hour of happy enjoyment went into the learning and teaching of Art work, for the 19th and Capitol Hill Ward Relief Society. Altogether, thirty years were spent as a visiting teacher. No Church banquet was complete without her artisitic touch to the table decorations. Through the years, innumerable cakes and pies and other goodies came from her oven to grace the Church dinner table.

She was active in a literary Club, organized by 12 of her friends and called "The Antiques". No member left the club and no new members were admitted. Since Sarah's death there are three remaining members. Days and days, during World War I were spent at Red Cross Headquarters making and inspecting bandages. There were crab-cracking parties for friends and neighbors at Christmas time. There were dinners for nephews who were leaving or returning from missions. Always a house full of company at Conference time. Dinners for nieces and nephews who came to be married in the Temple. A great deal of entertainment took place for family and friends and for Nancy's friends.

A business adventure of Mac's turned out to be an unprofitable investment and made finances in the home less plentiful. Sarah decided to help by renting rooms in the big home. She was such a gracious and hospitable landlady and made such good friends of several of those who stayed with her that they affectionately called her "Mother Mac" and remembered her on special occasions with cards and gifts until the end of her life.

Finances went from bad to worse. It was necessary to vacate the building where the Old Vienna Cafe had stood as a landmark for many years. Mac invested as a partner in a new cafe opened by George Morgan. Almost before the new business could get firmly established, a disastrous fire made a complete loss of the place. The insurance was inadequate but with his share, Mac opened the Chesapeake Cafe on Second South. Before it could get well under way, the depression had come and it was impossible to make a financial success of it, and Mac lost the business. His health had begun to break under the strain.

He was able to work for others only a short time when it was discovered that he had cancer. He, who had always taken care of Sarah, was in need of help and she did a magnificient job of taking care of him. She devoted about her entire time to nursing him. In June of 1937 he had an operation. This served only to agravate the condition and he suffered intensely. On January 16, 1938 he passed away.

The fact that he had joined the Church just three months before his death, brought a measure of solace to Sarah. Due to his failing health, a special baptism had been arranged by his good friend Rufus K. Hardy.

Swiftly on the heels of the tragedy of losing her husband came the loss of her home. One of the hardest things that Sarah ever had to do was to leave her home and friends in Salt Lake. Yet she knew she would be more contented back in Provo with her family than anywhere else.

For a year she had an apartment in her brother Charles' home. However half of the year was spent in Denver, where her nephew, Dr. Clifford Dangerfield, had arranged for her to have a cataract removed from her eye.

The day before she was to leave for Denver she fell down the stairs in her sister Rye's home and broke her wrist. So the entire winter was spent in Denver, convalescing from both ailments. Most of the time she stayed with the Dangerfields but enjoyed many pleasant days with the El Roy Nelson family.

Upon her return to Provo there was an apartment vacant in her mother's old home and she moved into it. She was back where she had spent so much of her early life. She enjoyed being with old friends, and working in the Relief Society and Widow's Organization of the 3rd. Ward, and in the Daughters of Pioneers, with her sister Rye. But most of all she found happiness in the "Sisters Club". The Sisters and Sister-in-laws of the Dixon Family held a birthday party for Sarah, the first birthday she celebrated after her return from Denver. Out of this enjoyable afternoon grew the organization that has brought much joy into the lives of the "Sisters", and a great strengthening of ties in the Dixon Family.

Then came World War II. By this time Nancy was married and living in the little town of Lindon. When her husband had to go into the Army, Nancy persuaded her mother to come and live with her.

So once more, Sarah made new friends. Her capacity for friendship was limitless and it wasn't long before neighbors and members of the Ward were calling her "Aunt Sarah". Here, also, she found many ways of giving service; in the home, in the Relief Society, and "baby sitting" for the young coupel next door so they could have some free evenings together.

Her sister Alice had a long seige of illness prior to her death and Sarah spent a great deal of time with her trying to comfort and help whenever she could.

During her sister Rye's last illness she stayed a short time with her. The loss of these two sisters and her two brothers, Albert and Parley, all within a very short space of time, overwhelmed her with a great sense of loneliness.

One delighful experience came to her in the last year of her life. In order to raise money for the Church Building Fund of the Lindon Ward, each organization chose a queen and sold votes for its candidate. Sarah was chosen to represent the Relief Society. The climax to the campaign came at the dance where the boxes of money were opened. Sarah won by a large majority and was crowned Queen of the Ball. She made a very gracious, lovely queen, dressed in a Pioneer costume borrowed from a friend, Wilmuth Brown. The costume had been made by Sarah some fifty-five years previous for Wilmith's mother.

For a period of about five years she suffered with high blood pressure. Her constant fear was that she would have a long period of inactivity before her death. She prayed that when her time came to be called home that she could go quickly. Surely her prayer was answered to the fullest. On Christmas Morning, 1950, as she was dressing to go into Provo, she had a cerebral hemmorage and lost all consciousness immediately. She passed away quietly early the following morning (December 26, 1950). It could be truly said, "She did not taste death".

On December 29, 1950, she was laid to rest between her beloved husband and son.

In conclusion, the following is a short excerpt from one of her favorite poems:

"There is no death! the stars go down
   To rise upon some other shore
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
   They shine forever more.

And ever near us, though unseen
   The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
   Is life - - - there are no dead."

HOME at Main & Apricot St.
Salt Lake City, Utah

DONALD COLLIE MC CONACHIE

BACK : Fanny Shearsmith.
Middle L to R: Mary & Doris
Shearsmith and
Sarah D. Mc Conachie.
Front: Nancy Mc Conachie

MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

January 5, 1872
To
February 17, 1947

" Aunt Rye "

A MOTHERS DAY TRIBUTE

On the front page of section two of the Provo Sunday Herald of May 11, 1941, appeared a large picture of MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR with the following tribute:

"Typical of the mothers who are being honored to day is Mrs. MARIA DIXON TAYLOR, mother of eight sons and daughters, who has found time along with her many home duties to busy herself with church activities and interesting worthwhile hobbies.

Always actively engaged in various church and auxilliary assignments, Mrs. Taylor has of late years devoted herself to genealogical work, writing family records and arranging pictorial albums.

Her seven living sons and daughters include ARTHUR D., LYNN, HENRY D., and CLARENCE TAYLOR, and Miss RUTH TAYLOR of Provo; ELTON L. TAYLOR of Price, and Mrs. ALICE T. NELSON of Denver. She has fifteen grandchildren, and is proud of the fact that she had six sons in the mission field."

Her youngest son ORSON KENNETH TAYLOR died in 1940.

Autobiography of MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

On January 5, 1872 in Provo, Utah, I made my entrance into this world at five minutes past nine o'clock p. m. I weighed ten and one half pounds. On January 13, 1872 I was christened by my father.

My parents were Henry Aldous Dixon and Sarah DeGrey Dixon. I was the only girl in a family of nine children. There were eight brothers: John DeGrey, Arthur D., Ernest, Charles Owen, Walter D., LeRoy, Arnold, and Henry Alfred who was born November 14, 1865 and died in Salt Lake City, Utah on July 1, 1867.

When I was about eight years of age my father was called on a Mission to Great Britain. My Aunt Mary, who was Father's plural wife, together with her children, my brothers and sisters; moved to our home. It was surely a little house well filled. At one time there were eight of us down with measles. I took cold and they went in on me. I was surely sick. They said I had black measles. My life was almost dispared of but through the faith of my good Mother, I was restored again to health.

While my Father was away, my brother Arthur had diptheria. None of the rest of us contracted it from him., although we were in the same small house. Doctors were almost unknown in our home. People at that time seemed to exercise more faith in a Higher Power for healing, than the skill of the Doctor.

Our home was one of the best in religious environment. Father and Mother both were very religious, and their greatest desire was to see their children keep the commandments of God.

We had our family prayers morning and evening, and we kept the Word of Wisdom strictly. I never remember seeing tea, coffee, tobacco or liquor in any form in our home.

Rigid economy had to be practiced in the home to make ends meet. We had good wholesome food, which gave us good strong bodies.

My education started in the old Round House. It was two stories tall and built of adobe. It stood on the lot near Lester Taylor's house (corner of 4th West and 1st North). I think Mrs. Oakley was the teacher.

My second school was to the West School, located a block south of the Southeast corner of what is now Pioneer Park, on Fifth West and Second South. My teachers here were Laura Larsen, later Mrs. Oran Lewis of Spanish Fork, and her sister Annie, later Mrs. Gillispie, librarian at the B. Y. U. for many years, who just recently died at the age of eighty years of age.

My next teacher at the West School was L. A. Wilson, followed by George H. Brimhall, who later became President of the Brigham Young University.

A new building was erected in the East part of town, on the corner of First East and Second North. Before the building was completed one large room on the north ground floor was finished and we went from the West School, with our teacher, George H. Brimhall, to what was later called the Parker School. This ended my schooling for some time.

Later, for two terms, I attended the B. Y. Academy, which had temporary quarters in the Z.C.M.I. Wholesale House on South University Avenue, because their building, the Lewis Hall, had burned down. When this Z.C.M.I. building was erected my father was working at the Z.C.M.I. in Salt Lake City, and in 1883 they sent him to Provo to become Manager for this new branch of the business.

In the days of my youth we had to make our own amusements. As I look back and compare them with the amusements of today, I think we enjoyed them more because we had to put forth an effort to make them worthwhile; the more we put into a cause the more we get out of it.

We had no picture shows, where we were entertained with little effort on our part. We had what we called an exhibition in which small children sang or recited. I remember when I was a very small child, one of these exhibitions was put on in Cluff's Hall on Second North and Second East Street. This place was where the Fourth Ward held their meetings and general assemblies before they built their present meeting house. At that time we were living in the Fourth Ward, which extended to Third West. Later the tier between Third and Second West was put into the Third Ward. Now it is in the Fourth Ward again. The upper story, at Cluff Hall, was used by the Church, the lower floor of the building was used for the making of furniture by the Cluff Brothers. This furniture was sold by George Taylor, who became my father-in-law, and owner of what is now Taylor Brothers Company.

My sister Sarah, just one month older than I, enjoyed each others company almost like twins. We dressed alike and were inseparable until we were twelve years of age.

On one occasion Sarah and I were asked to speak little pieces. The only way they got us to consent to do this was to let us go on the stage together. We went holding each others hand. I said mine first. It is about the only thing I remember along that line. I think I will write it if I can recall it:

"Come and see me Mary Ann this afternoon at three,
Come as early as you can and stay till after tea,
We'll jump the rope and dress the doll,
And feed my sisters birds,
And read a little story book all full of easy words."

Then Sarah took courage and began hers. As she was sort of tongue-tied at the time and couldn't pronounce her words plain, it caused a lot of laughter. If I can remember some of it I will give it here:

" I want a piece of calico to make my doll a dress,
I doesn't want a big piece, a yard will do I guess
(and etc. and etc. have forgotten the rest)."

That was my first introduction to performing before the public. As time went on I took several parts in Sunday School entertainments and later M. I. A. We had a lot of fun rehearsing for them, but the audience had more, for they were real side splitting scenes. Many were intended to be real tragedies, such as Shakespear's "Hamlet". Some were blood curdling scenes such as "Down Black Canyon", with real villians.

Prof. Henry E. Giles put on "Pinafore", a musical comedy. This was staged in the Opera House on First North and First West. This building is now used for the Armory. The first performance went over big. The cast agreed to tour some of the northern towns of Utah County; Pleasant Grove, American Fork and Lehi. Most of the cast went in lumber wagons, perched upon high spring seats. My brother, John, drove some of we girls over in a two seated surrey or buggy. I took part as one of the cousins in the chorus. When we were ready for the first performance, one of our main actors did not show up. After searching for some time he was discovered in a saloon with a black eye. As he took the part of Dead Eye Dick, it was quite becoming to him.

Before arriving at Lehi some of the drivers bantered each other for a race, the results were that some of the leading singers had to appear before the audience with bandages on their heads.

We had a lot of sport after it was all over. One of our favorite recreations was dancing. Most of the dances were held in the meeting houses. The benches were either piled in one corner of the room or taken out. Some were left arranged around the room for seats when the dancers were tired and also for the spectators. There were many spectators, especially the older ladies who wanted to know what new love matches were being made. And believe me they knew it all, nothing escaped their notice.

The young married folks took their babies, it they had no one to leave them home with. After nursing them they were put in their buggies or laid on a pillow on a bench in the back room.

There were very few round dances. The Church at one time asked the people not to dance them, but they gradually came back again. The square dances, such as the plain quadrille, scotch reel or polygamy dance, as some called it, where each man had two women partners, were enjoyed by young and old. There were no wall flowers during the square dances. The lancers was a very pretty dance, as was the waltz quadrille.

Surprise parties were very popular. The young married people joined with the older ones. My Mother and Mother-in-law often accompanied us and our babies. What good times we had, although some of the men did not enjoy them. My husband never did like them. He did love dancing though, and was a very graceful and good dancer.

In the summer time, for a few years, a dance floor was laid amongst the big cottonwood trees in Tanner's Park. This Park was across the street from the old adobe yard which was the second fort of our first Pioneers, who came to Provo. It is now called Sowiette Park. It was grand to dance there by moon light to sweet strains of music. Tanner's Park holds sweet memories to hundreds of people who used to attend our Ward Reunions there. It was great sport to go swimming in the stream running through the Park. The girls had a swimming hole there. I never heard of a boy's swimming hole in the Park.

There were large swings in the Park and we girls enjoyed going there with our boy friends. They used to swing us so high we nearly touched the branches of tall trees. A boy stood on each side of the swing ahold of each end of a rope; by putting the rope across our waist we were pushed ever so much higher.

In the summer time we looked forward to the Fourth of July and Twenty-fourth of July. After a day or two of cooking and packing we were all very excited about going to the canyon. As soon as it was daylight, not later than four o'clock, we climbed into a wagon. Most of the wagons had a white canvas stretched over the bows and supports to shelter you from the sun and rain. It took hours to get into the canyon then, where it only takes minutes now.

My children make quite a joke of it now. If we are going on a trip they say we must start at daybreak or Mother won't thinks she is going on an outing.

Our Ward Outings were looked forward too. Some times we went over to Nelson's Park on the hill above Lake View. This place had beautiful trees and arbors with climbing roses and vines, large fields for ball games, swings and merry-go-round. Some times we went to the Old Lake Resort at Utah Lake, where we enjoyed bathing, boating and dancing. A street railway ran from town through the swamps and marshes to the resort. Mr. William Probert was owner of it. It did not last long, as he lost a great deal of money on it. My bathing suit was very different from those the girls wear today. There was an undergarment of black sateen with elastic in the bottom which held it tight around the knee. The outer garment was made of black alapaca or mohair, with high neck, sleeves to the elbow, a belt joining the waist and skirt which came below the knee. We always wore black cotton stockings that reached above the knee. In case we forgot our stockings, it was just too bad for us, as we didn't dare to go in with bare legs.

Our winter sports consisted of skating and sleigh riding. As soon as the ditches froze over, we who had no skates or didn't know how to skate, enjoyed sliding on the ice.

Most children had home-made sleds. They were rather crude, but answered the same purpose as the very fine ones my children and grandchildren have now.

Bob-sleighing was the most fun for all. A wagon box was put on runners, nice, clean straw was put in the bottom with hot rocks and bricks and plenty of quilts to keep one warm. It didn't matter how cold the weather was. A good team with plenty of sleigh bells, put us in the spirit for a good time. We generally ended by all joining in singing songs.

I had a very happy girlhood. My sister Sarah and I being so near the same age, have always been very much attached to each other. I have always admired and loved my sister Alice. She, being older than Sarah and I, never cared for dolls and to play house with us. She would rather play with my brother, Arthur, who was nearer her own age.

My greatest ambition was to marry a clean, honest, Latter-Day Saint man and have a fine, happy family. I am happy to say that ambition has been realized just as I wished it to be.

My Father died when I was twelve years of age, on the Fourth of May 1884, not long after his return from the Mission Field. He left two wives and thirteen children. My Mother's family as follows: John DeGrey, Arthur D., Ernest, Charles Owen, Walter D., LeRoy and myself. (Arnold was born three weeks after Father's death). Aunt Mary's family as follows: Alice, Sarah Ann, William Aldous, Albert F., Parley S., Harriett Amelia (Hattie).

My Mother was only thirty-nine years of age when Father died. We were not in poverty, but it was a struggle to make ends meet. Mother wished me to have every advantage, being her only girl, but I felt I had younger brothers who needed more education than I. If I could find something to do I could help my brothers. My brother John procurred a job for me in the Provo Book and Stationary Co., where I worked for some time under Robert Skelton. George S. Taylor being a stockholder came in and Mr. Skelton was released.

In a short time Mr. Skelton went in business for himself, and I went to work for him until I was married to Arthur N. Taylor on the 9th of May 1894, in the Salt Lake Temple by Pres. John R. Winder. counsellor to President Joseph F. Smith.

Our mode of transportation in those days was much slower than now. We left home on Tuesday morning on the Union Pacific steam line train, in order to be in the Temple on Wednesday morning. We went in the Temple at eight o'clock in the morning, getting out late in the afternoon. There was only one session a day then. Now there are about seven.

Then we had to wait until Thursday to get home again. There was only one train a day. Now you can make the round trip in just a few hours.

Before this time my brothers built my Mother a nice home, at 270 North 5th West. It is now owned by my eldest son, Arthur D. and family. We did enjoy our new home with its large spacious rooms, after having been so crowded in our little home.

My brother, John, worked as book and time keeper for Samuel Liddiard. He also was bookkeeper for Smoot Lumber Co.

Arthur and Ernest worked as water carriers for Samuel Liddiard, and finally they learned the mason trade from him. The did the brickwork for Mother's home. John traded one of our teams to Tom Patten, for his services to do the carpenter work, on the house. Mother took boarders to help get money to pay for the materials. Her farm furnished produce for the table. By planning and hard work, our home was built.

After our return from Salt Lake, in preperation for our wedding reception, all the beds and furniture that could be spared, were moved out of our house to make room for guests. One hundred and forty - eight guests and relatives sat down to a real banquet.

Our first home was on First North between Second and Third West, just north of Taylor Bros. Co. Store, where my husband worked. We lived in this little home and were very happy. I used to say it was like playing house, when only two of us sat at the table, after being used to such a large family at home.

Some time later we moved into my Mother's old home. We had it renovated and cleaned throughout. It was very comfortable. In this home our first child, Arthur D. was born on the 4th day of October 1895. A year later we moved into our own home, which was built on part of my Mother's lot. She was very anxious to have me near her. As we had little money, we built two rooms first; then we added other rooms as we were able to pay for them. Although not the most modern with all conveniences, still it holds many fond memories for me. Our children, all but one, were born there: Lynn D. was born on the 6th of May 1898, Elton LeRoy on 22nd of June 1900, Henry D. on the 22nd of November 1903, Alice L. on the 18th of November 1906, Clarence D. on the 11th of May 1909, Orson Kenneth on the 3rd of November 1913, and Ruth Elaine on the 20th of March 1917.

My husband's parents were pioneers who crossed the plains and endured the hardships of the early pioneers. They had barely enough money to pay for their passage. The burried two children before reaching the Valley.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor suffered many trials that would ordinarily have crushed a much stronger woman. She was physically weak but spiritually strong. She trusted in her Heavenly Father and came through victorious. I have never seen a person with such strong faith. I remember on one occasion we were all camped at South Fork, Provo Canyon. A terrible flood came down, and the creek near our tents was in danger of overflowing and washing us out. The women gathered their children ready to rush to the near by mountains. Grandma Taylor said, "Girls, where is your faith? Did you say your prayers and ask your Heavenly Fathers protection? If you did, cover up your heads and be quiet." She told her son, Tom, to go to the River bank and watch. She would pray. That had the desired effect and all was well.

My Mother and she were very dear friends and loved each other very much. For about sixteen years they looked forward to several weeks visit with us at our summer home in "Wildwood", Provo Canyon. It was a joy to us all to have them with us. It meant so much to our children partaking of their sweet uplifting influences. My husband purchased two easy wicker rocking chairs, just alike, and placed them on the front porch of our cabin and they sat in "State", as it were, to receive homage from all the campers as well as guest who came to our resort. For they were both loved by everyone. The chairs are still placed on the porch when we are there, but the two noble women who occupied them have passed on to a great reward which they so richly deserve.

Some time after our marriage, my husband was called to preside over the Y.M.M.I.A. in the Third Ward. He held this position for seven years. Then he was called into the Mission Field. At times, after the babies came along, and tusseling with them all day (for they were cross due to colic) I felt at night, how soothing it would be to have my husband sit by my side and tell me things that would take my mind from such a strenious day. But alas! my hopes were gone, when he came in and said, "Mother, will you please hurry with supper while I wash and prepare to go out". I knew it was not Mutual night, but he said, "You see it is Mutual League to night". I said, "but why do you have to go? You have spent months of time and a lot of money (for I know) getting the hall and equipment ready. Can't they get along without you?" He would look at me in a wistful way (for he loved his home and family) and say, "You know I would love to stay with you, but we have just got to make a success of this physical education program. If we get the boys interested there, we can get them interested in our Mutual Meetings. You know, Mother, if I say come on boys let's go, it will have more weight with them than if I say go on boys and have a good time."

As usual I could see his point of view. I let my mind run back a few months to the times when the boys were not coming out to their meetings as they should. They were seeking amusements and other things which were not of the best environment. The Officers talked it over. They thought instead of trying to preach them to Church, it would be better to lead them in a different way. They rented the Horton Building (where the Superior Motor Co. stands)(corner of Center Street and Fifth West. They took out the partitions and made a large room upstairs for a gym. The next thing was to find money for the equipment. My husband and William P. Silver took the delivery wagon and a span of mules from Taylor Brothers Company, and went to Salt Lake City to a second hand store where they paid three hundred dollars, cash, for the apparatus. I know how hard they had worked and I concluded I would make it just as easy as possible for him even if it did mean three nights a week being without his company.

One thing we women did do. We got together and said the women need a little relaxation as well as the men. We made us gym suits. Mine was of wine colored flannel from the Woolen Mills, with a black water wabe ribbon sash, a bow tied at the back. We hired Miss Mame Gates, the gym teacher at the Academy, to teach us. One night a week was hubbys turn to stay at home and take care of the children. What fun we did have. First swinging the dumbells and Indian clubs, then on the giants ride, last but not least going over the vaulting pony (or trying to) then through the exercises. Some of the older ladies, when they were on the floor flat on their back and told to get up without touching their hands, found difficulty in doing it which caused a lot of fun. It made the women more contended to stay at home three nights a week if they had one night out.

Before our marriage, my husband purchased some stock in Taylor Bros. Co. where he was working.

October 20, 1900 my husband left for a mission to Great Britain. We had just completed our home and furnished it. We had 3 boys, the youngest, Elton being three months old. I wanted to take boarders or do something to help pay his expenses. He would not consent to this. He, with my Mother and brothers worked out a plan unknown to me. The furniture in the house should be sold and the house rented. Then he was sure I could not do something that would undermine my health. He felt my children were enough to care for. My Mother and brothers were very happy for the opportunity of having me and my children, who they adored, come home and live with them.

I shall never forget how I felt when I was packing the things and breaking up our home, which we had struggled so hard to build and furnish. It was like parting with old friends. Now I can see it was the only thing for us to do. We rented the house to Doctor Slater.

My baby, Elton, cried so much with colic it nearly wore me out. The strange thing about it was the more he cried the fatter he became.

When he was four months old he weighed twenty-two pounds. I became so nervous and was in such a run down condition, I had nervous headaches which kept me down a great deal of the time.

The first month my husband was in the mission field I sent him ten dollars. When Grandma Taylor found out, she was hurt and said, "Please don't send any more, don't you see he will get his blessing for leaving his work and his family? You will get yours for sacrificing his company so willingly and doing for the children out of your limited means. Please let me finance him so that I may share the blessings with both of you". She won. I never sent any more money. She certainly was blessed as he was appointed President of the Birmingham Conference in the city where she and her husband lived and left from, when they decided to join the Saints in the Rocky Mountains. Now their son could carry the same message that a good Elder had brought her, back to her native land.

My husband enjoyed his work so much. He loved the Country and the people, and was so anxious to have me come to England and enjoy the sights with him, which at that time seemed an impossibility to me. By him urging from that side, and my folks on this, I finally consented. My Mother came to my rescue, telling me she thought she had enough experience in caring for children, to be capable of caring for mine in my absence. Grandmother Taylor borrowed the money and my brother-in-law, T. N. Taylor, secured a pass for my railway fare to Chicago and return, which was a great help.

I left Provo August 4, 1902 for Salt Lake City. There I met Mrs. Wm. Smith, whose husband was laboring in Birmingham, England with my husband.

My brother Albert, was called on a mission to Great Britain, and accompanied us. At Ogden, Utah, Walter Parry, another missionary joined us, making a party of fourteen.

The first night out I was very ill. I don't know if the cause was due to eating such a hearty lunch we had prepared, or sleeping in an upper berth. The next morning I was feeling fine and enjoyed the trip, going through the sage brush country of Wyoming and the corn fields of Nebraska. We spent two days in Boston, including a trip to the Emerson Piano Co. where we met Mr. Edward Payson, manager of the Piano Co. Albert and I presented letters of introduction given us by T.N. Mr. Payson treated us very kindly. Although he was a very busy man, he closed his desk and told the office force he would be out for the day. We left our Hotel at 9:00 a.m. and returned to our Hotel at 7:00 p.m. After visiting many points of interest in the older part of Boston; Kopp Cemetery, one of the oldest cemeteries and occupied by Italians. We had dinner in one of the Italian restaurants, and spent sometime at the different beach resorts.

The second day we sailed on the Commonwealth, one of the largest boats afloat at that time. Our voyage was perfect as far as the weather was concerned. A traveling salesman told me it was his thirty-fourth trip and the best trip of all. There was hardly a wave.

We saw two whale spouting water in the air, a short distance from us, and schools of porpoise. We experienced a great thrill as we approached the Irish Coast. It surely did look good to see land again. When we arrived at Liverpool, England, my husband and Elder Smith were at the docks to meet us. I was very happy to meet Art, but sad to part with Albert. He was assigned to labor in the Grimsby Conference. Hull was Albert's Headquarters, the birthplace of his Mother.

We arrived in Birmingham about 10.00 p.m. Rode about three miles from the station, on top of the bus or tram where we could look into the pubs or saloons and see women in there drinking. Many were drunk, holding babies in their arms. When we reached the Conference House at 230 Albert Road, the Elders were all up and waiting to see what the President's wife looked like. They invited us in for supper, I told them we had our lunch in Liverpool. They laughed and said you must eat five or six meals a day. I told them I was sure I never could do that, but it was only a short time until I ate every time I had a chance, and was still hungry. All I wanted to do was eat and sleep. The results was seventeen pounds gained in two months.

My first Christmas away from home was spent in England, the birthplace of my Mother. When I came down the stairs, the mantel above the fireplace was decorated with all kinds of things, mainly lovely presents for Sister Smith and me from the Elders. Among the gifts was a small pig from Elder Spokes. It had a little verse stating it was just a reminder that when he visited at my home I was to serve him a sucking pig, for he was a true Englishman. I never had that privilege. He died in Salt Lake City shortly after his return home.

Art arose earlier than I and there was a beautiful black, silk dress on my bed. He told me to get up and try it on, if it fit I could have it for a Christmas present. I found out he had the same dressmaker make it for me that I had engaged to make me another dress; therefore she had my measurements.

We had dinner at Art's Uncle Ebb and Aunt Harriet Hands, where we were treated very kindly.

My first disappointment came at Conference time when I expected my husband would be released. President Francis M. Lyman was there and said that President Taylor could not be spared at that time. It would be six monthsmore. I felt very badly and told Pres. Lyman I thought he was a very hard hearted man. It meant I would have to go home without my husband, as I had left three children at home. He said very quietly, "Very well, Pres. Taylor can spend ten days in

London with you".

I was arranging with Elders Lund and Brough, of Nephi, and others to accompany them home, when I received a letter from Mother saying in case Art did not get his release, I was to stay as the children were well and she was getting along fine. I stayed seven months and shall always feel grateful to my Mother for the extra time I stayed. It was the most enjoyable time of all. I was more acquainted and better able to find my way around. Sister Smith and I were always spotted as Americans; especially when I handed a clerk three five dollar gold pieces or three pounds English money, for a twelve shilling purchase ($2.50).

Art used to write about how wonderful the pantomines were, but I never expected to see them. In Birmingham I saw "Jack and the Beanstalk", and thought it the most wonderful thing I had ever seen, but when I was in London and saw "Mother Goose or the Goose that Layed the Golden Egg", I felt that I had been transformed into another world. The beautiful girls who flew from the stage out over the pit (the area where we were sitting) and dropped flowers was spectacular. There was about one thousand people on the stage for the finale. This was at the old Drury Lane Theatre, a very old and noted place. I also saw "Puss in Boots" at the Hippodrome Theatre in London, and many very wonderful stage plays.

The Tower of London was a very interesting place. I was thrilled to see the beautiful jewels and crowns of the Kings and Queens, set with such precious stones. We went into the different towers where so many notable people and royalty had been imprisoned. Some had even traced their coat of arms on the stones with their own blood. We stood on the spot where the guillotine stood that beheaded Ann Bolyn, the wife of Henry VIII. A brass plate marks the spot. The moat that encircles the tower, was a drilling grounds for the different regiments of soldiers. We enjoyed watching the drills.

Our trip to Westminister Abbey was most interesting. It gives you a rather queer sensation to stand in these high places, with stone monuments on each side representing royalty or some famous person, who was buried underneath the building, many under the stone floor. St. Paul's Cathedral was wonderful too.

I can't begin to tell all the wonderful things I saw, but Madam Truasades' Wax Works was so outstanding to me. I could hardly believe that the wax figures were not real living people, much to the amusement of my husband who stood a short distance away watching me. The British Museum was full of so many interesting things, a person could spend weeks there and then not see them all. I said I had seen more in that ten days, than about all my life before.

When we returned to the Conference House, the Elders wanted to know if I was ill. I was so thin and looked so haggard, but we had such a short time to see so much.

I always loved to read about the old Castles in England and what a thrill I got when I was able to go through some of them. Art took me to Warwick Castle, Lord and Lady Warwick resided there. When they were in London the flag was hoisted on the Castle and the public was allowed to go through. The grounds were very beautiful too. I decided I would not like to live in these rooms, they were so large and bare. I think I enjoyed the Maxtoke Castle more than any. The public was not allowed in there; but one of our friends, Charles Wells, who was Station Master and a friend of the caretaker, got permission for us to go through. It was built in 1385 and in a perfect state of preservation. It was the only Castle I saw with the original moat filled with water and covered with water lilies all out in bloom.

Art and I spent a very happy day at Dudley Castle. The ruins are still standing on a hill above the city. As I stood there, I fancied I could see my Mother playing on the Castle green, as it was called, with her sister and other children, when she was a child. Dudley was her birthplace and she lived there until she left for America when about eleven years of age.

We visited many places of interest and I enjoyed everything so much, but sometimes my heart was very heavy when I thought of being separated from my children.

In February 1903, my husband received his release to return home on the ship "Canada" which sailed on the 19th of February. I was so happy I felt I was walking on air. Art did not feel that way. He said there were so many things he wanted to accomplish that he had started. It was some job packing and getting ready to leave. Most of the Elders came in and many parties were given for us and Bro. and Sis. Smith (the lady I went over with). We all shed tears at the station, where so many friends came to see us off. We had learned to love those people and we knew it would be the last time we would see many of them; others we expected to meet in Utah. When we arrived in Liverpool, we found the ocean very rough and we had to go out to the ship in a tender. Pres. Lyman bid us goodbye at the office, but before the vessel sailed he with others came out and onto the ship. He said we would have a very rough voyage, but we would land in safety. The time came when we were very thankful to Pres. Lyman for those words. We did have seven days of storm and nearly all the passengers were sick. The Captain, mate and nearly all the crew were also sick. Art went down to bed at Queenstown, Ireland and was never back on deck until we reached Halifax, Canada, one beautiful Sunday morning. It was quite a sight to see this harbour surrounded by huge cannons to guard against enemies coming in. About half of our passengers got off the boat at this place. From there we sailed down to Boston, glad to be on land again after many exciting experiences.

We went to the Emerson Piano Factory to visit Mr. Payson. He was very kind to us and introduced us to Mr. Powers, President of the Company, and many of the official staff. He went to the station to see us off. We arrived in Chicago about 11:00 p.m. Now we had to be separated. Art took a taxi and we drove across the City. He put me on the Union Pacific, as my pass was on that line, and he came home on the D. & R. G. Railway, which was the line the Church chose at that time. I arrived in Salt Lake and went to the National Bank, where my brother John had his office. We went to his home and when I met Sarah we both wept. I was so glad to see her. John said that was a funny way of showing our joy. At that time there was only one train a day to Provo. I had to wait until evening, when my brother, Charles, who was working in Salt Lake, accompanied me home. When we reached Provo, Mother was there with my husband and children. When I rushed to take Elton, my baby in arms, he screamed and said, "Go away I want my mamma. She has gone on that train". That nearly broke my heart. After being away for seven months, my baby had forgotten me. The strange part of it was when I left he could only say a few words and now he talked so plain. In a short time he came to me and said, "You are my mamma". After looking at me he remembered me again.

After nearly three years of separation, it was grand to be home again with our family. We only furnished three rooms, as we shared two rooms of our home with Bro. and Sis. Salt. They came to Provo from Salt Lake and could not find a home to live in, so they lived with us for one year until they went back to England. After they left, we began to furnish our home again.

As our family was increasing, for we had four boys now, Henry being born November 22, 1903; we decided we had a problem on our hands of finding employment for them during vacation time, to keep them from running the streets.

My husband and my brother, Arthur, bought a farm in Grandview from Ed. Loose. Five acres was in grapes, not being a very good variety, these were taken out and in their place was planted eight hundred Bartlet pears and a large peach orchard.

During the summer the farm house was cleaned and made comfortable for us to live in. I enjoyed living out there. We had a beautiful view of the valley and lake below us, as our house was on a hill. As Art had his work to do at the Store, it was necessary for me to go out with the boys and supervise them. We also hired men to do the heavy work. Before going to the farm, we bought an incubator holding four hundred eggs. It was so interesting to watch the eggs

In twenty-one days the incubator was alive with the cutest little biddies. We had fireless brooders made for them on the farm. I took a great deal of pleasure in caring for them. I also had my first vegetable garden and it was wonderful to study catalogues in order to know of the best varieties of seed and etc. I had the earliest garden, the first peas in Provo and sold some of them to John T. Taylor for $3.25 a bushel.

We did enjoy our vegetables, being able to pick them fresh each morning from our own garden, also the lucious strawberries with thick cream from our own Jersey Cows, fresh eggs and home cured ham, and all kinds of choice fruits from our orchard. We raised our own hay to feed our horses and cows.

As I had help in the home, I devoted the most of my time outside. I took great delight in trying to make the most outstanding butter. I had more customers than I could supply; although at times I was making forty pounds a week. It was not such hard work, as I had a fine churn and a large butter worker & etc. The buttermilk was delicious and I learned to like it better than the water we had to drink.

The first season was a very busy time for us. We hired a great deal of help. At times I had twenty-seven people in the packing house, packing peaches and pears; as well as a large force of men out in the orchard picking the fruit. My husband loaded cars with our fruit and together with some of the neighbors' fruit, and shipped them to R. Bingham & Son in Omaha, Nebraska. I enjoyed every day I was on the farm, but I took too much responsibility, against my husbands wishes. He felt I was overdoing myself, so he hired a man, Roland Snow, to take his family and live there the year round. We spent many summers there and I hated to give it up; for our boys were at the age where they needed something to employ their time and give them good strong bodies. The boys had another thought. They felt they should be free when out of school to do as the other boys did.

We had an understanding with Roland to take the boys during the summer months and supervise their work. He was a fine man, and we had much confidence in him.

Art could always see something that was needed on the farm. His cows all had their pedigrees and most of the horses and hogs; which cost a lot of money. Sometimes I complained, especially when I wanted something new for my home or other purpose. He always had to do something extra on the farm. There was a silo to be built, a new fence to be put up, or new machinery needed. I told him it was a good place to throw money away, with scarcely any returns. Expenses were very heavy. His reply would be, "Which is the best, to spend money the way which will keep your boys from roaming the streets, and which would be your boys salvation, or save the money?"

During my early married life, Hattie Hands, a cousin of my husband who came from England to make her home with Grandma Taylor, lived with me for about five years. She then married my brother, William.

When I was in England, I met Janet Poole, a convert to the Church during Art's time there. Later I was in need of help and she emigrated to Utah and came to our home. She was a great help to me while my children were small, not only helping in the home but her influence was felt for good as she had high ideals. I am sure she suffered many times with the confusion when all the neighbor's children came in to play in stormy weather. She hadn't been around many children in England. She was very much attached to my two youngest children, Kenneth and Ruth. We all felt she was part of our family and missed her after being with us for nearly thirteen years when she married Joseph Munk of Logan, and went there to live. She worked as an Officiator in the Logan Temple for many years, and treats us royally when we pay her a visit.

I have always been inclined toward religion. It has always been easy for me to believe in the Word of the Lord, when spoken through His Servants. I have always enjoyed attending my meetings in the different organizations, in my youth and also in later life. I have a great satisfaction in doing my duty whenever I have been called.

I worked in the Primary as a teacher with Edith Holt. Then I was made a counsellor to Mary E. Davis. In May 1913, our Ward was divided and Sister Davis was chosen President of the new Ward (Pioneer Ward). I was set apart as President of the Third Ward. I resigned after working about ten years.

I worked in the Relief Society as class leader of the Theology until October 13 , after serving for nearly twenty years. At the present time I am a district teacher with my Sister Sarah McConachie. I feel that Relief Society is one of the greatest organizations of our Church.

I have helped at many social affairs, bazaars and other things to raise money.

I was elected Treasurer of the County Camp of the Daughter of the Pioneers, and a holdover the second term, making four years in all. Grace L. Cheever was President of the first term and Bernetta M. Beck the second term.

I learned to love those on the Board and enjoyed my work very much. In June 1939 I was elected Historian of the 4-6 Camp of D. U. P. In 1941 our Camp was divided on Ward lines. The new Camp in the Third Ward will be called Camp Provo. I was elected Historian of the new Camp.

In April 1937, Bishop Eves called a few ladies to meet him after

Church one Sunday. He told us he was calling us as a committee of the widows of the Ward to raise means to cover the large room in the Chapel with floor coverings, after the remodeling was completed. We felt it was a huge task, but if the Lord would help us, we would do our part. Sarah L. Dixon was chosen as Chairman. Later she was ill, and I was chosen Chairman. We all worked very hard. We made quilts, rugs,put on a bazaar; but made most money by having pie sales. The pies were made by our own committee. Our pies were sought after in every part of town. We raised over Six hundred dollars in cash. Our carpet cost over thirteen hundred dollars. The balance being made up by the Church. We certainly felt the Lord had blessed the ."Widows Mite". I never worked with a finer group of women.

Our children, all but Alice, attended the Timpnaogos School. She went to the B.Y.U. Training School.

After Arthur finished High School at the B.Y.U., he worked in the office of Taylor Bros. Co. for one year, then he was called to fill a mission to Australia. He celebrated his twenty-first and twenty-fourth birthday there. He was gone for four years. He acted as President of the New South Wales Conference, also Mission Secretary for sometime. About a year after his return home, he married Maurine Goodridge. The have the following children: Elayne, Kent, Nancy, and Dixie.

A short time after Arthur's return home, Lynn was called as a missionary to the Northwestern States. He served as Conference President part of the time. He was released after serving about twenty-eight months. After his return home he graduated from College and married Celestia Johnson. They have the following children: John Arthur, Janice, LynnAnne, Kathryn and George Terry.

Elton followed Lynn into the mission field, going to the Eastern States. He was appointed President of the West Penn. Conference, where he laboured for about two and one-half years. On March 31, 1926 he married Ethel Scott, their children are: Julia, James Scott, Paul and Louise.

Henry went into the same mission as Elton, the Eastern States, and was there for nine months before Elton's release. Henry served as Mission Secretary under Pres. B. H. Roberts, with headquarters in New York City, for about one year. He was transferred to Connecticut, where he became President of that Conference. After his return he went to college where he graduated and later married Alta Hansen. They have the following boys: Henry D., Anthony, Stephen, and David Arthur.

Alice graduated from the B.Y.U. where she acted as Secretary and Historian of the College her last year. She spent much time and study in oil and water color painting and made some very fine pictures.

After graduating, she went into the interior decorating department at D. T. R. Co., to help her brother Lynn. She worked there until her marriage to El Roy Nelson. They went to Troy, New York to live, where he had a postion to teach at the Russell Sage College. They have the following children: Arthur Taylor, John Christian, Christina Louisa, Henry Aldous, and James. They had a nice home in Denver where he taught at the Denver University. They then moved to Salt Lake City where he taught at the University of Utah and later became a vice-president at The First Security Corporation.

Clarence filled a mission to South Africa, the birthplace of my Father. He acted as Mission Secretary for over a year and a half. Then he was sent to Port Elizabeth to act as President of that District. He labored for twenty-eight months and was then released. He came home by way of the East Coast of Africa and the Holy Land, where he saw some very interesting sights. After his return home he worked at D. T. R. Co. and graduated from the B. Y. U.

Kenneth, the last of our six sons, was called to labor in the British Mission. He first went to Portsmouth, later to the Birmingham Conference to be the President, the office his Father held in the same Conference thirty-six years before. After two years he was released to return home. At Christmas time he started school and graduated from College in the spring of 1939; after which he went to work at D. T. R. Co. He later married Ethelyn Peterson.

Ruth graduated the same day as Kenneth. She had signed a contract to teach at the Franklin School, where she has taught for three years. She is very much interested in oil and water color painting and has made some very fine pictures. She later married Fred D. Kartchner.

My life has been a very happy one, although any mother raising a family has a few strenious and anxious moments and years, especially during sickness. None of our children had any severe illness. All have grown to adult man and womanhood.

My husband worked at Taylor Bros. Co. for thirty years, and proved to be a very successful business man, and was loved by those working under him. Some of the boys felt they had been working for others so long and would like to go in business for themselves. They wanted Art to join them. We borrowed the money to erect the building where D. T. R. Co. is located. It was quite an undertaking, for none of them had but very little money. They all worked very hard and we all had to make sacrifices. After twenty years, we are all proud of the progress made. At this time, July 1941, they have seven stores with workmen doing a very efficient work.

My husband worked day and night, as did the others, to make it a success. The responsibility was just to great and his health began to fail. In 1930 he had a severe hemorrhage of the stomach and was never entirely well after; although he kept up his part of the work. The depression added to his other worries. He had a slight stroke, which took the use of his limbs and speech. On the third day of I called the older boys and had them administer to him. After thathe was able to get around and talk, but was never as active again.

On December 13, 1934, the Doctor thought if we took him away from the business the change would help him. We went to Mesa, Arizona, as the climate in the winter was mild and dry. We spent three months there, with little improvement in his condition. After returning home we took him to the Clinic in Salt Lake. After a thorough examination, we were told there was no cure for him. He had high blood pressure which brought about hardening of the arteries and his stomach trouble came back again in a severe form.

Clarence had a bath room put in our cabin at Wildwood, Provo Canyon, and I stayed there with him until two weeks before his death, which occured September 10, 1935. His loss was felt keenly by all, but I felt reconciled because my religion teaches me that after our spirit leaves this earth it returns to the home it lived in before coming to this earth, and progresses on.

I was left with a family any mother could be proud of. All of my children are thoughtful and considerate of me and my happiness.

Art's funeral services were held in the Stake Tabernacle on September 14, 1935, attended by over one thousand people. The stand was banked with beautiful flowers.

Five years later I was called upon to part with my sixth and youngest son, Kenneth, one of the sweetest and most angelic spirits ever sent into a home. He was loved by everyone. In fact many remarked it seemed he was almost too perfect for this world. I feel very thankful he was permitted to remain in our home for twenty-seven years.

When he was fourteen years of age, he had rheumatic fever which affected his heart. June 27, 1940, he married Ethelyn Peterson. They went to New York where he took a six weeks course in Home Furnishings. He studied too hard which overtaxed his heart. On their return home they came to our home, but it seemed he couldn't regain his health. After an illness of two months, he passed away in the Utah Valley Hospital, where he was taken the week before, on October 31, 1940. He was burried on his twenty-seventh birthday, November 3, 1940.

Again I had to hide my grief with an assurance it was the will of our Heavenly Father, who had a greater work awaiting him. His works and records recorded on earth will be approved, and a royal welcome would be awaiting him by his Father and other loved ones.

It is hard to part with any of our loved ones, but I am so grateful

I have seven of the kindest and dearest children anyone could wish for, left to bring joy and comfort in my declining years, in fact I feel that I am one of the most blessed women in the world.

My Mother was nearly eighty-two years of age when she died. I have lost six brothers, most of whom were very outstanding citizens, Church workers and Community Builders.

(The greatest part of the next few years was devoted to genealogical research work, and the writing and compiling of individual Pioneer histories. Being Historian of her local Daughters of the Pioneers Camp, she was the means of accummulating and having bound a volume of pioneer histories, which is now in possession of the Camp Officers.

She has searched out thousands of names, bearing the names of her ancestors; submitting them to the Index Bureau and on to the Temple for baptism, sealing and endowments.)

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY:

Sunday January 11, 1942

I fell on the waxed floor and suffered a very bad wrenched back and torn ligaments. I was in bed for about three weeks.

October 28, 1946

Suffered a great deal with my back, and for the past two years, almost a continious pain in my side and across the kidneys. Then I had a very sever pain in my back. I spent a month at Wildwood and after returning home had many X-rays taken. They showed my kidneys were clear. Other X-rays showed I had an ulcer in the outlet of my stomach, that my gall bladder was not functioning properly and that I had colitis. Later another X-ray showed I had arthritis of the spine due to a fracture in my back when I slipped and fell. A cartilage had formed over the old wound and formed a wedge between the vertibrae. I came to bed Sept. 16, 1946 . . . It is seven weeks today. I still suffer a great deal of pain. Dr. Boyer came in and has given me four treatments. I have already felt relief.

While in Denver, visiting with her daughter Alice, during the latter part of April and the forepart of May, she mentioned at times of having a terrific backache.

When she came home, she was ready to go to Wildwood, where we thought she would be able to relax and rest and feel more like herself.

At times she was unable to sleep at night or completely relax during the day; which was something very unusual for her while in the Canyon. It was even necessary to get some sleeping tablets in order for her to get a good nights rest. Instead of getting better she did not improve, and finally decided it might be best for her to be home where the Doctor could examine her and give her the necessary attention. X-rays were taken and treatments prescribed, but failed to give complete relief. First it was thought to be her back, then the kidneys, then the stomach, and then arthritis of the spine and colitis. At this point Dr. Boyer was called in to try and help give relief for arthritis.

One Sunday afternoon, Aunt Sarah L. Dixon was visiting with Mother. She feeling chilly and instead of her asking someone to pull a blanket over her, she reached down to pull the blanket up. There was a very noticeable pop in her leg, midway between her knee and hip. She cried aloud, "my leg is broken". I have never seen her loose control of herself as she did at this time. The pain must have been terrific. We, as well as the Doctors, thought it was a strained ligament or "charliehorse". . It was so swollen that a complete examination was impossible at that time.

On January 4, 1947, the family, with Mother's consent, decided that she should go to the Utah Valley Hospital for observation and examination, for she was not improving, and her pains were getting worse. It was here on her 75th birthday, the 5th of January that she received many cards, visitors, and a birthday cake, made by her daughter-in-law, Ethelyn.

After a complete examination, the Doctors thought it advisable that she should be taken to the L. D. S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, where Dr. Gil Richards, a specialist, handle her case.

After about a weeks observation and another complete set of X-ray pictures, his diagnosis revealed a cancerous growth spreading through the bones, settling in the spinal column and her leg. Her leg was fractured, which was the result of the growth spreading and absorbing the calcium in the bones and causing them to become very brittle. This cancer originated from a goiter, located much lower than the outward goiter visible in her neck. The Doctor stated that even had she gone through an operation for the removal of the one goiter, they would never have cause to look for this lower one which was trouble maker.

As time went on the pains became more sever and .frequent. The Doctors recommended an alcohol injection in the spine to relieve the pain in her back. This was accomplished, leaving her completely paralyzed from the waist down, and for a short time she was out of pain. Later the pain developed higher in her back and in her neck. After 37 days in the L. D. S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, she passed away at 11:45 a. m. on Monday, February 17, 1947, with her daughter-in-law, Ethel, at her bedside.

A BETTER MOTHER NEVER LIVED THAN MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

1872 - 1947

Arthur N. Taylor

A TRIBUTE TO AUNT RYE

They ask, "What is in the name?"
It seems to me, there is much that is unseen-
Something of the divine that symbolizes one's identity,
In this life and all eternity.
There are names that stir the soul,
When they fall upon the ear-
Names, that keep us free from all fear-
There are names we mention in revered awe
Melodic, and tender like a refrain,
And names of heroes that have become-
A part of our country's glory and fame!
There are names flashed on
Broadway for all to see - -
Names that signify a high degree -
And just names of sweet simplicity
Like "Aunt Rye".
I have loved this name since the days of my youth,
And idealized its owner
For her virtue, wisdom and truth -
"Aunt Rye", it is such a home-spun, humble name -
No glamour nor pretentiousness
Did its bearer ever claim.
Calm and serene she stood,
Meeting life's tests and trials
Believing life was good!
Aunt Rye, was a participant in life -
She liked to be in the midst of things,
And share its joys and strife.
Names were veryimportantto our Aunt Rye,
Names of the living and names of the dead.
She believed in "Salvation's " plan,
She always had much work, ahead.
She enjoyed "Temple Work".
And always tried to do her share,
For the less fortunate souls
Who haven't the "Gospel" over there.
Her genealogy records are well done -
She toiled to complete them from sun to sun.
Aunt Rye was steadfast in her faith -
She loved the "Gospel Plan",
She loved her God, and served Him well,
She loved her fellow-men.
Aunt Rye was a saleslady,
She had loveliness to sell.

AUNT RYE

Aunt Rye was a dreamer and planner
And she always planned well
Aunt Rye was a comforter,
She was always where
Illness and grief were despair,
Her presence was soothing,
In healing she had a skill -
When asked if she'd stay with you,
She always answered, "Sure I will",
We all felt relieved when
Aunt Rye was close by,
Because of her helpfulness
We could always rely.
Aunt Rye was a historian,
And a recorder too,
She was proud of our Pioneers
And preserved their life stories for all of you.
She cherished her birthright,
Was proud of her kin, their accomplishments -
And what they had been.
She painstakingly preserved their history,
For all of her beloved posterity to see.
Aunt Rye was a student,
She liked to read,
She appreciated talent,
And liked to see other folks succeed.
She endeavored to find out about the new things
In her daily pursuits,
In this way, she acquired much knowledge,
And became an educated person
Without going to college.
Aunt Rye was a teacher of Zion's youth,
She loved little children and taught them the truth.
Aunt Rye was a devoted sweetheart and wife,
Always pretty and neat.
She seemed to sparkle, her spirit was so sweet
Her choicest role was that of mother,
She placed that assignment above any other
Her home was her castle,
Her love and good-will did abide -
The atmosphere was lovely; because peace
And tranquility reigned always inside,
Her family by good example were taught.
She practiced doing good.

AUNT RYE

Her character and service,
Have honored womanhood!
Her family have all lived exemplary lives,
As have their children their devoted husbands and wifes,
This to their parents much happiness brought.
Aunt Rye was enthusiasticand busy as a bee.
She lived life abundantly,
And gloried in its opportunity!
She liked to work, she liked to play,
She loved to chat with her family and friends,
And always had something interesting to say.
She liked to laugh, hike and swim,
And was always full of vigor and vim.
Folks were anxious to meet Aunt Rye,
And passers-by would say,
"So you're Aunt Rye Taylor,
We've heard about you."
And soon they'd be calling her Aunt Rye too.
They felt a close kinship, because of the nice things she'd do
And as the greatest of all teachers, by example taught.
Aunt Rye's splendid lessons to us all brought
Renewed faith, better judgement, and many a good thought.
It has been said that all we take with us,
When we leave this earth, is what we have given -
Service measures our worth.
As our Creator challenged us,
"To do unto the least of these."
Aunt Rye has met this challenge
And her Creator will she please.
Her widow's mite was always giving or her time and substance,
So Aunt Rye has taken with her,
Something more precious than gold,
Her record of good deeds,
Will bring blessings manifold,
And the heritage she leaves,
To family, neighbors and friends,
Remembering her goodness; no one knows how
Far its influence extends.
And to show our appreciation, for this life so fine
We can like her - so live,
That we too may have something as worthwhile to give.
And I know today in that
"Eternal Home" not so far away
Aunt Rye will not sit idly by.
She'll be helping, always doing her share,
And folks there too, will love our Aunt Rye.

Rhea Dixon Reeve
February 1947

MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

Copy of Letter Deposited in Utah Stake (sealed) Relief Society Box

Provo, Utah
256 North 5th West
October 12, 1930

TO MY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN:

When you receive this letter I will long have passed to another world after having lived a very happy life.

Having one of the kindest and best husbands, and the Mother of eight children who are very fine boys and girls. I am especially thankful for my parentage. - - -

Since my marriage my husband and five sons have been in the mission field. Clarence is on the water at this time enroute to South Africa as a missionary to the home of his Grandfather for which I am very thankful for and trust that he will be able to locate some of my Father's people and get some of their genealogy as I am anxious to do their work in the Temple.

Working in the Temple has given me a great deal of joy and I pray that I may be able to get more genealogy and connect my ancestors, which I know will please my Father as he died before he had a chance to do this work. And now my children, I beg of you to keep your family records from one generation to another. Whereever you can, trace our family line; go into the Temple of the Lord and do the work for those who did not have the privilege of doing it for themselves, for how could you feel a greater satisfaction than doing something for some one they could not do for themselves.

And now my children and grandchildren, keep the commandments of God and you will be blessed and prosper.

Read the Book of Mormon and remember how the people at that time were blessed beyond measure but as soon as they became indifferent, they forgot God and fell into destruction and decay.

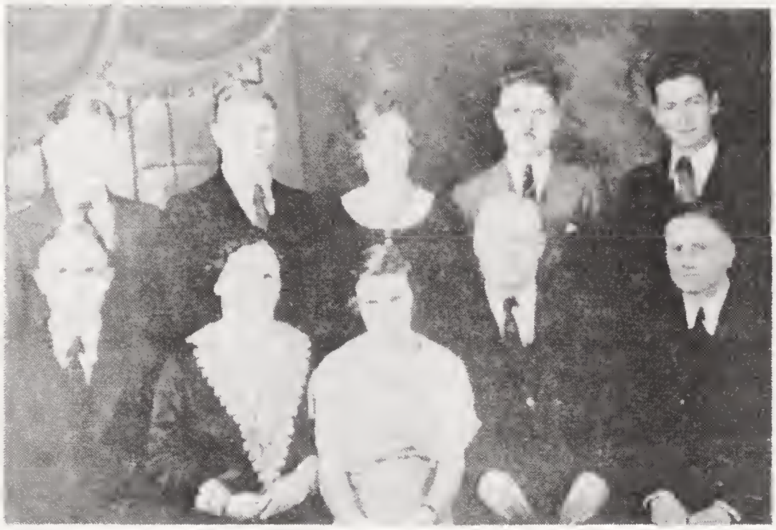
I bear my testimony to everyone of you, that this gospel is true and has brought more joy into my life than anything.

Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God and was brought forth in these latter days to establish the Kingdom of God upon this earth and this Church will grow and I want everyone of you to remain true to the end, so that when your earthly mission is completed, we may all meet and associate together as a happy and united family,having love in our hearts for Heavenly Father and each other. When this letter is read many changes will have taken place but our Heavenly Father never changes. Look to Him for aid at all times and He will answer your prayers in faith, as He has answered mine.

And now my dear children I seal this up with my blessings upon you all.

Your loving Mother and Grandmother, Maria Dixon Taylor

Arthur N. Taylor Home - 256 No. 5th West, Provo



Front L. to R: Arthur D., Maria D., Ruth E.,
Arthur N., Lynn D. Taylor
Back L. to R: Elton L., Clarence D., Alice L.,
Henry D., O. Kenneth Taylor

Wildwood Summer Home
Maria D. Taylor, Ruth E., Eliza N. Taylor, Sarah D. Dixon
Alice L. Taylor

WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON

1873 - 1937

Hattie Hands Dixon

History of WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON

By Vesta Dixon Booth

William Aldous Dixon was born in Provo, Utah on Monday, April 21, 1873 at 8:30 a.m., to Mary Smith Dixon and Henry Aldous Dixon. He was their first son, having two older sisters, Alice and Sarah Ann. William was blessed by his father on April 29, 1873. He had eight half brothers and one half sister as his father had two wives. For a while they all lived in one house and lived as one happy family. It has been said that either mother was a mother to all the children when they were small. It didn't matter which mother they went to, for each gave them the same attention.

As the family grew they had to have their own homes. William's family had a home built in the First Ward, down on First South and Fourth East in Provo. They lived here for awhile, but it was too far from the other family so a new home was built in the Provo Third Ward at the corner of Second North and Fourth West. This home later became William's own home, and his own family was raised here. It is still kept up and being lived in.

William's schooling was in the old Brigham Young Academy. His teacher being Karl G. Maeser. There may have been others to teach him, but I have heard him talk of Bro. Maeser. The school was held down on Academy Avenue (University Avenue) down by the tracks at about 5th South. The building was later used as Zion's Wholesale Co. William only went through the Sixth grade, as I recall him telling me.

When Willie, as he was called by his family, was just eleven years old he lost his father. That was an early age to be left without a father. There was a large family left fatherless. Mary Ann, the second wife, was left with three boys, William, Parley and Albert and three girls, Alice, Sarah and Hattie. The other wife, Sarah DeGrey Dixon, was left with one girl, Maria, and six boys, John, LeRoy, Ernest, Walter, Arthur, Charles. Arnold, another son, was born about two months after his father died.

William, being the oldest son on his side of the family, had to go to work to help support his family. After his father died, Willie did all kinds of work to help out. After he grew older, he was away from home on many of his jobs. He worked in lumber camps, on construction work and other jobs in many places. I remember him having a picture of Mt. Shasta, which was drawn on a piece of brown paper with chalk and pencil. It was drawn by Mr. Sward, an old man from Provo who was with him on one of his jobs.

William became fascinated with electricity and became one of the early electricians in Provo. He worked as a lineman for the Nunn Brothers when they installed the first high tension transmission line in the United States, from their power plant in Provo Canyon to the mining town of Mercur, Utah.

As a young man, William had rheumatism very bad, and was crippled from it for awhile. He had to go on crutches for two years. During this time he tried many cures for it. He went away to take hot mineral baths, but nothing seemed to help. This condition left him with a weak heart which bothered him for many years; but later in life did not bother him too much. His rheumatism never came back to give him much trouble.

William met a young English girl, Hattie Hands. She was staying, in America, with her Aunt, Eliza Taylor. At the time he met her he fell in love with her. He courted her for some time, before asking her to become his wife. They were married in Provo on December 15, 1904. Their first home was in George Madsen's house on Seventh West just off Second North. At this time he was working for Taylor Bros. Co. in the furniture department. This happy marriage was saddened on the twenty-second of May 1906 when their first child died at birth.

After a year and half of marriage, William's health took a change for the worse. He was advised by his doctor to change climate and see if that would improve his health. So William and Hattie moved to Redondo Beach in California for awhile. Next they moved to San Pedro. Here a daughter, Vesta, was born to them on June 10, 1907. Seventeen days later, June 27, 1907, word came from Provo, Utah that his mother had passed away.

It seems that after being in California for some time, his health forced him to make another move. They returned to Provo again. This time they made their home on Fifth North and Seventh West, across the street from Agnes Taylor. Here they had a son, Glen, born to them on November 5, 1908.

Health failing again, they moved to California again. This time to run a ranch for Aunt Hattie and Uncle George West. The ranch was in Colton, just out of San Bernardino. He had Mexican men to help him run the place. Mother also had Mexican women to help her in the house. He came to like these people very much and learned enough of their language to talk to them. Glen and I used to be able to speak some of the Mexican language. Dad said we always used to ask for our food at the table in Spanish. Mother said that many times Dad would go to San Bernardino, to the market to sell the eggs and butter, and he would pass out from his heart and the horse would bring him home. Mary was born here in San Bernardino, California on January 23, 1911.

Once again, William and his family returned to Provo to live. Here they made their home at 390 West Second North, the home built by his mother. He lived here the rest of his life.

William opened up a little store, after returning to Provo. It was an electrical supply and confectionery store combined. This little store was located at about 275 West Center Street, just east of where the B. & H Pharmacy is now located. He did electrical wiring along with his store, and later on he had many souvenirs taken from some of the old buildings of Provo. He wired them himself for electricity.

Here in Provo, on April 1, 1913 his wife gave birth to their third daughter, who was given one of her mother's names, Harriet Faye.

He finally gave up his store, and went to work for Utah Power and Light Co. He worked for them for the next twenty-six years. He worked in the substation for many years, and then as their repair man. He was also the Electrical Inspector for Provo City for many years.

William was a lover of animals. I can't remember when he didn't have pets of some kind, a dog, horse, cat or chickens.. Most of the time all of them. One pet Dad had for many years was his horse, Ruby. He used to tell us the story of how he told Uncle George West that he didn't mind moving if he could only take Ruby and a large umbrella tree from his ranch in California. Uncle George said, "You can take the horse alright, but I'm afraid you'd have a hard time taking a tree on the train with you." The horse came with us. She was a race horse and used to run back of one of those two wheel carts. We had her for many years, and Dad used to raise horses from her to sell. It was really difficult for him when he had to get rid of Ruby. The City zoning rule prohibited keeping horses on our lot on 4th West in the City. Ruby was sold to Wren Wilkins. At least one a week or oftener, Dad made a trip down to see how Ruby was doing. We tagged along with him many times. Then she was sold to a man in Springville, and trips were made to see her over there. Later she was sold to a man in Payson, and William lost track of his pet.

Uncle George West had been so kind and helpful during William's stay in California. He admired Uncle George so much that when a baby boy was born to his wife on September 27, 1915 at Provo, Utah, he was given the name of George.

William loved fishing and hunting. He loved the great outdoors. He took after his father, I guess. He was always remarking about a beautiful scene. When we went on our summer trips to Wildwood or up to Fish Lake, he could see beauty everywhere. Mother used to tell him he'd be satisfied to live on top of the mountains as long as he had a pretty scene to look at. Then he would tell her she'd like to live on the bank corner and have the band playing at her front door all the time. I've seen him sit for hours fishing, waiting for a fish to bite. Maybe the next cast he would get one.

He was pretty good at drawing pictures too. He loved flowers and always had a beautiful garden with all varieties of flowers blossoming from early spring to late fall. His favorite flower was the red rose. He took great pleasure in showing off his flowers and giving away bouquets. He had a fish pond in his garden that he was very proud of.

William loved children. He was also a great tease. I remember how he used to tease the children, and take their nose off. He would show them his thumb between his fingers. Or he'd take his pliers out and pull off their ears or he would ask them if they wanted other teeth pulled. The girls were always called boys, and boys were called girls. We used to go on our annual spring walk for water cress, and there was always the whole neighborhood along.

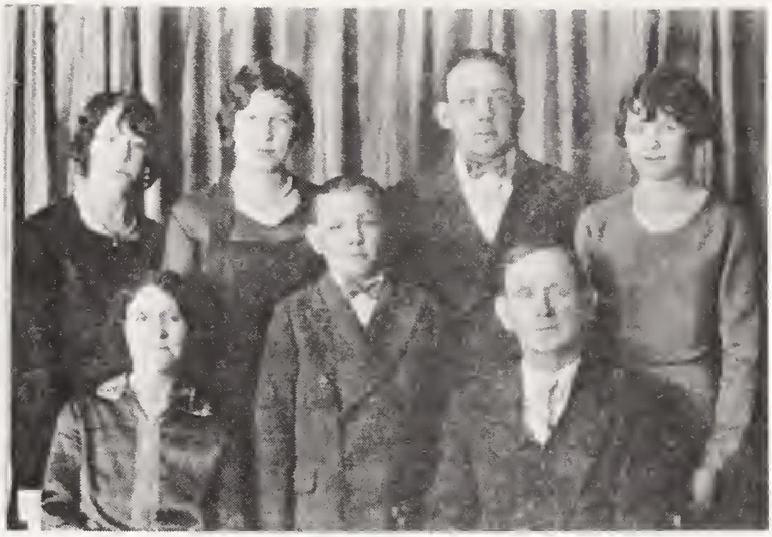
He loved to visit the old folks and the sick, and take them a bouquet of his prize flowers. He liked to go up Town and chat with his old friends. He always had time to say a few words to those he knew. Some of his old friends, he thought so much of, were: Evert. Richmond, Bill Haws, and Joe and Byron Clark, whom he worked with for so many years. Charles Hopkins, our neighbor, and George and Eva Hickman. Eva used to work in his store.

He wasn't a church going man, but he believed in his religion. William had very high standards and morals to live by, and he lived by them too. He did not think you could be a Sunday Mormon and live right. You had to live your religion every day, not just on Sunday. He never put himself above others. One person was as good as another. Money and position did not make the man; it was the man himself.

William was the father of six children: William Hands, who died at birth, Vesta, Glen H., Mary, Faye Harriet and George S. Dixon. He always worried about his children marrying the right mate. I am sure he would be proud of them all and their families. He would really enjoy his sixteen grandchildren and thirteen great grandchildren if he were here now. He only got to see three of his grandchildren: Max, Shirley and Gordon.

In January 1937 he had terrific headaches, which bothered him all the time. In March he contracted the flu. He never seemed to get over it or really feel himself after that. He seemed to get worse as time went on. The doctors said he had encephalitis, or sleeping sickness. He died Tuesday, June 22, 1937 at about 8:30 p.m. He was 64 years of age.

There were many people who came to pay their last respects to him. People I didn't know that he knew. He was well respected and loved by many young and old alike. He was a wonderful father, and his death was mourned by his family and many friends, as one of them told me, "There wasn't a better man than Bill Dixon".



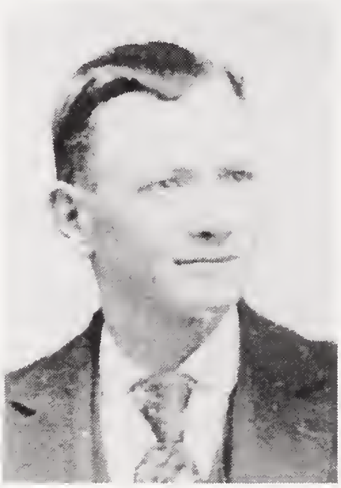
WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON FAMILY

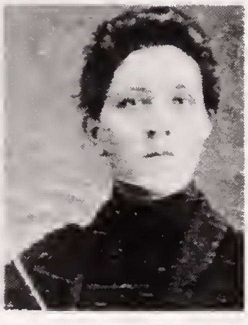
Front L to R: Hattie H., George S.,
William A.
Back L to R: Faye, Vesta, Glen H.,
Mary.

HOME at 4th West & 2nd North
Provo, Utah

ERNEST DE GREY DIXON

1873 - 1938





May Painter Dixon

Biography of ERNEST DE GREY DIXON

By His Daughters Erma Boshard & Leah Ford

Our father, Ernest De Grey Dixon, was born December 22, 1873 at Provo, Utah. He was the son of Henry Aldous Dixon and Sarah DeGrey Dixon, who were Pioneers and crossed the plains in Captain Martin's Company which arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1857.

Ernest was a handsome lad with blue eyes and sandy hair, small in stature. He had a marked resemblance to his father. He was always a very lively, ambitious and industrious lad. At the age of two years he jumped from a little chair breaking his leg. Later this same leg was broken again. In those days they put the leg and foot in a box attaching weights to it and suspending it from the ceiling. He was tired of lying in bed, so while his mother was off to Relief Society Meeting, he cut the rope and pulled the box down and then hobbled off to the Penrods, who lived a block south, and joined the neighborhood children at play. This left him with a slight limp the rest of his life. Even after his appendicitis operation he refused to stay in bed. This resulted in the pulling away of the stitches and allowing the incision to break open and further complications to develop. With the "flu" epidemic of 1917 and 1918 when most persons welcomed staying in bed for ten days to two weeks, he refused to go to bed.

Ernest was one of the first students to attend the Timpanogos School, which became the "Alma Mater" for all of his children. His education was interrupted however, by the death of his father, which required him to work whenever he had the opportunity. All the children in this large family had to each contribute their share to the support of this fatherless family. At the age of eight years he was carrying water on construction for the brick layers, and thus he learned to lay brick, which became his future profession.

His father had bought a farm in the North part of Provo, near the Provo River. After his father's death, the boys began making brick from the clay that was found there. Ernest, along with his older brothers, made the brick from the clay at the Brickyard, to build their mother a new house at 270 North Fifth West. He became a very good bricklayer and contractor. He earned a reputation as an honest, reliable and industrious man. He helped build the old Provo High School on First South and Third West and the City and County Building at Provo. He donated much work on several of the L. D. S. Chapels in Provo. He was a member of the Building Committee of the Pioneer Ward.

Ernest was a good ice skater and swimmer and a very good horseman and jockey. He rode race horses on the race track at Provo. He always had a horse around for his own use.

In the winter time he would hook-up two horses to a cutter sleigh with bells on, and race down Fifth West as hard as the horses would go. He was usually the winner, especially if his wife May was at his side to whip the horses at his command.

As a young man he learned the trade of barbering, but preferred the out of doors work of bricklaying and ranching. At one time he combed the intermountain country as a horse buyer. He would go up to Star Valley, Wyoming and elsewhere, buying up large horses (matching teams) of bays, dapple greys, white, black and etc. for a Mr. Duffenbach of California. He would take them to Montpellier in Idaho and ship them by train to San Francisco, California. Mr. Duffenbach then would sell them to Wells Fargo, to mortuaries, hacks, coaches, carriges or deliverymen for city trade ; on the horse market. He would always bring gifts to his family and especially gifts from China Town in San Francisco.

Ernest was baptized by John Cottam, January 31, 1882 in the Eleventh Ward, Salt Lake City. He was confirmed by Alex McRae on February 2, 1882 in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was ordained an Elder by Bent F. Larsen, February 4, 1917.

In the Third Ward there was a group of young people who used to go out to Strawberry Valley for six weeks every summer. Ernest usually went, as he enjoyed fishing and camping out. Grandma Dixon and Grandma Taylor were the chaperones.

When a young man he met Mary Ann Painter (May) and they were married on December 19, 1899 at Nephi, Utah ,after an old fashioned courtship of three years. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on February 8, 1917.

Their children are as follows:

ERMA MAE DIXON, Born September 10, 1900 at Provo, Utah.
Married Arnold Boshard.
LEAH LILLIAN DIXON, Born May 18, 1903 at Provo, Utah.
Married Mayo Alton Ford.
ERNEST ARNOLD DIXON, Born April 25, 1906 at Provo, Utah
Died January 26, 1915.
VERL GRANT DIXON, Born November 26, 1908, at Provo, Utah
Married Adrynne Hodson. She died 1945.
Married Virginia Poulson In June 17, 1952.
RALPH DIXON Born September 16, 1912, at Provo, Utah.
Married Eva Ruth Ward
RONALD DIXON Born September 16, 1912 at Provo, Utah.
Married Verneda Jackson
EDITH ALICE DIXON, Born March 2, 1915 at Provo, Utah.
Married Bernard Carl Fallentine.

In 1917 the family, moved to Duchesne, Utah where they broke ground and had a dairy herd for the Knight Investment Company. The

Dixon Brothers bought some 10,000 acres of land near Tabiona, Utah and had the first filing for water on Moon Lake.

Ernest also belonged to the South Fork Investment Company, who owned considerable land in the South Fork of Provo Canyon where they raised cattle. In the wintertime they took the cattle to Lake Shore where they were fed wild hay from the harvested stacks. They had about 600 head of cattle. Father and Uncle Charles rode the range and took care of the cattle.

Each summer we would go up to the ranch and live in a framed tent. The scenery was beautiful. Many of the family including the Taylors would go up and stay for a vacation and week ends. I remember Arthur N. and Aunt Rye, Tom and Maud, Ashted and Kate, Walter and Agnes, and Grandma Taylor and most all of the Dixons. Then sometimes the Third Ward would have parties up there in the big grove (quaking aspens) or Ward Reunions. Henry Vogel would make candy and stretch it up there, looping it over a big hook fastened to a tree. There would be decorations in the form of Japanese lanterns hanging in the trees. It was a glorious place in the summer. I remember well the beautiful flowers in the pasture and the clear, cool water. It was so much fun.

One day father took mother, Erma, Arnold and I (Leah) on horseback up to the Lewis cabin. Father and Mr. Lewis showed us a large rug on his bed room floor. It was made from pelt of a large grizzely bear that had been molesting and killing his sheep. It was so big and beautiful, but it frightened me. Father loved the great outdoors.

In January 1938, Ernest and May went to Visalia, California with their son Verl, who was a field Scout Executive stationed there. They went to the Rose Parade in Pasadena and on to Visalia to spend the winter.

Ernest always loved children, his own as well as his grandchildren. He was a smart man even though he didn't have a chance to get much education, for his father died at a most critical time in his life when he should have received those early years of schooling. He was an interesting story teller and a fluent speaker. He had many life long friends and was so kind and generous. He was always on the lookout for helping the poor and the old people.

In 1931 he suffered a stroke after which his health was greatly impaired. He died on Wednesday, June 15, 1938 at Provo, Utah.

Copied from The Provo Evening Herald
Wednesday, June 15, 1938

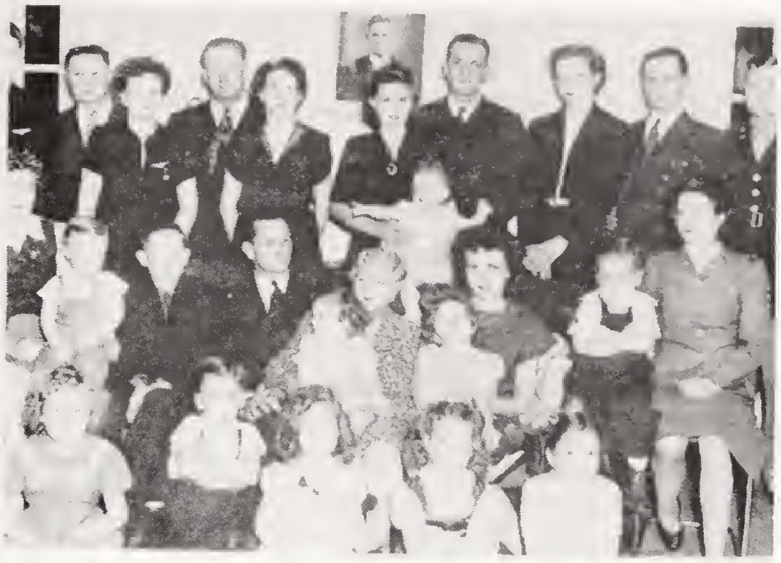
DEATH CLAIMS ERNEST DIXON

Ernest D. Dixon, 64, prominent contractor and builder of Provo, died this morning at 6:30 o'clock at the family home, 579 West Fourth North Street, from heart trouble and complications. He had been ill only 10 days.

Born in Provo December 22, 1873, a son of the late Henry Aldous and Sarah DeGrey Dixon, he had always made his home here. He was a member of the L. D. S. Church, holding the office of an Elder, and was noted for his contributions in connection with the building of L. D. S. Chapels throughout the City. He was one of the first students in the Timpanogos School.

His wife, May Painter Dixon and the following children survive: Mrs. Erma D. Boshard, Provo; Mrs. Leah D. Ford, Wallsburg; Verl G. Dixon, Visalie, Calif.; Ralph and Ronald Dixon, Provo; Mrs. Edith D. Fallentine, Salt Lake City; seven grandchildren, and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Maria D. Taylor, Charles Owen Dixon, Arnold Dixon, Mrs. Alice D. Dangerfield, Provo; Mrs. Sarah McConachie, Salt Lake City; Albert F. and Parley S. Dixon, Provo.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at 1:30 o'clock in the Third Ward Chapel, with Bishop A. E. Eves, presiding. Friends are invited to call at the Berg Mortuary Saturday evening and at the home Sunday, prior to the services. Interment will be in the Provo City Burial Park.



ERNEST DE GREY DIXON FAMILY

Children Standing: #2 Erma, #3 Leah
#4 Edith, #5 Ralph, #6 Verl G.
Seated Center: Ronald, May Painter
Picture on Wall: Ernest DeGrey Dixon

Home - 5th North & 8th West, Provo

Home at 581 West 4th North, Provo

CHARLES OWEN DIXON

1875 - 1943

Virginia Beckstead Dixon

Biography of CHARLES OWEN DIXON
By His Children

On November 22, 1875 at Provo, Utah, Sarah DeGrey Dixon gave birth to her sixth child, a baby boy, who was given the name of Charles Owen Dixon. The name Charles came from her brother-in-law, John Charles Hall, who accompanied her and her family across the plains in 1857. Charles was born in a little adobe house at Second North and Third West in Provo, Utah. His father, Henry Aldous Dixon gave him a Father's Blessing on about the 30th of November. He was baptized June 3, 1884 by his father, and was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by John Holdaway.

At the age of four, his father left on his second mission for England. Brigham Young had called Henry to go to his native land, South Africa, for his first mission. He returned from England in 1880. He was released earlier than usual because of ill health.

Charles attended the Timpanogos Grammar School. His father passed away when he was nine years old. As soon as he finished school it became necessary for him to find a job and work to help support his mother's large family of nine children, seven brothers and one sister.

Charles' first job was with Provo Woolen Mills. He received fifty cents per day. He helped make brick in the old Dixon Brickyard, worked on the family farm, and helped his brother, Arthur, at odd jobs in his contracting business. At the age of twelve he worked for his brother, John, driving a team, hauling brick, for $4.00 per day. He was known as a hard worker. Sometimes he hauled as many as 4,000 bricks per day. His record for unloading bricks by hand was about three minutes a load.

He had a great love for animals, especially fine horses. He became owner of "Billy Sherbet" one of the finest thoroughbred race horses in this area. He and Ernest would race their horses with race carts in the Salt Lake Fair, where they really did well.

Like the other brothers, Charles loved the out of doors. He worked with the cattle up South Fork. One time he was sleeping in a tent and just happened to stretch his arm and it went over a huge rattle snake. He didn't dare move. He layed as still as possible and finally the snake crawled away.

The Dixon Home was in the Provo Third Ward. There were three Deacons Quorums in that Ward. At that time they didn't consider the boys capable of taking care of themselves, so some of the Elders were called in. Brother Arthur N. Taylor was called in to preside over the First Quorum, William Clayton, for the Second Quorum and William P. Silver for the Third. William Clayton chose Charles as his first counselor, because he said he had such a great love for him.

It is interesting to note the duties these Deacons had. One of their duties was to take care of the meeting house. They had to dust it, keep it clean, sweep it out and make it ready for Sunday. Also they chopped wood and hauled it to the meeting house. Many times the pile seemed bigger than the Chapel. The older men chopped, and the boys carried it in. Charles never faltered. He was always there ready and willing to do his part.

A few years later on a Sunday morning, as these young men sat in a class taught by John B. Fairbanks, Bishop Lewis called Charles and William Clayton and one other, from class. He asked them if they would go on a mission. Of course they said yes. This was really something to have three missionaries leave at the same time from one Ward. They had a farewell for the three of them together.

On April 9, 1898, Charles received his mission call to go to the Montana Mission, which later was changed to the Northwestern States Mission. He was then twenty-two years old. He labored in Montana, Oregon and Washington for two and one-half years. This Mission was really a fullfillment in his life and gave him a lot of pleasant memories in his later life.

They labored "without purse or script" in this early period of the missions. They would sleep in haystacks to get out of the rain and only received meals when people were nice enough to give them something to eat. He used to tell his children about one special lady who made such good lemon pies for them. Also, about the raw oyster cocktails which he couldn't eat when in Portland, and about going through the Salmon factory.

One experience his children loved to hear was when he was in Butte, Montana preaching in a "street meeting". A huge man in the crowd started heckling him and finally he came up and started making motions as though to do him bodily harm. Charles just looked him in the face and rebuked him in the name of the Lord. The man dropped his hands and didn't touch Charles.

At Conference in Portland, the President of the Mission, Franklin S. Bromwell, asked Charles to preside over the Branch. Charles was the kind of a missionary that wanted to keep busy, not sit around and do nothing. Many times his companions wanted to stay in, when it was raining and study or write, but Charles would say, "we must give this Gospel to the people who are here and the ones who are anxious to know something about it". He studied very hard. You could never quote a passage of scripture but what he told you exactly where it was taken from. He was earnest in his labor. He received his release to return home on September 5, 1900, after having filled an honourable mission.

While helping to construct the Third Ward Amusement Hall, a large piece of lime stone, which was being laid up in the foundation, slipped and injured his leg. His leg was crushed so badly it was feared that amputation would be necessary, but he refused to submit to such an operation. He spent the next six months recuperating. His strong faith pulled him through. There was one spot on his leg that remained very tender, and he had to guard it so it wouldn't get hurt again.

During his convalescence he worked in the office with his brother, John DeGrey, who was State Treasurer in Salt Lake City.

The Dixon Family, together with the Taylor families and other close friends, would spend some parts of their summer in camping out on the South Fork of the Provo River. The time was spent in fishing, hiking, shooting and relaxing. The idea of buying up two of the homesteads in the South Fork area and forming a cattle company turned into reality in the latter part of 1903, when John, LeRoy, Ernest, Charles Dixon and Thomas N., Arthur N., and Ashted Taylor organized the South Fork Cattle Co. Adjoining the two homesteads, they bought a large tract of land, which they leased from the Government for grazing purposes. A beautiful, young herd of balle-faced cattle was purchased and Charles was appointed manager of the South Fork Cattle Company. To supplement this summer range, 80 acres of hay land, west of Spanish Fork, was purchased for winter feeding.

The shortest route for Charles to get home from South Fork was to go up on the divide west of the Ranch and come down Rock Canyon to his home in Provo. This route was traveled frequently by Charles in the summer.

In the fall of 1908, his sister, Maria D. Taylor, records that he hauled the lumber and shakes for her cabin at Wildwood, in Provo Canyon, from the Strawberry Valley sawmills.

After attending Stake Conference at the Provo Tabernacle, Charles was walking home with his mother when they were introduced to Virginia Beckstead, the attractive daughter of George and Charlotte Beckstead. George was a well-to-do sheepman who lived in a large home on West Center and Seventh West. Charles walked Virginia home down West Center and talked awhile out in front of her big, lovely home. After he left, Virginia went into the house and her boy friend, Will Corbet, was waiting for her. She then broke her engagement to him, because she was attracted to Charles even on such a short acquaintance. Will Corbet never did marry.

On August 25, 1909, Charles Owen Dixon and Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead were married in the Salt Lake Temple. A huge reception was held at the bride's home. Friends and relatives from all over Utah were in attendance. The house and garden were decorated in festive fair with lights strung throughout the garden. A banquet was served, followed by dancing indoors and out, until early morning. A parade, led by Mrs. Arthur (Flora) Salt, accompanied by banging on pans and other noise makers was conducted through Provo Pioneer

Park. The bride wore a beautiful white satin dress. This was considered to be the biggest social event of the year.

Charles was eleven years older than Virginia, and having worked so hard in his young life was able to build a beautiful white brick home on Fifth West and Third North, for his lovely bride. They furnished it with the best of furnishings and had it all paid for before their wedding day.

Virginia had four girls delivered by Dr. Fred Taylor. Child no. 5 was a boy which certainly thrilled Charles and Virginia. The youngest child delivered by old Dr. Fred was another little girl. Listed are the children:

VaLera	Born	August	21, 1910
Ruby	"	July	26, 1912
Stella	"	June	26, 1915
Alice Delenna	"	November	18, 1917
Owen George	"	March	28, 1920
Virginia	"	June	4, 1922

Charles and Virginia had a one seated buggy and they would hitch up the Kentucky, blue grass, pedigreed, thorough-bred horse, "Billy Sherbet", and away they would go. One time they went clear to Duchesne and had Valera and Ruby with them. Charles would tease her after those trips and tell her they should move out there. She had her beautiful home in the city and she did get quite provoked at this. She did not want to go out and live in the sage brush.

In order to adequately provide shelter for his prize horses, cows and pigs, Charles purchased quite a large tract of land in the middle of the same block where he had built his home. He built a large barn, grainery and pig pen. The barn joined onto his brother, Arthur's lot to the Southwest. This was near to his house and large enough to accomodate his wagons, teams of horses and made it possible for him to utilize his backyard for growing a garden. He took great pride and delight in cultivating and raising produce for his family, friends and neighbors.

At Easter time the children loved to go and play in this big barn. They would dye their eggs and go down to the barn and climb the ladder up in the hay loft. Hide the eggs and play. Then they would go down and climb in the big tin-lined grainery that was full of nice, clean wheat.

VaLera and Ruby had to take turns taking the cows; Bossy, a Jersey, and Reddy, the Guernsey to the herd. The herd went along 6th West Street, early in the morning. Then they would have to meet the herd at night. Reddy was quite mean and she would get away some of the time.

Charles was a lover of children. He would take them on his knee and bounce them like a horse and sing: "Apples for a penny, buy my fine strawberries, apples for a penny, you must taste before you buy". This was repeated many times. This song turned out to be the best way to get his children to sleep. He loved his wife dearly. She was the most beautiful thing in the world to him. He loved her cleanliness, the way she would wear talcum powder instead of a lot of make-up, her long dark-brown hair that she could sit on, her lovely blue eyes, oval face with dimples, and her queenly stature.

What a sadness it was when his lovely wife died on the 19th of August 1922, just two months after their youngest baby was born. The children were small. VaLera the oldest, was twelve. During this sad time he received a great deal of comfort and help from his mother and her mother, and all others that lived in the Third Ward, especially on Fifth West, which was called "Sandy Alley" because of so many red-headed Dixon and Taylors that lived on this street.

Va Lera recalls: "Grandma Dixon was short, plump and a jolly little woman. I remember her living at Aunt Leck's and Uncle Roy's. Some days you would see her walking down Fifth West, visiting her sons and daughter. When mother died, I was just twelve years old. Grandma came to stay with us for a time to help take care of Virginia, the baby of two months. I think Grandma was about seventy-nine years old then. Father would get up in the night to feed the baby so Grandma wouldn't have to do it. She taught me to make bread. Father bought a bread mixer that mixed eight loaves of bread. I was short and had to stand on a chair to turn the handle of the mixer which was fastened onto another chair. I would turn until a dough ball formed, then I would put the lid on it and let it raise all night. Then in the morning I would get up and make the dough into eight loaves of bread and bake it in a huge black pan in the oven of a coal stove, before going to school. This would last the family about two days. Grandma helped us organize our house work. The work of cleaning the house, each week, was divided among the four girls and one boy, each taking their turn at the various jobs. She was neat and clean and wore blouses and dark skirts that reached to the floor. She always wore black shoes and sometimes wore a shawl around her shoulders. She was kind and devoted to her children".

Grandmother Beckstead was also very helpful to the children after Grandmother Dixon died. She did beautiful hand work and made so many nice things for the girls trousseau. The children were really proud to go to town with her, especially the Farmers & Merchants Bank. She knew so many people in there and as Grandfather had left her quite a sum of money when he died; they would really cater to her. The nice clothes she bought the children really helped.

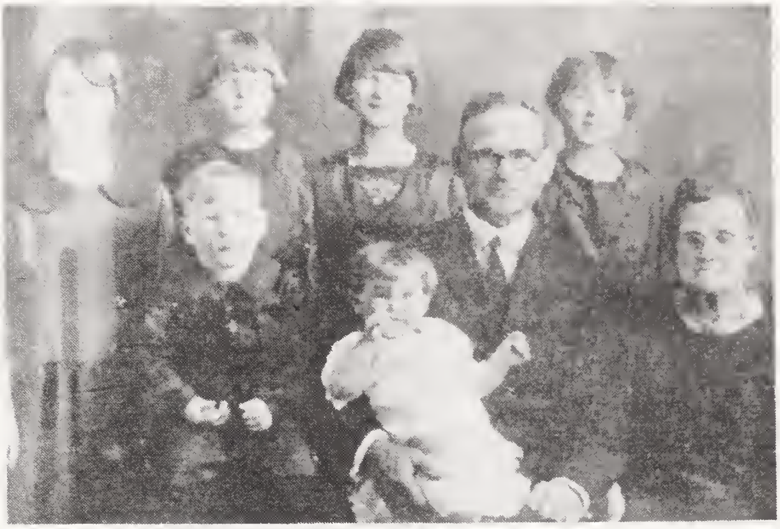
For many years, until his health failed him, Charles worked for Dave Stagg in the Provo City Road Department. Soon after the World

War I when surplus equipment became available, Provo City obtained a large truck for the Street Department. Although at this time, Charles had never learned to drive a car, he was assigned to this truck for the hauling of gravel onto the Provo Streets. I am sure his horse "Billy Sherbet" would have left this truck in his dust many time over, but "Billy" was a race horse and this truck was a "workhorse".

When Charles health forced him to resign, he spent a great deal of his time on his Slate Canyon Farm. It was originally owned by his father. It had previously been only good for grazing livestock, but Charles converted this rock and gravel pile into a beautiful and productive strawberry patch and fruit orchard. This was a lot of work for the children, especially with only one son, Owen, to do the heavy work. Many early mornings were spent cutting off strawberry runners in the kitchen, and then going out to plant them. Later to pick the berries and sell them. The fruit was the best on the market, and drew premium prices each season.

After his wife, Virginia, died he depended very much on his sister, "Aunt Rye" and his sister-in-law- "Aunt Leck". When he was sick the children would run for "Aunt Rye". She would have a stew or rice pudding to give the children on their way home from school for their supper. "Aunt Rene", next door would help the children put up peaches and help with their house cleaning jobs. "Aunt Lou" made the best candy at Christmas time and would give the children money for runing errands. "Aunt Sarah" would pay the children for helping her with housework. And so it was, lots of loving neighbors to help and guide the children. In the summers they enjoyed staying with their Aunts in Provo Canyon at "Wildwood".

Charles died on March 3, 1943, having literally worked himself to death. After his wife died his life was very lonely. He loved his children and family, but the gap could not be filled. He never lost his testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and was rewarded by a beautiful funeral that expressed the virtues of his life. His life was a life of devotion to his family and to his Church. He taught goodness, truth, honesty, character and good conduct . . to keep our free agency we should work more - not less, that we will have higher standards and a better life if we take responsibility. We were to look for humility, not prestige, education - not money; and he taught that religion was power which must be used towards righteous living. That Christ taught by example and this is the way we should teach.



CHARLES O. DIXON FAMILY

Back Row L. to R: Ruby, Alice, Valera, Stella.
Front Row L. to R: Owen, Virginia, Charles, Sarah D.

Charles O. Dixon Home - 295 No. 5th West, Provo

ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON

1876 - 1945

Sena Rasmussen Dixon

ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON

By Arthur D. Taylor

Albert Frederick Dixon was born in Provo, Utah on March 31, 1876. He was blessed and given his name by his father, Henry Aldous Dixon, on April 8, 1876, nine days after his birth. He was baptized on the third day of June 1884 and confirmed a member of the Latter Day Saints Church by Edward Harding the same day. His father, Henry Aldous Dixon, came from South Africa and his mother, Mary Anne Smith, came from Hull, England, where they were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Albert spent his boyhood days in the Provo Third Ward where he grew to manhood. He was of an affectionate disposition and was well liked by his boyhood friends. As a young man he was very popular and was very active in social functions of the Provo Third Ward. He had many friends in the town. He left school at an early age and went to work on a construction gang that was building a railroad through Cedar Valley to Mercur, Utah, a mining camp at that time. Several Provo men were contractors on this project and his sister, Alice, was employed as a cook in the camp. When the construction work of the Salt Lake and Mercur Railroad was completed, he went to work for the Railroad as a brakeman and later became a conductor on the line. He operated between Lehi Junction and Mercur. He became very well known by all the people of Lehi, Cedar Valley and Mercur and was popular at the old time dances held at Fairfield.

In 1902 he left railroading to answer a call from his Church to go on a Mission to England. He travelled with his sister, Maria Dixon Taylor, who was going to join her husband then serving on a Mission in Birmingham, England. While on his Mission he was privileged to work in Hull, the home of his relatives, and the home of his mother before she migrated to Utah. While in Hull he was the means of bringing his cousin, Fanny Smith Shearsmith and her family of girls into the Church. They later migrated to Provo.

When he returned from his Mission in 1904, he went to work for Taylor Brothers Company as a salesman of Pianos, Organs and Home Furnishings. His work took him to the coal mining camps in Carbon County and the towns of Southern Utah. He had an uncanny talent of making friends with foreigners and with the people in small towns and country districts. He was a very successful salesman and was held in high esteem by the Taylor Brothers Company. After several years he left the Taylor Brothers Company to work with his brother, LeRoy Dixon, in the Real Estate and Insurance business. After some time selling insurance for the Dixon Real Estate Company he was approached by the Taylor Brothers Company to accept the position of Manager of their new store they were opening at Spanish Fork, Utah. He accepted the position and moved with his family to Spanish Fork. He was well liked by the people of Spanish Fork and was very active in civic and church affairs there. The business thrived under his direction and he was unusually successful.

In 1921, Arthur N. Taylor, one of The Taylor Brothers, and several of the Company employees decided to form a company and operate a chain store Home Furnishings organization. They asked Albert to join with them. He became Vice-president of the new firm. They used his name, DIXON, as the first word in the new company's name; the second word, TAYLOR, after the President and General Manager Arthur N. Taylor; and the third word, RUSSELL, after the Secretary, Sidney W. Russell. Thus the name Dixon-Taylor-Russell Co. became the name of the new corporation. In 1929 they were operating ten stores in Utah County, Juab County, Wasatch County and Carbon County, as well as sales districts in Millard County, Sevier County, Sanpete County and through the southern part of the State of Utah.

At the death of Arthur N. Taylor, President and General Manager, in 1935, Albert became President of the Dixon-Taylor-Russell Co. and served as such until his death in 1945.

In his travels as a salesman for Taylor Brothers Co. he met a young lady in Ephraim, Utah, that he admired, by the name of Sena Rasmussen. He married her in the Manti Temple on March 23, 1910. They had nine children. Five of them lived to maturity: Harry Albert, Mildred, Norma, Vera and Melvin R. Three died in infancy: Clifton, Elmo Arthur, and Ruth. One child was still born. His wife Sena died in Provo, March 16, 1944 and was buried in the Provo City Cemetery.

Albert was an active member of the L.D.S. Church all of his life. He filled a successful Mission in England. He was a Sunday School Superintendent and filled many positions in other Ward Organizations. He was a High Priest at the time of his death.

While on a visit with his daughter in Berkeley, California, he had a heart attack and died August 18, 1945. His body was returned to Provo. His funeral services were held in the Provo Fifth Ward Chapel and he was buried along side his wife in the Provo City Cemetery.

Albert Frederick Dixon resembled his father, Henry Aldous Dixon in body stature in many ways. Like his father also, he was kind and loved people and especially he loved children and they loved him. He was strictly honest and trusted by all men. He loved the out-of-doors and enjoyed many hunting and fishing expeditions. He was a talented salesman, a successful business man, a faithful member of his Church and a kind and loving father to his family. At his funeral service one of the speakers read the following words which he said fit the life of his dear friend Albert:

"Sort of man you'd like to be;
Balanced well and truly square;
Patient in adversity,
Generous when skies were fair,
Never rash in work or deed,
Quick to come and slow to go
In a neighbor's time of need."

Never arrogant or proud,
On he went with manor mild;
Never quarrelsome or loud,
Just as simple as a child;
Honest, Patient, Brave and True;
Thus he lived from day to day,
Doing what he found to do
In a cheerful sort of way."

PROVO CIVIC, CHURCH LEADER DIES

(Copied from The Salt Lake Tribune, August 20, 1945)

Tribune Leased Wire - Provo --- ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON 69, President of Dixon-Taylor-Russell Co. and prominent Provo Church man, died of a heart attack Saturday at the Berkeley, Calif. general hospital, according to word received by relatives here.

Mr. Dixon left Wednesday for California with his daughter, Mrs. Norma Jess, who was moving to Berkeley, and suffered the heart attack at her home. He was rushed to the general hospital, and died there a few hours later.

He was born March 31, 1876, in Provo, a son of Henry Aldous Dixon and Mary Smith Dixon, and received his early education in the Provo City Schools. He later attended the old Brigham Young Academy.

STARTED IN RAILROAD

Mr. Dixon took his first job as a construction worker on the old Salt Lake and Mercur railroad, and after completion of the railroad line became a brakeman with the Company. In 1902 he was called to fill a mission for the L.D.S. Church, and entered the British Mission field for a two year term with his sister, Mrs. Arthur N. Taylor.

Upon his return from England, Mr. Dixon worked for Taylor Brothers Department store, traveling for the store to all the mining camps of Utah and also to Southern Utah. In Ephraim he met Sena Rassmusson and married her March 23, 1910, in the Manti L.D.S. Temple.

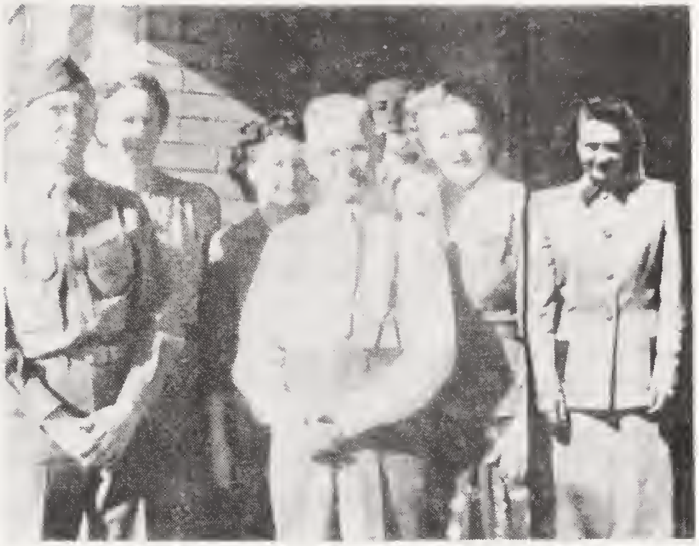
Continuing his work with Taylor Brothers store he became manager of the Spanish Fork branch in 1913, and held that position until 1921 when he moved to Provo and became one of the organizers of Dixon-Taylor-Russell Co.

Mr. Dixon became vice-president of the new company, serving in that capacity until the president, Arthur N. Taylor, died in 1936, when he became president. He held this post at the time of his death.

HEADED SUNDAY SCHOOL

An active member of the L.D.S. Church all of his life, Mr. Dixon was superintendent of the Provo Sixth L.D.S. Ward Sunday School, and also a Ward Teacher in the Sixth and Fifth Wards. He was a high Priest at the time of his death. Mrs. Dixon died March 16, 1944 in Provo.

Surviving are two sons and three daughters, First Sgt. Harry Albert Dixon, serving with the U. S. Army in the Phillippines; Pfc. Melvin R. Dixon, with the occupation army in Czechoslovakia; Mrs. J. C. (Mildred) Tangren of Provo; Mrs. R. G. (Norma) Jess of Berkeley, Cal., and Mrs. D. E. (Vera) Anderson of Layton; one grandchild; two brothers and three sisters. Funeral services pending arrival of the body from California.



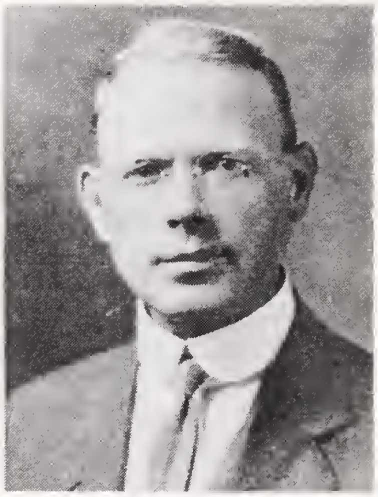
ALBERT F. DIXON FAMILY

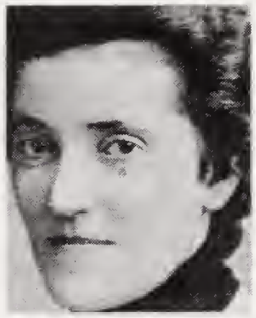
Front L to R: Harry A., Albert F.
Back L to R: Sena R., Mildred
Melvin R., Vera, Norma.

HOME at 72 No. 1st East
Provo, Utah

WALTER DEGREY DIXON

1877 - 1921





LOUIE MAIBEN DIXON

A Biography of WALTER DE GREY DIXON

By His Daughter - Rhea Dixon Reeve

On the fifteenth day of the Thanksgiving month in the year 1877, the Henry A. Dixon family had reason to be especially thankful. It was at this time that a happy event took place in the small adobe cottage of Henry. His good wife Sarah DeGrey presented him with a healthy, blonde, red-faced, baby boy, who was christened WALTER DE GREY DIXON. Walter from early infancy seemed to appreciate being born. He showed an enthusiasm for life at an early age.

His folks, like most of the Pioneers of that day, were not blessed with the material things of life. They were rich in Spirituality and Faith. Their children were their wealth. Henry being an obedient servant of the Church followed the command to live in polygamy. His second wife, "Aunt Mary", lived near-by with her children. At the time of Walter's birth, there were already nine brothers and sisters to greet him. He was very welcome and his mother boasted of his good disposition and pleasant personality.

Walter loved his parents and Aunt Mary. He loved his brothers and sisters and enjoyed their companionship. He was always in the midst of things. He liked people and activity. He enjoyed good clean fun and had a keen sense of humor. He loved to laugh and see other folks laugh too. He would always see the funny side when ever possible, but was alert to the serious side, and had an understanding, sympathetic nature.

All during his youth he was considered to be timid and blushed easily. He was oft times called a coward because he refused to fight. This dislike of quarreling and fighting came from his desire to get along happily with everyone. He enjoyed a peaceful environment and was considered to be the peacemaker of the family and neighborhood, at school and on the playground. He had the ability to settle disputes and make everyone concerned feel right about the decision. He was sensitive to the negative criticism from others and tried to make folks feel good by praise and appreciation. He never hurt any one's feelings intentionally and if he was misunderstood, he was quick to apologize. He had a philosophy that kindness and encouragement could accomplish much more than nagging and force. He was always tolerant and would turn the other cheek, a trait that is admirable but caused him to be imposed upon and belittled by bullies.

He liked animals and encouraged the children to have pets and treat them kindly. He would take pictures of cows, horses, sheep, rabbits, chickens and dogs. He had a fear of strange dogs, a phobia that came from a scare, when very young. He would make excuses to keep from going to homes where the dog seemed vicious or did too much barking. The dog seemed to sense his fear and seemed to enjoy giving him a bad time. When they had a chance to make friends with him, they were his friend as long as they lived. He liked sheep and offered his help to George Beckstead in taking several carloads to Omaha and Chicago. Although this trip was strenuous he enjoyed it and appreciated seeing the sights in the large cities.

Walter spent his childhood and youth in the home he was born in, which was located on the corner of 2nd North and 3rd West Street in Provo. He was happy here in spite of hardships and grew and was strong and healthy, due to the ingenuity and effort of hard working, thrifty parents. He was taught to appreciate the things he had regardless of their little value or simple nature. He was taught to pray with his family, and secretly to give thanks for blessings he enjoyed. This trait helped Walter to live life more abundantly. He appreciated the Gospel, and his pioneer birth-right. He felt that he should never falter in defending "Truth". He tried to live the "GOOD LIFE" to be worthy of his heritage. He loved his God and his fellowman and served them to the best of his ability. He had the power to win new friends and keep the old. His friends came from every level of social status, from the highest to the least.

Upon the death of Walter Dixon, Senator Reed Smoot in his busy life at the Capitol in Washington, D. C., took time to send a lengthy telegram to Walter's wife and family, saying that his death was a personal loss to the Senator, as he considered Walter to be one of his choicest friends and appreciated the good that had come from knowing him. In constrast men underprivileged and even mentally retarded would have laid down their life for Walter, as he had given them kindness and helped them in their need without ever making them feel inferior. These were my Father's friends and at his death came to our home telling us of his kindness to them. Walter could always find something good about these (lost sheep). He could remember them in their better days when they were good students, or good workers. If he couldn't find anything else to boast, he would tell of their generosity. He once picked up an alcoholic from the street, much to the embarrassment of a family member with him. He defended the fallen member of society by telling of his school days at the Timpanogos School where he had been a good scholar, artist and athlete. Walter felt that kindness might help the poor fellow find himself.

Walter loved festivities, holidays, and celebrations of all kinds. He remembered birthdays and always put an effort to make these extra special days, something to be remembered.

He was patriotic and loved his Country. He participated and helped plan and assist with the "Fourth of July Celebrations". He was generally in charge of the children's races and sports, and either played baseball or managed the team.

When the call came to join the "National Guard", of the First World War, he was one of the first to enlist. He took great pride in appearing at his best in his well kept uniform in the parades, and could always pass inspection as he was neat and clean and took care of his clothes. He gloried in the trips and encampments made by this organization and remained an active member until his death.

He gave many hours of service on different patriotic projects during World War I and was one of the happiest of men when the Armistice was signed. He grieved for widows, Gold Star Mothers and orphans and tried to help them in their great loss.

Walter liked Valentine Day as it provided an opportunity to be sentimental and let folks know they were loved by him. It also was a time he could play jokes on his friends with original valentines he composed.

He enjoyed the changing seasons and the special things they brought. He kept record of the beauty of each with pictures he had taken and colored. He would join in the fun of "Spook's Alley" on Hallowe'en and looked forward to meeting with friends and family around a festive Thanksgiving Dinner. Easter with its springtime weather was a time for hiking, and Walter with a crowd of eager boys would climb to the "Y" or Maple Flat. Easter Sunday would find Walter and his gang in Church enjoying the sacred program and Easter Cantatas.

Walter's favorite holiday was Christmas. He had the true Christmas Spirit and was happiest when making others happy. He cherished his memories of childhood Christmases, and would tell his children about them. He would recall how after a sleepless Christmas he would jump out of bed, at dawn, and reach for his partly filled homespun stocking, taking it back to bed with him, as the house was so cold. He would glory in its contents which usually consisted of a few peanuts, a rosy apple, and a few pieces of molasses candy. Such rare treats as these were really appreciated by the Dixon Children, who were taught to share everything they had.

Walter not only shared at Christmas but all during the year. When ever he had a pleasant experience, he always wanted others to share it. So when in later years he became a father, he wanted his children to have fond memories of Christmas too. He planned for days in preparation for this event. His generosity worried my mother. After the gift list had been checked and the shipping completed, Walter would still come home late on Christmas Eve with his arms loaded. I doubt if anyone really knew the extent of this giving. His kind heart often caused him financial difficulty, as it knew no limitations, and his finances were often very limited.

He liked to don a Santa Claus suit and visit the neighborhood, leaving something for the children on Christmas Eve. How well we remember Christmas morning. Father would get up real early, make the fire, whistling all the while. We would sing Christmas songs and count the minutes away until father blew a tin horn, at which time we bounded out of bed to see our gifts. Father was as thrilled with our pleasure as we were. After all the packages were unwrapped and we had our breakfast, Mother would bundle us up and we would go with Father on a tour of "Sandy Alley", the Dixon, Taylor Street. He would enter every home calling "Christmas Gift". After playing with the children and wishing everyone well he would leave his "Christmas Spirit" to the entire household. A part of this day would be spent in cheering up the shut-ins. He loved older folks and was proud of their accomplishments in the days gone by. He always honored them for their service to the Church and Community.

Walter believed that the words of the Prophet, "The Glory of God is Intelligence", were very true. He greatly appreciated going to school, an opportunity that he made the most of for the few years he was able to attend. He loved to learn the mysteries of Science and Nature. He was always seeking knowledge and admired the wisdom of scholarly men and women. He loved to read and express himself. He was a good conversationalist and public speaker. He lived in the days when folks were called out of the audience to speak extemperaneously. Walter could always say something worthwhile as he had a message and a command of the English language that many college graduates would be proud to have. He used the dictionary continually and Webster proved to be one of his best friends.

Walter was an excellent penman, a skill that was really appreciated at that time before the typewriter became the vogue. He did shaded writing and was in demand to sign certificates, diplomas and the fly leaf of books. He was neat and accurate and a perfectionist in the things he did with his hands.

Walter was a versatile fellow. He liked to draw and paint pictures. He had a creative nature and could add color to stories and things he told because of his interesting vocabulary.

Although his actual schooling ended with his graduation from the eighth grade, his education continued his lifetime. He was always seeking knowledge and using what he learned.

He admired and appreciated the skills of others without envy. He aspired to do things better than his talent would permit, but was never envious of the superior talent of others.

Walter had been gifted with a keen retentive power. He could read something and comprehend and remember it without re-reading. This power of memorizing was a great help to him as he lived such a busy, strenuous life. He would accept an assignment and then find he was pressed for time, so he prepared his topic or lesson a few minutes before it was to be given.

He was an excellent story teller. A talent which made him popular with the children of all ages. This gift helped him win and keep the love of youth, and he was always surrounded by a gang of boys. He could control children who were considered to be delinquent. He believed that everyone was good. It was unfortunate circumstances that caused the wrong doing and defiance to social standards.

Many boys and girls called him "Uncle Walt", although they were not any relation to him, because they loved him as their kin.

One of the proud moments of his life was when a poor, underprivileged man, who was the father of a large family that were not provided for as well as they should have been, named one of his boys Walter, after my father. Some men would have been embarrassed because of the standard of living and the reputation of being "poor white trash", this family had in the community. My father was pleased and honored. He presented his namesake with a gift and befriended him and his family all of his life.

Walter loved and appreciated music, although he had little talent in this line. He loved to whistle. He whistled on his way to and from work, while doing chores, when he was happy and when he was sad. We could always indentify his particular whistle and would run to meet him.

We had a fine musical environment in our home. From childhood I can remember our piano. My sister Edna and I took piano lessons. My brother Fred aspired to be a violinist. After complaints from the neighbors, the violin was abandoned. Edna showed that she had real musical talent. She plays well by note and ear. Her family are musical too. We all love music but can't contribute much to it. Father bought a phonograph and choice records, which we would play over and over again. He was enthusiastic about concerts, operas and dramas. He was a devoted follower of all the activities in the Old Opera House. I remember going with him to the Theatre. His only regret would be that more folks didn't have the opportunity for these cultural experiences. He was thrilled when the band played, and thought Prof. Sauer was a master as a conductor. He attended band concerts at the park and wherever they were presented.

Walter had a youthful spirit and was always excited about the Circus coming to town. He would take a gang of boys down to the station to see them unload. He helped boys get free tickets by getting them jobs, carrying water to the elephants. Walter never ceased being a circus fan. He loved the "Big Tops". He would take his own family and the neighbors' children. He would buy popcorn, cotton candy, balloons and participate in all the circus traditions, as thrilled as any boy there. Walter's youthful spirit kept him young always.

Walter as a child had a vivid imagination. He was entranced with make believe and a devoted admirer of Bob Cunningham, a popular magician of his day. He liked all forms of dramatic presentations. He was a member of the Third Ward Dramatic Club, which experience was one of the highlights of his life. The fun that came from his associations with the cast, the obstacles that had to be overcome, the errors, and the receptions from the audiences, all were treasured in his memory.

The Third Ward Bazaars were famous in this City. The Relief Society would prepare a series of chicken dinners and the Dramatic Club would furnish entertainment each evening. Walter was in his glory, selling tickets, greeting friends, and even helped the good sisters with their tremendous job by praising and boasting of their efforts. Walter would assume the responsibility of advertising these big events, wherever he went and was a big factor in the success of the venture. A typical hand bill advertising these attractions is as follows:

GRAND BAZAAR AT THIRD WARD AMUSEMENT HALL, Tuesday, Wed., Thurs., Friday, May 12, 13, 14, 15th. Excellent programs each evening at 8 o'clock. By special request tonight the M. I. A. DRAMATIC CO. repeats that excruciating funny comedy,

" PHYLISS'S INHERITANCE "

CAST OF CHARACTERS:
Philip Moringside, a promising N. Y. attorney - ALVIN JACOBSEN
Major Philander Mumford, veteran of '61 - WM. P. CLAYTON
Patrick Mooney, Sec. of Home Rule Assn. - ARTHUR D. TAYLOR
Peter Martin, Timid Young Man - WALTER NEEDHAM
Paul Marvel, a Private Detective - WALTER D. DIXON
Phyliss, up to date wife of Phillip - MRS. C. R. JOHNSON
Phoebe, has been a widow on four occasions - LILLIE HOLDAWAY
Penlope Mumford, a butter in at all times - AMANDA PIERPONT
Patrice Mumford, her only child - MARY RUSSELL
Angela - DORIS CLAYTON Alice - ANNIE RUSSELL
Amy - MARY HOLDAWAY Pansy - ANNIE RUSSELL
Patience - DORIS CLAYTON

Press Comments:

" At the New Third Ward Amusement Hall last evening an excellent play was presented before a large and appreciative audience".

Provo Post.

The Provo Herald states: "The New Third Ward Amusement Hall was opened last evening for the first time and a home talent play was given with great success and we are informed that nearly 600 persons attended. Every day from 12 to 2 o'clock, Chicken Dinners. Best dinner in the city for 25¢. Meals from 5¢ up. Admission to each night's program 15¢, 2 for 25¢. Reserved seats 25¢."

Walter would then take these handbills to work and pass them to every one he met. Walter took great pride in serving his Ward.

Walter was a promoter of sports. His occupation being indoors (bookkeeper) and one of mental strain caused him to be nervous. He felt it was beneficial for him to indulge in outdoor exercise for his health's sake. From the time he was a small boy, he enjoyed competitive athletics of all kinds, except wrestling and boxing. While working at the brick yard, in his teens, he would go to work at a very early hour in the morning so as to work the required time and be able to have time after work to play Rugby or Football. In order to work and play, Walter lived strenuously all his days.

He gloried in an early morning game of tennis. He taught his own family and anyone who cared to learn the skills required in playing tennis. He participated in baseball and became the manager of the Provo Baseball Team. He motivated "Good Sportsmanship" and was liked by all the players. He was enthusiastic about his team and liked to win, but always felt concerned for the losing team. An incident is told wherein he was playing the "Eureka Miners", a team made up of rough, husky men of quick tempers and profane tongues. He approached the pitcher and told him he had pitched a good game, which Walter meant sincerely, but the opponent thought he was belittling him and blacked his eye. Walter was the victim of many similiar experiences in his peacemaking efforts. Some of the most uncouth characters learned to love and appreciate Walter D., because of his Christian attitude and the influence for good he had upon their lives.

Ike King, a good hearted, ruffian type of fellow said, "Walt Dixon was the best man he ever knew and if anyone could make him believe in God, he was the one who could do it." He became one of Walter's most devoted friends.

Walter liked to teach the techniques of any game to groups of boys and girls. He taught his own boys to pitch a ball through the transom at an early age. Later he had a basketball standard erected in his back yard. This was a special attraction for the entire neighborhood and many future athletes had their first training in the skills of basketball here.

Walter was a sports fan. He would skip his lunch hour, work overtime or evening, to get off to witness a high school or college game. He often expressed a plan of his regarding a Church Program in competitive athletics. At the present time this plan is realized in the Church wide M. Men and Explorer basketball and soft ball tournaments. Walter could see the results of wholesome recreation in developing an individual physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. He, like our Church Leaders, believed, "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy". To be a good winner and a good loser is one of the fundamental requirements of the "GOOD LIFE".

Walter was a lover of nature and though he never had a course in Botany, he was interested in plants and flowers of all kinds and knew their names and something interesting about them. This love of nature motivated one of his greatest pleasures, that of hiking. He explored the wonders of the great out of doors.

Walter thrilled at the grandeur of our mountains. He was with Coach Eugene Roberts on the first trip to the top of Mt. Timpanogos. He made several trips after, taking large groups, helping the women and girls and children. He wanted everyone to share the joy of this Alpine adventure. He snapped many choice pictures of the Aspens, Emerald Lake, the wild flowers, glacier and snow capped cliffs of this grand old mountain, Mt. Timp.

Walter was always a booster for Provo Canyon. He arranged to spend his vacation every summer there. In his early married life he took his family to remote spots in South Fork where they really pioneered in camping out. Walter was the instigator of camp activity and though the facilities were limited everyone had fun at the bonfire programs, picnics, candy pulls, hikes and Church Services. Here away from all the strain and strife of civilization folks felt very near to God.

On these outings, Walter was up early and was active all the time. He didn't get much chance to rest and would come back from his vacation worn out, but happy and looking forward again to the good old summertime.

As time went on, Wildwood in North Fork of Provo Canyon became a very popular resort, especially for the Dixons and Taylors. Aunt Rye's cabin was the hub of the resort, where everyone would congregate and visit. Walter didn't own a cabin there, but his family and friends supplied him with one every summer. Here again Walter was the popular man in camp. Always full of plans and schemes to entertain the young and old. Folks would try to arrange for their vacation to be the same time as Walter's, so they could share his enthusiasm and the fun. In those days cars were just for the rich, so most of our folks and friends went to Wildwood via the Heber train. It was very different than the "Streamliner" of today; slow, noisy and uncomfortable. In spite of everything, it got to its destination and was seldom over an hour late. The "Heber Creeper" as it was called by moderns, had an excellent safety record with few casualties, except an occassional cinder in the eye.

There was no porter service at camp, so Walter acquired that job and met the train each day with a wheel barrow to haul the folk's luggage to their cabins. He also was the official mailman, a job he thoroughly enjoyed as it gave him a chance to contact and become acquainted with all the campers. At the end of a week he was calling everyone by their first name and they were calling him "Uncle Walt".

There was a group of teen-age boys in the Third Ward that didn't call him Uncle Walt, but a nickname "Uncle Heine", a character in the "funnies" of that day who was always getting into trouble and chasing boys who teased him. This group who idolized but made fun of him were a gang who had their fun without being destructive or delinquent. They would kick at his door and send him funny valentines. At Christmas they would play jokes and pranks on him and much merriment would come from these. They would take hikes and trips and were always together. Walter chased them and was one of them, at the same time he had a ready, attentive ear for their problems. He gave of himself and his wise attitude had a fine influence on these boys. This gang stuck together throughout the years and most of them, such as Arthur D., John Stagg, Wallace Thomas, James Clayton and Bart Parker, made outstanding citizens in their "community", and have lived the "GOOD LIFE".

Walter's appreciation of nature and his love for people inspired another pleasant hobby, that of photography. Although Walter's equipment was meager and not efficient and complete, as in these days, he did an excellent job because of his painstaking interest and his love of this experience.

Walter believed that good pictures would treble the fun of holidays. First the fun of taking them. Second the thrill of first seeing them developed. Third the never ending joy of turning back to them. The third reason has brought us much joy and pleasure because we have found that pictures keep alive those precious days that fade from memory all too soon.

He took pictures of anyone at anytime, anywhere without charge. He developed and enlarged them, and without training was able to tint them. Walter always selected a beautiful spot near trees, waterfalls, rivers or creeks; among flowers or in the mountains. To this scene he would add a child or children or adults. He combined the beauties of nature with the Creator's greatest creation, mankind. He liked to take candid shots of folks when they weren't specially well groomed. He liked to snap children at their play with dirty faces and sometimes an unexpected hole in their stocking. Walter loved the simple, common place things of life. Mothers in aprons at work, children and their pets. I can remember him spending a lot of time to get a pet setting hen of Donald's to pose for him. This picture turned out to be very unusual and was one of his prized possessions.

Walter loved babies. It didn't matter whether they were pretty or what their complexion or disposition. He loved all babies and considered them to be his best models for pictures. He would take the baby's picture, develop and tint it - give it to the mother when finished. One lady said, "the snapshot Walter took of her little girl was the only picture she had", as the little girl died soon after it was taken. She treasured this little snapshot among her souveniers.

Walter appreciated cultural things. He admired art of all types and encouraged struggling artists by helping them sell their paintings. He bought them for his home and for gifts for his friends.

Another talent and hobby Walter gook pleasure in was the art of creative writing. He showed ability in language arts in his elementary school days, in Benny Walton's class. His themes, stories and poems were well received. His letters were always newsy and well written. He had the ability to say simple, ordinary things in a lovely way. His letters were the next best thing to being with him. Regardless of how busy he was he could always find time to write to folks away from home, boys in the service, missionaries, letters of congratulations and letters of condolence to friends, neighbors and associates.

Walter liked to take words and make jingles and rhymes out of them. He used these as toasts and tributes to people. He had a sense of humor and projected this into his writing. He paid compliments to folks while they lived and honored them with tributes at their death. A lengthy poem enttitled "MOTHER" was written by him as a tribute to his Mother, Sarah DeGrey Dixon, on her 75th birthday. This poem was printed on cards and distributed to family and friends.

They say behind every good man is a good woman. This was indeed true in Walter's life. He had the good fortune to meet Louie Maiben in his mother's home. She worked for his mother, assisting in cooking for boarders. Grandma D. was very kind to her and she enjoyed living with the Dixon family. She became fond of all the family, but she had a special feeling of deep affection for Walter because of his pleasant personality and likeable ways. She was impressed by his kindness and consideration of his mother and family. After a brief courtship they were wed in the Salt Lake Temple on October 10, 1901. They visited in Salt Lake and attended the State Fair. When they returned home, Aunt Rye gave a family dinner in their honor. The newlyweds were the last to arrive because Louie who was a fastidious housekeeper was fussing with the curtains in their first home, which was the same house where Walter had been born. This home was located on the corner of 2nd North and 3rd West Streets in Provo. Although the house was not modern or convenient, Louie kept it so clean and attractive that Walter was content and happy as a "King". Then too, she was a splendid cook. Her culinary skill was greatly appreciated by Walter who enjoyed good food and had an extra special sweet tooth. Grandma

Dixon, who was very practical, loved Louie and thought she was a good wife for Walter, but criticized her for putting too much frosting on her cakes, a fault which Walter and his sweet toothed family approved of heartily.

They lived in their first home for three years. During this time they were planning and building a new home at 232 North 5th West. Walter was fortunate in having brothers who were expert brick layers and builders. The interior was decorated, painted and grained by Louie's father, Henry J. Maiben, who maintained the largest paint store in Utah County. That he did this job well there is no doubt, as the graining has stood the test of years and is still in a good condition. That the Dixon Brothers built well for Walter, is still evident as the walls are still in excellent condition after 50 years.

Walter's marriage was a happy one. His wife was very unselfish and self sacrificing. She was proud of his accomplishments and lived in harmony with him. She wasn't inclined toward social affairs. She remained at home, kept a clean house, cooked his meals, kept his clothes in good condition and was always prepared to feed the unexpected guests Walter was always bringing home. She seldom complained about being left home while he attended numerous meetings, ballgames, and socials.

Walter and his wife were not long in obeying the marriage commandment. The August following their October marriage their first child, a girl, whom they christened Rhea, was born. Four more children were born to them: Fred Walter, Donald Maiben, Edna and Amy LaVern. These children were fortunate in being born of goodly parents. They were loved and well cared for. There was always a pleasant, cheerful atmosphere in their home. I can never remember my father punishing any of us in any way, but by loss of privilege or a constructive heart to heart talk. My father was slow to anger. He disliked bickering, nagging, and angry words. When he was Supt. of the Sunday School (a position he held for many years) he would ask the chorister to have the congregation sing "Angry Words O Let them Never From The Tongue Unbridled Slip" and "Kind Words Are Sweet Tones of the Heart". "Love At Home", was always a favorite hymn of his, for the message it had was near to his heart. Walter loved working in the Sunday School. He taught several different age groups and was happy to substitute for teachers while he was in the Sunday School Superintendency. He felt the lessons taught there were essential in influencing the youth of Zion to live the " GOOD LIFE ".

Walter never missed "Prayer Circle" if it was at all possible for him to attend. He was faithful in his Priesthood and at his death was a High Priest. He was happy to be called upon to bless and administer to the sick. He felt it was a grand privilege to use his power of the

Priesthood in this service.

Walter was a stalwart member of the Third Ward where he had lived all but five or six years of his life. He loved the Ward and its people and was always active in service. He grieved to lose the association of his good friends who were severed from his Ward and became members of the Pioneer Ward when the Third Ward was divided.

Walter always took his family to Church with him, and they acquired the Church going habit at an early age. They have always taken an active part as have their children in teaching and working in the auxilliary organizations. Walter believed much good could come from home evenings and cottage meetings. His home was always open for any group to hold such group meetings or socials. He believed and lived the tithing law. He was always prompt in paying all his Church dues and gave of his time on all Church Projects.

Walter was appointed to be in the Third Ward Bishopric as second counselor to Thatcher C. Jones. Wm. P. Clayton served as the first counselor. This group served from January 1919 to Dec. 1920, then George Powelson became Bishop and Walter became a second counselor to him; a position he held until November 26, 1921 when he died. His place was filled by Sidney W. Russell, a close friend and business associate.

Walter enjoyed going to the Temple and believed in the challenging work for the dead. He was a strong advocate of Temple Marriage and all his children except one have been married for time and eternity. He went to the Temple and was blessed before his operation.

Walter loved the old folks and served on Old Folk's Committees. He spent many hours with shut-ins. He helped provide pleasures for them and helped them to keep their self importance.

Walter was industrious. He liked to work and felt a keen sense of satisfaction in achievement.

As a boy he worked on the farm and at the brick yard. While he was working here, he was dreaming of a later day when he could work with books in an office in the business world. This dream was realized much sooner than he anticipated. When he was 16 years old he was employed by T. N. Taylor, manager of Taylor Bros. Co., the largest department store at that time. His job was being an office boy. Walter was so alert and capable that he was given a chance to take his oldest brother John's place as bookkeeper, while John was on a mission. Walter didn't have any special training but read accounting books and observed carefully the work of other employees. He was loyal and faithful, and was concerned over the business as though it was his own. When John returned he was appointed to work in the Farmers & Merchants Bank. Walter remained in his position and became Office Manager, a position he held as long as he lived. By his own efforts he worked out a system of office management that proved to be very efficient. Auditors praised his accurate and well balanced books. They were free from errors. He kept books for the Eureka and Spanish Fork Stores. These branch stores did not maintain an office. The work would pile up and he would go once a month for a couple of days to balance the books and get things in order. Walter went to work early and worked overtime, which was not required of him and for which he received no extra pay. He did this in order to maintain his high quality workmanship, which required more time than the ordinary working day provided.

I can remember taking his supper to him and staying with him when he had to work late. My mother worried about him, so she sent me to see that he wasn't locked in the safe by some bandit. I'm sure if such a thing had happened I would have been a problem rather than a help. I always felt safe and secure when I was with my Father.

Although his salary was small, he would never leave his employer to better himself financially. He was offered better positions at Z.C.M.I. and at D.T.R. Co. but he remained with Taylor Bros. Co. until his death in November 1921. He gave 28 years of devoted service. He loved this institution and many of his choicest friends were employees of this Company.

T. N. Taylor appreciated Walter for his service and as a good man. Every Christmas he would give Walter a bonus and a box of candy. He kept this custom even after my father's death and my mother received this gift until T.N's death. T. N. Taylor's sons still remember mother with a Christmas gift.

Walter, like Longfellow's Village Blacksmith, "each day saw a task begin, each evening saw it close. Something attempted, something done had earned his night's repose".

Walter did not acquire wealth or fame with all his hard work. He was an ordinary citizen with hosts of friends who loved him.

Walter had not accumulated the material things of life as he gave too much away.

Walter lived strenuously and many times neglected his health. For several years, Walter had been troubled with a nervous stomach which later developed into ulcers. When it became evident that this condition was serious he was advised by his good friend Dr. Aird to have an operation, to which Walter consented. When the doctor performed this surgery he was really amazed at the condition he found. The doctor had depended on what Walter said about himself and Walter being an optomist he had not complained even when he was suffering extreme pain. Dr. Aird was assisted by Aunt Dora, Mother's sister, an experienced and very efficient nurse. She never gave up trying to ease his suffering and did all she could to prolong his life. The doctor said most men would have died on the operating table, but Walter's sheer desire to live kept him alive for 48 hours. He was conscious until the end, although his pulse could not be detected it became so weak. His determination never to give up is seen in his last words. His son Fred was near him. He motioned for him to lean over him and he said in a faint whisper and a smile on his face, "I'm fighting, Buck, and I'll make it", but he didn't have the strength and his tired heart, that had been so generous and so full of love for everyone, ceased beating. A great man passed into Eternity on November 26, 1921.

Walter had loved life and gave a life of service to his God and fellowmen. He had not feared death as he tried to prepare himself to meet his Maker and had done his best to live the " GOOD LIFE ".

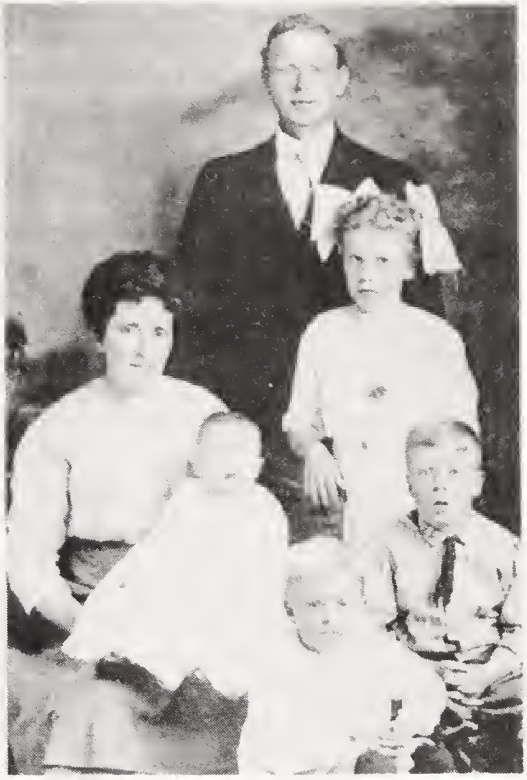
It is said that all anyone can take with them is what they have given away. Walter had much to take, if this be true.

Walter said he knew that his Redeemer lived and I'm sure Walter is with him and is still giving the same faithful service, and making folks happy.

A faith promoting incident in connection with the Latter-day Saints belief in Eternity is shown by an incident that happened in Uncle Roy's home. The February after Walter died in November, Arthur, the youngest of LeRoy's children, became seriously ill with pneumonia. He had always loved Walter, who was very fond of the little fellow. Walter had been in the habit of picking Arthur up and tossing him in the air and catching him. Arthur had missed his Uncle Walt and the thrilling experience of being thrown up in the air. The night Arthur passed away he kept smiling and laughed out loud, although he was very ill. Aunt Electa spoke to him and without opening his eyes, he said, "Uncle Walt is tossing me up", and he passed away soon after. His parents said it was a comfort to them as they believed Arthur's spirit was happy with his Uncle Walt, whom he loved so much.

So ends the story of a good man who in doing good left behind him a monument of virtues that the storms of time can never destroy. He lived by his creed, "DO ALL THE GOOD I CAN, BY ALL THE MEANS I CAN, IN ALL THE WAYS I CAN, IN ALL THE PLACES I CAN, TO ALL THE PEOPLE I CAN, AS LONG AS EVER I CAN".

Amy



WALTER D. DIXON FAMILY

Standing: Walter D., Rhea.

Sitting : Louie M., Edna, Fred
Donald

HOME at 232 North Fifth West

Provo, Utah

A Tribute to WALTER DE GREY DIXON - 1877-1921

By Rhea Dixon Reeve

It seems to me, he is greatest who does the most good.
Walter D. Dixon did not strive to be great
He just lived in the way he thought he should
And spent his lifetime defending "Truth"
And always practiced doing good.
Some men become notorious and live to enjoy great fame -
Others because of their talents
See Broadway's lights flash their names
Some men become millionaires
Because they're shrewd financiers
My father worked hard for small pay
Throughout his forty-four years.
He did not accumulate riches,
Or lay a fortune by
It was impossible for him to save
No matter how he'd try.
Why? because he was always giving something away
Signing notes to help folks who couldn't ever repay
Gifts large and small without the giver's name
Much of his earnings would claim
When sent to collect a bill
Which he did always against his will
When he saw poverty, little children poorly clothed
and underfed
He didn't ask for what they owed
But gave to them instead.
His heart was so generous, he could never say "NO"
He'd help the needy where'er he'd go
Then work at extra jobs to make ends meet
Others didn't know of his troubles,
Cause his smile was so sweet
Whenever his skies were gray he'd pretend they were blue
While other folks problems he always knew
And did something to solve them if it was possible to do
Walter D. lived strenously
He did not pray for release from his burdens
Or a life of luxury and ease
He prayed for strength to meet them
And loved to serve God, and his fellows please
He was just a common man
Who lived in a simple way
Just a friendly sort of chap
Who worked and played each day

He had earned something money cannot buy
A love and appreciation for all good things
And a contentment that living for others brings
He loved everyone and found good
He disliked gossip and defended those who were misunderstood
He loved little children and they loved him
He sponsored all youth!
Teaching and giving them of his Wisdom, His Love
        and Vigor and Vim
He believed that all work and no play would make
        Jack a dull boy
So he shared with them his love of sports, and increased
        their joy.
Walter was a family man, a loving husband, kind father
        and friend
On his interest and love we could always depend
He loved music and although he couldn't sing. He'd
        come home whistling
And we'd hurry to meet him, to share the happiness
        he'd bring
My father was a Church going man
Spirituality was a part of his daily plan. He would
        have defended the Gospel with his life
He practiced doing good
Setting an example for his children and wife
He loved peace and was a peacemaker wherever he went
He had a way of making things turn out O. K.
Then went happily on his way
Feeling his time had been well spent
He loved all nature, liked to roam in the hills and vales
He had the power of expression in painting and writing
        and loved to tell tales.
T'is said, True service is the rent we pay to the
        Landlord Life for the time we stay
Walter D. Dixon paid well for his forty-four years
Living strenuously for others
Forgetting self always
Caring for the sick and needy
And cheering the shut-ins lonely days
When his useful life here was done - and life yet to be
        had just begun
He did not leave us wealth untold
But a far greater legacy than silver or gold
He left us proud memories of a Good Man's way

Who when asked to serve
Answered I'll gladly obey
He left us his creed - TO LOVE AND GIVE FREELY TO
THOSE IN NEED
LOVE OUR GOD AND FELLOWMEN
TO DO GOOD EACH DAY
AND LIVE THE "GOOD LIFE" IN OUR VERY BEST WAY
We appreciate hearing his friends and associates say
Walter made every life he touched more gay
His philosophy is worth more than a great fortune to me
He taught and lived his teachings too
To love your neighbor as much as you love you!
Give unlimited forgiveness to your offenders -
T'is the best thing to do
Give to your opposition tolerance
To a friend your heart
To yourself respect, to all men charity - and from
the "Right" never depart and you'll live the
"GOOD LIFE" well here and in Eternity
This was Walter's belief and he practiced living as he
believed. He was a Christian who practiced
doing good.

Copied from The Provo Herald -

HUNDREDS PAY THEIR TRIBUTE OF LOVE TO MEMORY OF WALTER DIXON

For a time yesterday business in this city practically suspended when funeral services over the remains of Walter D. Dixon were held in the Third Ward Meeting House.

Nearly a thousand men and women, lifelong friends of Mr. Dixon's, filled the church to overflowing, hundreds being unable to get into the edifice. The procession to City cemetery was the longest, bystanders said, seen in this city in recent years.

Entertainments planned for the day or evening, meetings business, civic, and social, all were postponed in honor of the departed.

" One of the best loved, one of the noblest of men, a friend of the highest in life, a brother to the most lowly, such a man was Walter D. Dixon," the tribute paid by speakers at the funeral.

Bishop George Powelson, whose counselor Mr. Dixon was, presided at the funeral.

Music was furnished by Mrs. F. L. Hickman, Mrs. James A. Bullock, Murray Roberts and Franklin Madsen.

Among the speakers who paid glowing tributes to the life career, the church services performed, and to the high plane of business effort pursued by Mr. Dixon were President T. N. Taylor and State Senator J. William Knight of the Utah Stake Presidency; Dr. George H. Brimhall, President-Emeritus of the Brigham Young University; John S. Smith, Prof. Eugene L. Roberts, William P. Clayton and Bishop Powelson.

Invocation was pronounced by Joseph B. Keeler; the benediction, by Bishop John Johnson. President Taylor dedicated the last resting place in the cemetery.

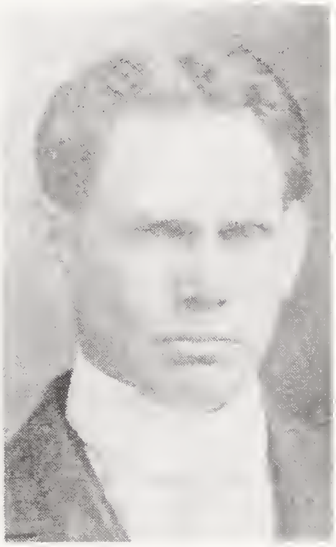
Murray Roberts sang a solo. A brass quartet played a funeral march as the casket was taken from the chapel, and also played several selections at the cemetery.

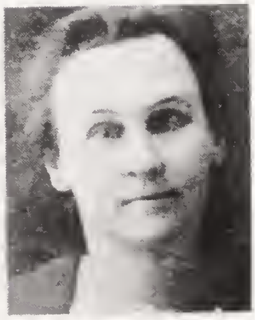
The speakers, all of whom paid a glowing tribute to the sterling characteristics of the departed.

The funeral was one of the largest ever held in this city. About 500 friends of the departed and his family filled the ward chapel, while more than 200 were on the outside, unable to get into the meetinghouse.

PARLEY SMITH DIXON

1878 - 1947





Etta Dangerfield Dixon

PARLEY SMITH DIXON

Parley Smith Dixon, the son of Mary Ann Smith Dixon and Henry Aldous Dixon, was born June 9, 1878 at Salt Lake City, Utah, in a little house on Tenth East between Second and Third South. Soon after his birth, the Dixon family moved to Provo which became his home most of his lifetime.

Parley was an energetic boy, full of life, vim and mischief. A lover of animals, water, the hills and nature in general. Fishing, hunting and the collecting of all animal life, from white rats and snakes to dogs, goates, ponies, horses and cows, were his delight. He obtained possession of them by hunting in the hills or at the river or by buying those which he could not trade for, which was very seldom. He was known to his companions and friends as a very shrewd trader, a dominant characteristic all of his life. He loved chickens and during his lifetime acquired most every variety known, shipping them in from Kentucky, Alabama, Idaho or where ever he heard of a new kind. His favorite was the game bird.

As a youth he belonged to a Company of boys that went to the different towns in Utah County where they put on shows. Allie and Bob Cunningham directed the shows put on by the boys. Parley did slack wire walking and many other stunts on the wire. He also did tumbling and club throwing and etc. He never tired of practicing these stunts, and his Mother said she never had a clothes line intact when she needed it.

As he grew into manhood he started the old adobe brickyard and for a long time he and the boys who worked for him made sun dried bricks. Many of the old Provo homes are built of these bricks.

As a young man, Parley started to work for his brother Arthur, who was a mason contractor, and thus he learned the construction trade from a well qulified and successful teacher. He enjoyed this work and it became his vocation the rest of his life.

In 1901 a very gifted and qualified school teacher moved from Salt Lake City to Provo to be with her folks. She began teaching at the Timpanogos School. Eight years earlier, in Salt Lake City, Parley had become acquainted with this charming girl. Two years later Parley Smith Dixon and Mary Etola Dangerfield were married on August 19, 1903 in the Salt Lake Temple. The same evening they were given a lovely reception at the home of the bride's mother. The bride's sister, May, prepared a delicious turkey dinner with all the trimmings. They had guests from Salt Lake, Provo and Springville. There were so many guests in attendance that the bride and groom were required to remain at the head of the table while three different crowds were seated and served. The table was a long one and seated about twenty people. Much of the evening was spent in serving dinner, but the remainder was given over to toasts, songs and readings. Bishop T. N. Taylor, of the Provo Third Ward, toasted the bride and groom. In all, a lovely time was enjoyed and many beautiful gifts were received by the bridal couple. The wedding dress that the bride was married in was preserved by the bride the remainder of her life.

The first home of the Parley S. Dixon's was with the bride's Mother, Mary Ann James Dangerfield, at 575 North Fifth West, Provo. They started housekeeping in three rooms rented from Parley's Mother, at 390 West Second North. They didn't stay long for Parley went away to work and Etta went to live with her Mother.

In 1906, three years after his marriage, Parley started contracting building construction on his own. This was his occupation during the remainder of his life.

The two room home they were renting on Seventh West between Third and Fourth North had no conveniences so they decided to build a home of their own. Parley and Etta had now been married nearly two years and had saved enough to purchase a lot on the corner of Sixth West and Third North for $200 and to build a house (no plumbing but with electric lights) for $800. On their second wedding anniversary they were able to move into their own home. Etta was extremely proud of this new home.

President George H. Brimhall of the B. Y. U. and Supt. Rawlings of the Provo City Schools were continously requesting Etta to come back to teaching. Parley felt that a Mother's place was in the home and objected to Etta leaving her children and the home. Once when Pres. Brimhall was desperate for a first grade critic teacher at the B.Y.U. Training School and once when Supt. Rawlings needed a teacher in the City Schools. Parley weakened and allowed Etta to go back to teaching for the duration of the emergency.

One of Parley and Etta's outstanding characteristic was the love of people - - - their desire to have people around them - - to be helping those less fortunate. When they built their large two story home on the corner of Third West and Second North, it was spacious enough to fullfill their desire.

On the arrival of Aunt Fannie Shearsmith from England with her three girls in 1910, they stayed at the Parley S. Dixon home for a short time. After Uncle Albert Dixon and Aunt Sena were married in 1910, they lived with the Parley Dixon Family, while their home was put in order. In December 1916, Etta's Mother and Father celebrated their 50th wedding aniversary at their big home. After George Busby's operation on his leg in 1912, he was taken to and cared for in the big house until he was strong enough to be taken to his home.

Regularly the neighbors of their Third West home, the Becks, Van Wagonens, Penrods, the Garys, Ern and May Dixon, the Hoovers, the Baileys; met to play "high five" and enjoy the friendship of each other.

It was in this big house that the remaining four children were born , and the Dixon Family began growing up.

Parley had taken the contract for the stone and brick work on the Roosevelt High School. The only means of transportation was by horse and wagon. A typhoid fever epidemic struck Roosevelt and most of the workmen became ill and quit their job. Due to this and other factors, Parley lost considerable money on this contract, and had to mortgage his lovely big house to clear his debts. Financial conditions did not improve so the house was put up for sale and was sold in November of 1919.

For the next few years Parley was found working on brick jobs in Provo and vicinity, at Delta, Davis County, and Grand Junction, Colo. During the year 1929 he did very well financially with his contracts.

Then in 1930 he had a very serious car accident which disabled him for over six months time. His car was a complete wreck. By the time he fully recovered, the depression was on and in full swing and making a living for the family became quite a problem.

In 1932 work became very scarce so Parl and Ett decided to get a farm where they could raise something to eat and thus help the family. They soon found what they wanted. They traded the house they were living in for a 15 acre farm in Orem, Utah, which was planted in fruit trees.

For three years there was no brick work for Parley or the boys. The fruit on the farm provided the food and necessities that kept the large families living very confortable.

It was in May 1933 that they moved to Orem, and the farm became an open house for their loyal Provo friends, their children and relatives. During the summer months there was plenty of work taking care of the fruit trees, havesting and selling the fruit. During this depression there was little money available; so in order to dispose of the fruit, Parley would load up a truck of fruit and go out to the Reservation, where they did not raise fruit. Here he would trade his fruit for cattle, chickens, pigs, cows or whatever he could get on a trade. Returning home he would proceed to trade these products for other commodities he needed. Although they didn't have much money they always had an abundance of good food to eat.

On January 23, 1947, Parley Smith Dixon was stricken with a cerebral hemmorrhage from which he did not rally. He lived seven days, but he suffered no pain.

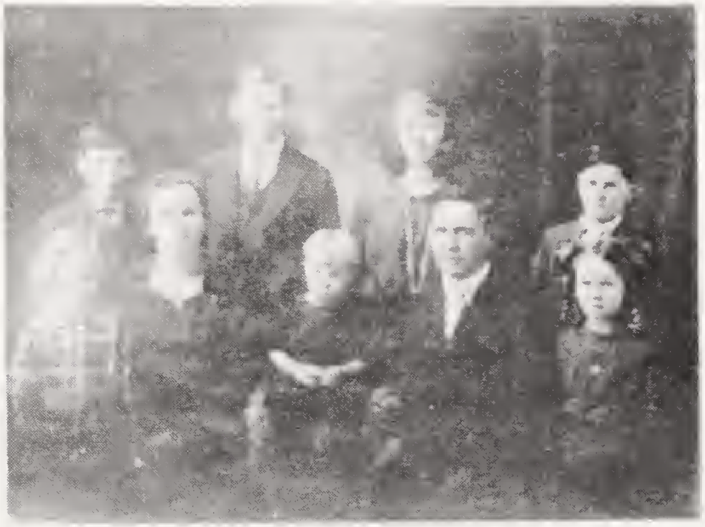
"His passing was a terrible blow and his absence from home was very hard to take, but we felt thankful he didn't have to linger on in pain and distress. It is hard to express what he meant to his family. He was always generous and kind, forgiving and happy, not only with us but with all the many people it was his good fortune to know and associate with. To me he was ever the successful husband; one who lived his life to the fullest. He had the respect and trust of men and women, and the love of little children. The work he accomplished made this world a better place than he found it. He looked for the best and he gave to others the best he had. His daily life was a devotion and a tower of strength to me, who held him most dear. The buildings constructed under his supervision are monuments of worth and one located in every section of Provo. Schoolhouses, churches, places of business, libraries and homes are standing to his credit in Manti, Roosevelt, Tooele, Davis County, Delta, Ogden, Salt Lake, Springville, Spanish Fork, Eureka, all in his own State. Also he has monuments in Colorado, California and Idaho." So wrote his wife Etta Dangerfield Dixon. She also left the following thoughts to her posterity:

TO MY SONS:

"Do you know that your soul is of my soul, such a part
That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart;
No other can pain me as you boys can
No other can praise me and please me as you can.
Remember the world is quick with its blame,
If shadow or sin ever darkens your name.
Like mother like son is a saying so true
That the world will judge largely of mother by you.
So be it your task, if a task it must be
To force the proud world to pay homage to me
And when I am gone and the battle you've won,
They will say, "She reaped as she sowed,
Lo! these are her sons."

TO ALL HER GIRL POSTERITY: (Her own thoughts)

May sunny paths dear daughters,
Be those that you shall tread,
With love and laughter leading
To happiness a head.
May all life's dearest blessings
Be yours to have and see
And all your days as happy
As you are dear to me.
My one fond hope for you dear girls
Is that you'll always be
As clean and good and sweet and dear
As mother would have you be.
So before you step to do the thing
That conscience says "beware"
Just stop and think and answer this
"Would Mother care?"



PARLEY S. DIXON FAMILY

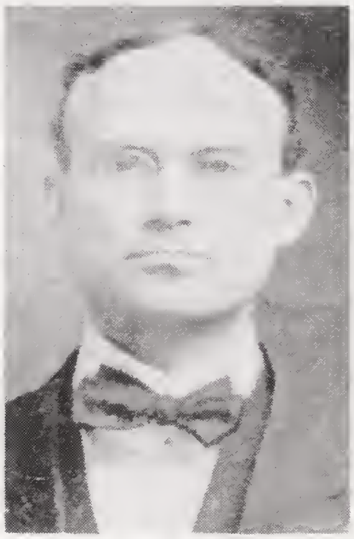
Front L to R: Anna, Etta D., Bert, Parley, Inez.
Back L to R : Eugene, Vernon, Afton, Reed.

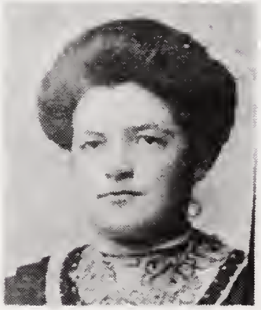
HOME at 191 North Third West

Provo, Utah

LE ROY DIXON

1881 -1926





Electa Smoot Dixon

LE ROY DIXON

By Sarah Dixon Summerhays

"Senator LeRoy Dixon passed away Tuesday afternoon, December 28, 1926 at 4 o'clock at his home, 418 North 5th West Street. Although it had been known for several days that his condition was critical and that little hope was held for his recovery, the demise of Senator Dixon came as a shock to the entire city, county and state". - - - So stated the Provo Herald Newspaper of Provo, Utah.

Father was just forty-five years of age when he died. His illness began with neuritis in the face. It was first thought that it was caused from a bad tooth. When there was no improvement following the removal of the tooth, several more teeth were extracted. The infection from the teeth spread through his body quickly, making the condition serious from the start. Pneumonia set in a week prior to his death.

During his illness people from all parts of the state inquired concerning his condition. His long association with public affairs of the city, county and state gained friends for him all over the area. Tributes paid to him, in every instance, respected the fact that he was a tireless and fearless in his fight for right and progress. Everywhere friends and co-workers eulogized him by agreeing he lived life too strenuously, filling his short years with "twice a life". They noted his kindness, unselfishness and honesty. Among the many tributes, resolutions and editorials published was a verse written by J. A. Owens, which characterizes the feeling towards LeRoy Dixon:

He was my friend. I loved him as I love a brother.
What ere my need of council or material aid
He gave it freely, nor questioned why,
But only asked that there be need of his attention.
None came to him in need and went away uncared for . . .
I cannot understand why one so young
And yet withal so great, should be called from us.
Nor can I question that great power
Who controls destinies of men.
And though it seems unkind, yet we must not complain nor murmur.
Perhaps there's need of him where dwells the spirits of departed
God may have looked and bade compassion for his loved ones,
Yet recognizing need still thought it best to call him.
He was my friend, and yours; We loved him.
And because of his association we are the better.
His life, his work, his memory are remaining for our guidance.
Peace to his soul, and joy to ours
That we knew and loved him while he dwelt among us.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LE ROY DIXON:

From the day LeRoy Dixon was born to Sarah DeGrey and Henry Aldous Dixon, October 16, 1881, in Salt Lake City, Utah, he was destined to be a friend and benafactor to mankind.

Born into a humble home and large family, he was surrounded with a love and loyalty to one another seldom equaled. They were, of necessity, required to work hard; to share and help each other. Many exciting tales have we heard . . . tales of their perilous trips into the canyons east of Provo to bring logs down. Their encounters with animals, storms, slides, etc. were fascinating to us who were privileged to sit around campfires at beloved Wildwood, Provo Canyon.

Wildwood can't be separated from LeRoy's life. He loved the mountains, streams and waterfalls. A familiar sight was "Uncle Roy" leading groups of young folks up the trails of Timpanogos, or to the beautiful "Left Hand Falls", or to Scott's Hollow, etc. etc.

He was a very strong swimmer, exploring the swimming hole in Provo River each June before the children braved the current, showing us where the large rocks and undercurrents were.

He loved sports, especailly tennis, handball and swimming. We all worked hard, rolling the tennis court at Wildwood, patching the net, etc. He loved to play tennis with young folks as well as adults. He was instrumental in encouraging many who achieved great heights in the sport.

Hunting was a favorite sport, much to the concern of his wife, Electa. He took one hunting trip, returning home without his deer. He found, instead, a real "dear" had arrived before the expected time. (a darling baby girl). He was overjoyed, but never quite got over his dismay at being away at such a crucial time.

Daddy used to help children learn to swim in the old North Park Swimming Pool. Trips to Schneitter's and Luke's Hot Pots were real highlights for us. He'd have us hold tightly to his swimming suit shoulder straps (which style was worn in his day) then he'd take us sailing through the water on his back. He, however, was never able to teach his sweetheart, Electa, to swim. The nearest she ever came to staying "afloat" was having Daddy hold a finger under her chin. With that assurance she managed to float like a cork. But take away the finger, and she would sink like a rock. She finally decided to leave the swimming to Roy and spend her time in the "shallow end" holding the babies near the warm water spout. How it helped her rheumatism.

Everyone who knew LeRoy Dixon spoke of his unselfishness. He and Mother were the perfect example of hospitality. As far back as my memory goes, I knew our home to have "guests". Grandmother Dixon (Sarah DeGrey) was an important part of our family and home.

Many English converts came to our home, staying until they were able to make homes for themselves. Three choice English "sisters" made a permanent home with us until marriage took two of them: Lily Owen (Bushman) and Elsie C. Ross (Whittaker). The remaining sister of Lily, Eliza Ann Clarkson, (Aunt Lizzie to us), stayed on with us and was a devoted, faithful, loving member of our family for many years. Vivian Hastings Kerr was another "member" of our family, having come to help mother and becoming as a daughter to LeRoy and Electa.

At times of stress they would often come to Daddy for advice. He many times would offer such sage remarks as "forget it!" or "keep smiling!"

With these, plus many more personalities in our home, I never knew it to be anything but a haven of love, respect, fun and spirituality. Prayer and faith were a part of home. When dinner was set, the chairs were automatically placed with the back to the table, ready for family prayer.

A few years prior to Daddy's death, the Brigham Young University asked certain citizens to allow students to live in their homes while attending school. Mother and Daddy decided to open our home. We had the privilege of having some very wonderful boys live with us. As I recall, for thirty dollars a month, Mother began housing, cooking, washing, ironing and mending for them. Father felt Paul, our only living brother among five sisters, needed some male company.

Daddy was a favorite among the very young. A familiar sight was to see him balancing children above his head, doing gymnastics with them, bending backwards to pick up objects from our adored "kittyrug" (a captured wildcat skin), playing games with us, tickling and counting "ribs", etc.

In short, among the many qualities he possessed were fun, optimism, kindness, unselfishness, adventure, courage, sportsmanship, faith , love, honesty and spirituality.

ACTIVITIES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF LE ROY DIXON:

LeRoy Dixon spent practically all of his life in Provo City, Utah, having been born, however, in Salt Lake City. He attended city schools and the B. Y. Academy until 1898.

He married Electa LaPrele Smoot on August 26, 1903 in the Salt Lake Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They were blessed with eight children: LeRoy II (who died at six weeks), Paul Smoot, Allie, Sarah Vera, Maurine, Helen, Arthur (Who died at four years of age), and Gladys.

In 1906 LeRoy was called to serve a mission to England for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This was a real challenge to Roy and Electa. Without hesitation they sold their newly acquired farm to raise funds for the mission. Mother and baby Paul lived with Grandma Dixon.

During the mission term, Mother and Grandma secretly, worked towards a real goal. Grandma tended Paul while Mother completed a home nursing course, after which she took "cases". By this means she saved enough money to take Grandmother and herself to England to surprise Daddy. Aunt Allie Smoot Coleman cared for Paul while they were gone.

They left three months before Daddy's release. Grandmother visited Dudley, her old home. Mother completed a short term mission. Together they all visited many places.

On their return home, Mother was pregnant with Allie. She was desperately ill with nausea. Nothing seemed to help her. Finally the steward suggested champagne, apologizing because he realized the Mormon Elders disapproved. In desperation champagne was finally tried. It proved so successful it was used often. (Much to the dismay of a "poor" Elder's flat pocketbook). By the way, Allie was known as the "champagne baby".

Prior to Daddy's mission he had worked at Taylor Bros. Co. as a piano tuner, and in 1904 he became interested in real estate and loan business.

Upon his return from his mission he organized the Dixon Real Estate Co. with J. Elmer Jacobsen as his partner. He directed this business until he died.

He was very civic minded and became very interested and active in public affairs. In 1911 he was elected to the City Council of Provo and served for six years. When the Commission form of government was instituted in Provo, he was elected Mayor in 1917. He served as Mayor until 1921. His second year in public affairs brought him recognition from the Utah State Municipal League, which named him vice president in 1912 and from then until his death kept him a member of the legislative committee.

In 1922 he was elected to the State Senate where he took an active part in the 1923 and 1925 sessions. His dedicated work for prohibition was noted. His work during those sessions was mainly responsible for his re-election in November 1926. The Provo Herald newspaper stated he was prominently mentioned in connection with the presidency of the State Senate.

In 1905 he became one of the incorporators of the Provo Ice and Cold Storage Co. and served as President continiously. (How I recall the fun we had when Daddy would let us go with him into the frosty, icy storage rooms of the ice plant and also watch how the ice blocks were made and moved.) He was a director of the Blue Cliff Canal for four years; secretary of Utah Lake Land Owners Association. We used to kid and joke with Dad about his farm "Skipper Bay," mostly under water; the South Fork Cattle Co., and the Skipper Bay Drainage Association. During the 1920 June flood, Daddy risked his life stretching wire across Provo River, backing up the flood waters to save the land. He was an incorporator and appraiser of the Provo Building and Loan Association; and a Director of the American Building & Loan Co.

His activities also placed him prominently in several other organizations of the State. During 1923 he was President of the Utah State Realtor's Association. In that organization he was the donor of a silver loving cup annually to the member of the organization who could give the best five minute talk about his home city. Daddy was always trying to build community pride.

For several years he had been President of the Utah County Taxpayers' Association. Since 1913 he had been Treasurer of the Provo City Board of Education.

He served in military as well as Scout circles for many years. At his funeral the cortege passed between rows of scouts in uniform standing at attention.

The desk he occupied in the State Senate was draped with a large United States flag. Governor Dern sent Mother a picture of it, stating that Father's desk would thus be honored for the balance of the session. Many honors were bestowed upon him.

In a spiritual way he was always active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He advanced in the Priesthood to the calling of High Priest. He served in many capacities besides a mission to Great Britain. He was a member of the Utah Stake High Council at the time of his death.

He had great faith in his fellowmen and his Country. He was a devoted Latter Day Saint. He was at the "Peak" when he was stricken at the young age of 45 years. The world held great promise for him. He loved all that was good and beautiful, and was deeply loved in return.

Mayor O. K. Hansen:

" If the saying is true that a person gets out of life what he puts into it, Senator Dixon must have lived a full and complete life. Few men put as much energy, time, money and interest into community work as did he. He may well be classified among those who used their talents to the utmost. It might even be said that he was possibly too zealous in trying to consummate his ideals. This zeal may have overtaxed his energy, but his temperament was such that work in hand must be finished and finished as nearly right as possible."

" Provo owes much to Mr. Dixon. All through the years of city service, he was found fighting for our interests, moral, economic and social. While some others faltered, he fought on unwilling always to compromise with evil or wrong. As a result we are enjoying many blessings that otherwise would not have been ours."

W. R. Butler, Director of Provo Chamber of Commerce:

" In the passing of LeRoy Dixon our city and county loses a true friend, a man of state-wide experience, an indefatigable worker for the interests of the community, a man with a cheery smile and kind word for every one and whose word was as good as his bond. If the world were made up of men of his type, it would truly be a good world to live in."

Alonzo B. Irvine, President of the State Senate in 1925:

" Senator Dixon was one of the best men in the State Senate - - conscientious and untiring in his efforts to serve the commonwealth."

T. N. Taylor, President of Utah Stake:

" In the passing of LeRoy Dixon the state and church have lost a man who stood for the highest ideals. He was tender, sympathetic, generous, clean in thought and act and fearless in the defense of the right. He was as true and dependable a human being could be, a loyal and loving friend, a sweet and devoted neighbor. His integrity has never been questioned. He was tender--yes, tender as a child, always sweet and smiling, always playful and ready to cheer the children with his play. But when it came to standing for a principle, he never wavered."

Thomas E. McKay, Former President of the Utah State Senate:

"Senator Dixon was an untiring worker always willing to sacrifice his own interests for the welfare of the public. He was never to busy with his own affairs for the public good. But he has been called home. Senator Dixon was needed in some other place. LeRoy Dixon is not dead. He has just gone home. His place of work has been changed. God bless the memory of LeRoy Dixon. He served the people well."

Biographical Sketch of

LE ROY DIXON

From History of Utah Since Statehood

Le Roy Dixon is Mayor of Provo, giving to the City a business like and progressive administration. He is a the same time prominently connected with business affairs and is the President of the Provo Ice and Cold Storage Company. He was born October 16, 1881, in the City which is still his home (correction. He was born in Salt Lake City) and thus his life record stands in contradiction to the old adage that a prophet is never without honor save in his own country.

Le Roy Dixon, after mastering the branches of learning taught in the Public Schools of Provo, continued his education in the Brigham Young Academy, now the Brigham Young University, where he remained a student until 1898. In the school of experience he has also learned many valuable lessons and he early developed a persistency of purpose and strength of character that have constituted dominant factors in the attainment of his present day success and prominence.

After leaving the Academy he entered the employ of the Taylor Bros. Co., owners of the largest department store of Provo. He remained with that house in various departments until 1904, when in association with Wm. H. Ray and others, he organized the firm of W. H. Ray & Co., Inc. They became extensive dealers in real estate and loans and Mr. Dixon continued successfully in that association until 1906 when he was called upon to fill a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in England. He therefore went abroad and labored successfully in Great Britain for two years, spending his time in Birmingham with good results. Upon his return to his native country, he established his present real estate business under the style of the Dixon Real Estate Co. This was a partnership concern, his associate being J. Elmer Jacobsen, with whom he is still connected. They have their offices in the Farmers & Merchants Bank Building and do a very large business, handling all kinds of realty, and enjoying a large clientage. Mr. Dixon is thoroughly familiar with the property values in this part of the State, this however constitutes but one phase of his activity. He is interested in reclamation and development work, notably in the Uinta Basin. He is engaged in draining and reclaiming lowlands in the vicinity of Utah Lake adjoining Provo. This will be converted into valuable property and Mr. Dixon is well known as a member of the Utah Lake Land Owners Association. He is likewise the President of the Provo Ice and Cold Storage Co. and is most alert, progressive and energetic young business man, carrying forward to successful completion whatever he undertakes.

On the 19th of August 1903, Mr. Dixon was married to Miss

Electa Smoot, a daughter of A. O. Smoot a member of the First Legislative Assembly of Utah, and a brother of Senator Reed Smoot. His ancestors were among the honored pioneer residents of the State.

Mr. & Mrs. Dixon have six living children, and lost one son, Le Roy, their first born, who died when but six years old. The others are: Paul, now attending the Brigham Young University; Allie and Sarah, in school; Maurine, Helen and Arthur.

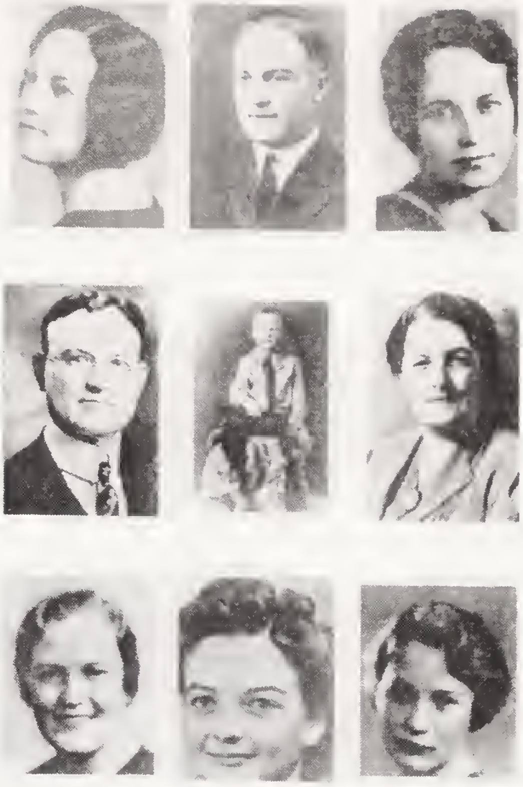
Mr. Dixon has been a member of the Provo Commercial Club since its organization and has taken a deep interest in promoting its work, for its objective is the upbuilding of the City, the development of its business connections, and the upholding of its civic standards. He has always taken a keen and helpful interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of Provo and in 1911 was elected a City Commissioner on a non-partisian ticket. Where national questions and issues are involved he gives his allegiances to the Republican Party.

1913 endorsement of his first terms service as City Commissioner came a re-election for a four years' term. He is an officer of the State Municipal League, so serving since 1912 and he is on its legislative committee.

In 1917 he was elected to the office of Mayor of the City, succeeding J. E. Daniels, and his administration is evoking much favorable comment, for he is devoting much of his time to the duties of the position and brings to bear the same splendid qualifications that have won him success in business. He is active in the work of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, being now a high councellor. He was President of the Young Mens Mutual Improvement Association for a number of years and went on a successful mission to England.

His activities have been of a broad and varied character, contributing in a sustantial measure to the upbuilding and development of community and State along material, political, social and moral lines.

He is actuated in all that he does by a spirit of advancement, productive of splendid results and in his work, whether for his individual interests or for the City's upbuilding, he looks beyond the exigencies of the moments to the opportunities and possibilities of the future and labors not only for the present but for the welfare of generations to come. His genuine personal worth is attested by all who know him and his circle of friends is almost co-estensive with the circle of his acquaintance.



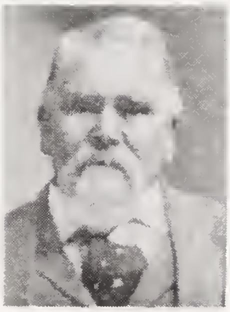
LE ROY DIXON FAMILY

Top: Allie, Paul S., Sarah
Center: LeRoy, Arthur S., Electa
Lower: Maurine, Gladys, Helen.

Home at 418 North Fifth West
Provo, Utah

HARRIET DIXON WEST

1882 - 1931



George W. West

HARRIET DIXON WEST

By Vest Dixon Booth

Given at the Dixon Cousins Club Banquet at the Lion House in
Salt Lake City, Utah

I don't know very much about Aunt Hattie West, but as you all know she lived in California and she had the red hair of the Dixon family.

I was born June 10 at San Pedro, California, my grandmother, Mary Smith Dixon, died on June 27 of this same year. I was just seventeen days old when she died, so I was never fortunate enough to see her. After her funeral and all of her personal affairs were taken care of, Aunt Hattie came down to California with Annie Frisby, some of you remember her as Annie Ritchie. They stayed at our place for awhile and then went to visit relatives of Annie Ritchie. She had been away from our place about three weeks, when Dad received word from her that she was married. You can imagine how he felt. He left immediately to go to the town she and her husband were living at, which was quite a distance from San Pedro. As he was walking down the street, he decided he would inquire as to who this George West was that his sister had married. The first man he talked to said, "You see that Bank on the corner, his name is just as good as that Bank". After meeting and talking with several people and receiving the same good report, he felt a lot better. As he came to their house, Aunt Hattie came running out in tears and crying. Dad said to her, "What's he done to you, let me at him". Aunt Hattie said, "No, he is a wonderful man and I am really happy". She just felt bad in seeing him for the first time since her marriage.

I have heard my Dad many time say that Uncle George was a wonderful man and he never knew a finer man than he was and he thought so much of him.

I can say too that Uncle George was a wonderful man, for in the summer when I was about eighteen, I went down to California and stayed with them for about four or five months. I really learned to love both of them and truly thought they were wonderful.

They only had one son, Lynn. Many of you will remember him. He was married at this time. Aunt Hattie had been bedfast for more than eight years, when I was with them. Aunt Hattie didn't get disheartened like so many sick people do, but she still had hope that she would get better. She was always talking about when she could get up and what she was going to do.

While I was there I made a dress for her. To try it on, Uncle George would get her out of bed and hold her up while I would try the dress on her. She did finally get up and was up for quite a few years before she died.

I remember how good they were to the missionaries when they came to their place. Every time they came they never went away with out Uncle George giving them some money. He always helped them out and they even came to borrow his car when they were going to the outlying districts to tract or visit.

Aunt Hattie had great faith. Whenever she had a very bad spell she would have the missionaries come and administer to her and she would get better immediately.

She loved children and she had a lot of friends, like all the other Dixons. They lived at San Bernadino, but in the summer they would go to their Beach Cottage at Seal Beach. She had just as many friends and neighbors at the Beach as she had at home. She was a wonderful lady.

(Copied from the Deseret News)

HATTIE DIXON WEST

Provo - April 25, 1931 - Word was received in Provo, Friday of the death of Mrs. Hattie Dixon West, former Provo Woman, and wife of George W. West of San Bernardino, California. The death occured April 23, 1931, Thursday, at the family home from the effects of a paralytic stroke which she suffered two weeks ago.

She was born in Provo, May 24, 1882, the daughter of the late Henry A. and Mary S. Dixon. She lived here until her marriage to George W. West of San Bernardino in 1907, when she returned to the West Coast with her husband.

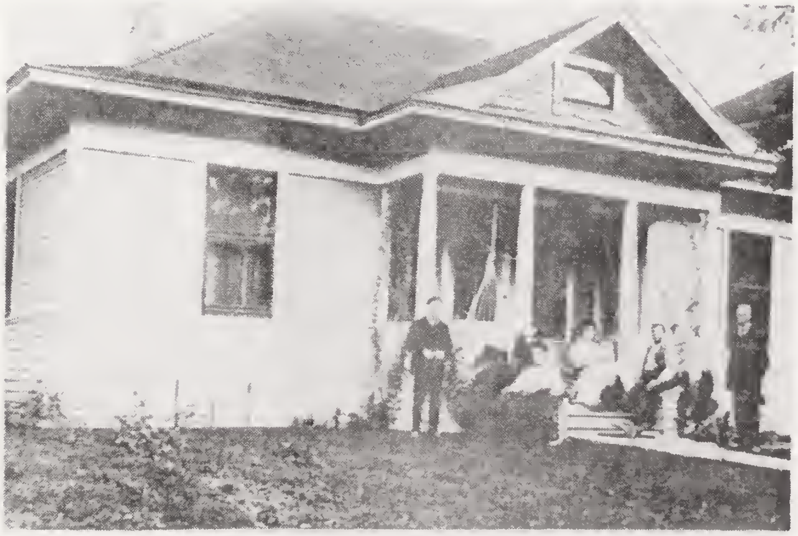
Surviving are her husband; one son, Lynn D. West; two grandchildren and the following brothers and sisters: William A., Albert F., Charles O., Arnold, Ernest, and Parley Dixon all of Provo;Mrs. J. W. Dangerfield and Mrs. Arthur N. Taylor, of Provo, and Mrs. A. C. Mc Conachie of Salt Lake.

Funeral services will be held in San Bernardino.

Harriet D. West

George W. West

Lynn D. West



West Home - San Bernardino, Calif.

Albert Dixon, Hattie D. West, Mrs. Collard (Nurse), Baby Lynn West, George W. West, Albert Choules

Hattie D. West & son Lynn

George W. West & son Lynn

ARNOLD DIXON

1884 - 1960

May Banks Dixon

Autobiography of ARNOLD DIXON

I, Arnold Dixon, was born at Provo, Utah County, Utah on May 30, 1884 in an adobe house located at the corner of Second North and Third West Streets. My parents were Sarah DeGrey and Henry Aldous Dixon.

Soon after I reached the age of eight years I was baptized in June 1892 by Bishop R. S. Gibby. Then I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in June 1892 by our Bishop, R. S. Gibby. I was ordained a Priest on December 8, 1904 by Alfred W. Harding; a Seventy in the 123rd Quorum on November 5, 1910 by J. Golden Kimball, and a High Priest on December 11, 1927 by J. William Knight. When I was sixteen years old I received a patriarchal blessing under the hands of Charles D. Evans on November 17, 1900. Even though I was quite young at the time, the blessing was a great guide to me.

I received my early education in the Provo District Schools. I attended the B. Y. U. Preparatory School for one year, then for part of two years I studied bookkeeping etc., at the B. Y. U. Commercial Department. The balance of my education and training was gained through practical experience, which included a great many hard knocks that I received in the varied jobs I held.

As a small boy, I worked on the farm which gave me a foundation knowledge of management. I worked at a "hand made brick yard" until the Provo Pressed Brick Co. was organized, at which time I helped to install machinery and worked at a number of different machines. Later I was the time-keeper and did some bookkeeping at the yard office. I worked about one year in the Provo office of the Provo Pressed Brick Co. with S. H. Belmont and Thomas Boardman as office manager and bookkeeper. I also worked for the Central Coal Company doing office work and unloading cars of coal.

I worked about four years in Salt Lake City in the State Treasurer's Office as secretary. The office at that time was in the Utah National Bank and I did some work for the bank at the same time. In that way I received a considerable amount of banking experience.

When I returned to Provo I did many odd jobs. During the summer vacation time of the employees, I worked at the Commercial and Savings Bank. I also was bookkeeper for the State Bank of Provo.

In 1906 when the Farmers and Merchants Bank was organized I became the bookkeeper and worked up to the position of cashier during the twenty-five years I worked there. I was Cashier of the Bank at the time it was re-organized.

While working at the Farmers and Merchants Bank I spent one two week's vacation working at Hurricane where I helped organize the State Bank of Hurricane. I had every intention of moving to Hurricane as the cashier of the bank. I spent many nights writing letters and securing all the information I could regarding the amounts of deposits in both the St. George and Cedar City banks and the number of residents in the towns near Hurricane. I also drew up the Articles of Incorporation. I was promised a charter from the State Bank Commissioner in case the bank was organized.

When I arrived in Hurricane, my cousin Alfred Hall, and others were ready to subscribe the stock. Alfred and I called on Charles Petty, owner of the main general merchandise store, and were turned down cold. He informed us that a friend of his, J. W. Imlay, a big sheep man, was already going to open a bank. It was to be a branch of a new bank soon to be opened in Cedar City. I knew that could not be so because Mr. Imlay had no charter and branch banks were not allowed in Utah at that time.

The next man we contacted was David Hirschi, who was a director of the St. George Bank. He felt we were foolish to try and organize a bank in Hurricane, because we would not be able to get enough deposits and would not be able to sell the needed stock. So instead of helping us he only tried to discourage our efforts. I knew that people in Provo would take what stock could not be sold in Hurricane.

Within the next few days we had enough stock subscribed to go ahead with the organization of the bank. On the day I was to return to Provo, I again called Mr. Hirschi and urged him to become the bank president because of his banking experience. I bade him good bye and was on my way when he called me back and informed me that he would back the new bank.

I gave he and Alfred Hall the necessary papers and instructions for the organization and left. I arrived in Provo the following day and talked with the Farmers and Merchants Bank officials. They offered me an increase in salary besides a new position if I would remain with them. Mr. Hirschi wrote me that he was to be president and I was to be cashier. So many people wanted stock that they wanted to limit the stock issue to five shares per person or else $500.00. Upon hearing this, I then declined the offer to be cashier. I felt I would have to work for a small salary, and I would expect to get dividends sufficient to make it worth while to move to Hurricane.

I offered to give David Hirschi's son, Claude, a short training in our bank at Provo, so he would be able to take over the position of cashier. I spent considerable time in training Claude. I also ordered all the books and stationery and a new safe, which was too small for the Bingham Bank after its purchase.

I was happy to be able to help Hurricane get their bank, which has been a great benefit to the community and is one of the best small banks in Southern Utah.

After working in the banks I took a job with John Manson in a coal mine prospect at Scofield in Carbon County. I also worked for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company Section. While working on the tracks, a large steel bar fell on my foot, breaking one of my toes.

My next job was with the U.S. Government in the City and County Building as office manager for the R.F.C. for Utah County. I worked at this job for about one year but had to resign because of ill health. After I had regained my health, I secured a position with B. D. Palfreyman Construction Company as office manager where I set up a new bookkeeping system for the Company. I also worked for the Dixon Real Estate Company for about three years as bookkeeper.

I was employed by the Columbia Steel Company as an Auditor during the construction of the Geneva Steel Plant. I was unemployed for the next few months, so I took a much needed rest. I occupied my time in caring for my garden and home.

I was next employed by the Dixon Taylor Russell Company setting up furniture. I had no desire for office work, so I enjoyed the work in the furniture department. This pleasant change lasted about three months when the manager asked me to assist in the office for a short while. However, after a month in the office I was given the job of auditing all the branch store books each month. I had seven stores to take care of and I was out of town quite a bit and was quite busy. I have been with this Company over three years and expect to remain as long as my health will permit.

Despite the fact that my life appears to be full of banking and bookkeeping, I never-the-less, had time for my family, home and Church. In 1911, on November 15th, I married a lovely young girl by the name of Letitia May Banks, in the Salt Lake Temple. The ceremony was performed by Adolphus Madsen and we were a very happy young couple that day. We made our home in Provo and to us were born ten fine sons and daughters - seven sons and three daughters - namely:

Howard Banks, born December 11, 1912, who married Fulvia Call.
Evelyn, born May 30, 1917, who married Donald H. Smith.
Grant DeGrey, born April 11, 1919, and Married Florence Rose Marks.
Eldon Arnold, born on March 31, 1921, who married Sarah Jean Dastrup.
Bruce Royden, born February 13, 1923. (Married Colleen Callister.)
Floyd Preston, born on November 6, 1924, on a mission in Mexico. (Married Lois Mai Dickenson).
Gloria May, born on December 1, 1926, married Thomas W. Richardson.

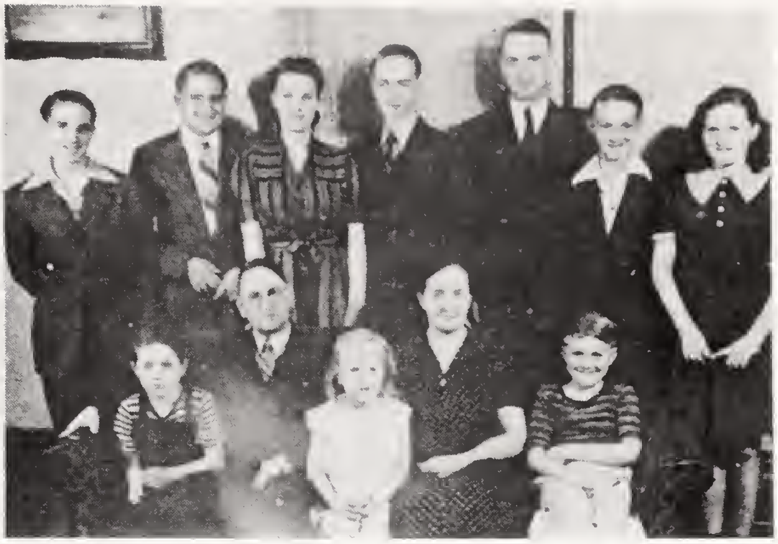
Robert Norman, born May 15, 1930. Will marry Genniel Larsen on April 5, 1951.
Douglas Wayne, who was born on May 15, 1932. (Married Helen Konapelski).
Doris Ann, born on March 19, 1934. (Married Bruce J. Christensen.)

I have tried to fulfil each call which has come to me in my Church. I was Ward Clerk for five years in the Provo Third Ward; treasurer of the Third Ward Missionary Committee for a number of years. I was Ward Teacher in the Provo Fifth Ward for five years, Ward Teacher in the 30th Ward in Salt Lake City for two years and held the same calling in the Provo Third Ward for ten years. I always received much joy in doing this type of work, because I like to meet and converse with people.

I am grateful to my Father in Heaven for the privilege of coming to this earth, of marrying one of the best young women of this world and for the ten fine children she has born unto me. I have a number of wonderful grandchildren of which I am mighty proud. My wife and I surely appreciate our family and desire to live long enough to see them all married and have families of their own.

This is a history of my life to this date, February 25, 1951.

(Arnold Dixon died at the Utah Valley Hospital on Thursday evening, September 1, 1960.)



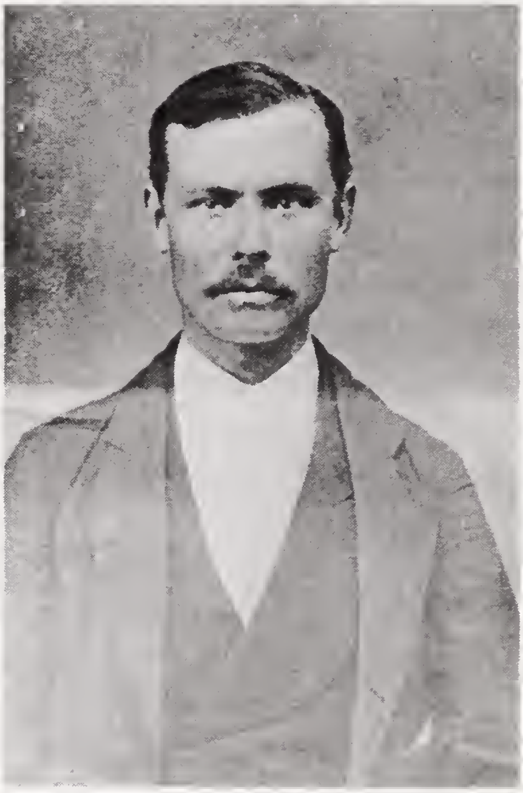
ARNOLD DIXON FAMILY

Front L to R: Douglas W., Arnold,
Doris, May B., Robert N.
Back L to R: Bruce R., Grant D.,
Evelyn, Eldon A., Howard B.,
Floyd P., Gloria.

HOME at 270 No. 5th West
Provo, Utah

NEILS RASMUSSEN

1854 - 1914



Biography of NIELS RASMUSSEN

By Annie Eliza Rasmussen

Niels Rasmussen, the son of Henrich Rasmussen and Rebecca Hansen, was born May 29, 1854 in the town of Maderup, the parish of Saerslev, Odnese, Denmark, and was the fourth of six children. His father was an expert weaver, but Niels said, " poor in this world's goods".

When his son, Alma, was on a mission to Denmark, he met neighbors of the Rasmussen family. They remembered the family well, and said, "When Niels was five years old, his father was very proud of his singing. When visitors came to the house, his father stood him on the table and he sang for the company".

When seven years old, Niels went to school three days of the week, and in the summer herded cows and sheep for farmers in the vicinity the other four days.

When he was nine years old, his father died, leaving his mother with six children to support. She worked hard, and since she had joined the Church, her greatest desire was to join the Saints in the Rocky Mountains.

In 1866, three years after the death of her husband, his mother succeeded in raising enough money to take them to Utah. On May 10, 1866, in company with a number of other neighbors, who had also joined the Church, they left all that was near and dear to them - - - - relatives, friends, associates, and their home. Included in the relatives was his maternal grandmother who was then 81 years of age. He disliked very much leaving her behind.

They arrived in Copenhagen on May 11th, and had to stay about two weeks. On May 28th, they left Copenhagen on the steamship, Aurora, for Kiel, Germany, and arrived there the next day. They left Kiel for Hamburg, Germany, and set sail on the sailing vessel, Cavious, May 29th, his twelth birthday anniversary, bound for New York.

They arrived in New York after a tedious voyage of nine weeks and three days, due to bad winds. They stopped at Castle Gardens, an old theatre used for emigration purposes, a few hours and then set sail on an American River steamer for Albany. They sailed all night and in the morning they boarded a train for the West.

About this time cholera had begun to appear and several people had died of the dreaded disease. It continued to spread at a "terrible rate of slaughter" on the railroad. It was no respector of persons, as "men in their prime of life and apparently hale and hearty were stricken down, never to rise again."

When they reached St. Joseph, Missouri, they sailed up the Missouri to Wyoming. Out of the company, numbering two hundred and eighty souls, eighty of all ages had died.

They arrived in Wyoming and stayed there for two days, and then started for Utah.

His only brother, Peter, nineteen years of age, took sick with the cholera and suffered "the most terrible pain and excruciating torture." "It was heart rending to hear him cry in his agony", said Niels. His mother grieved about Peter. She waited on him and did all she could to alleviate his suffering, until she took sick with the cholera. Peter died and a few days later his mother followed him.

The oldest daughter, who was sixteen felt bad because of the death of her mother. Her mother was permitted to come back and speak to this daughter and said, "I can't stay long. I have to go back. It is a beautiful place on the other side. If I had known that it was such a beautiful place, I would not have mourned for my son. Never leave the Church. It is the true Church. Take care of your brother and sisters".

Like the other dead, his mother and brother were buried in a shallow grave by the roadside, after being sewed up in a sheet. They did not have the privilege of seeing Utah, their greatest desire.

The family traveled in the ill-fated company in charge of Captain Abner Lowry, who was ably assisted by Brother George Farnsworth of Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Niels said, "We will never forget the untiring efforts of Brother Farnsworth in alleviating the sufferings of those afflicted with cholera".

A relief mule train, under Captain Arza E. Hinckley, sent out by President Brigham Young, met them about four hundred miles east of Salt Lake City. All the orphans, of which there were many, were taken by that mule train.

Included in the orphans were Niels and his four sister. They arrived in Salt Lake October 8th, 1866, while the main Company, which lost nearly all of their cattle in the snow in the mountains, reached the valley two weeks later, October 22, 1866.

The day after their arrival in Salt Lake City, the orphans were provided with homes. Niels and his oldest sister were taken care of by Brother Orson P. Miles and family of the Eighth Ward. Niels lived there until the following March 1867, when he was taken to the home of Henry A. Dixon of the Eleventh Ward, who later moved to Provo. Here he stayed about one and a half years.

Nicoline, 14 years of age, and Mary 7 years of age, were placed in the home of C. W. Hostmark, and Annie, nine years of age was placed in the home of Carl Larsen, where she remained until her accidental death May 30, 1867. She went to get a bucket of water in City Creek and was dragged into the creek by the strong current and drowned.

Niels returned to Salt Lake on a visit, and while here, he was offered a position in the General Tithing Store by Bishop Edward Hunter and Joseph C. Kingsbury. Later he was the bookkeeper in the Presiding Bishop's Office and was employed until March 31, 1909.

In 1878 he filled a short-term mission in the United States, laboring principally in Nebraska and Iowa from May 7, to December 20, 1878.

He was active in the Church. In the First Ward he was Ward Clerk for a number of years, Superintendent of the Sunday School from December 1886 to 1901, Second Counselor to Bishop Joseph Warburton from October 27, 1897 to June 1, 1909 when the Ward was divided, forming Emigration Ward.

He married Laura A. M. Thorup September 11, 1879 and Christine V. Thorup November 21, 1885, devoted sisters. He was the father of thirteen children, three sons and ten daughters.

He was a lover of music and gave his children a musical education. He played the violin and loved to sing the songs of Zion. One of his favorite songs was " O Ye Mountains High".

For a number of years, Niels studied how to become a dry farmer, so when he left the Presiding Bishop's Office in March 1909, he began dry farming in Welby, Utah, and made a success of it. All the farmers of long standing said he taught them how to become successful dry farmers.

He died March 6, 1914, in Salt Lake City, Utah at the age of 59 years, 9 months and 8 days. He was the last survivor of his father's family and lived a busy and useful life.

Written: March 10, 1940

SARAH BARRETT MONK

A Dixon Family History would be incomplete without the inclusion of Aunt Sarah Monk. As a practical nurse, she attended the birth of the majority of Grandfather H. A. Dixon's grandchildren. Not only was she the nurse attending the mother, but she assumed the responsibilities of housekeeper and "acting" mother to all the children in the home.

Aunt Sarah retained the English accent in her speech all of her life. She liked to talk and had very many interesting and unusual experiences to relate. She captivated her young listeners with her stories of England and her variety of pioneer experiences since coming to this country. She was very efficient and brought a sweet, pleasant and peaceful atmosphere into the home. We all loved Aunt Sarah Monk. Her picture is found opposite page 90.

Aunt Sarah Monk's father, William Barrett, migrated from Ponty Pool, Monmouthshire, England in 1874. Due to his advanced age when he arrived in this Country, and the handicap of losing one of his limbs, made it very difficult for him to make a living and provide for his family. Grandfather Dixon moved a log house onto his lot at Third West and Second North, Provo, Utah; especially for the Barrett Family. Here on the same lot as his other two houses, he would be close enough to provide help when necessary.

William Barrett died March 4, 1883 at the age of 82 years, just a year prior to Grandfather H. A. Dixon's death. He left a wife and 13 children.

Grandma Barrett continued to live in this log house for the remainder of her life. A picture of this log house with Grandma Barrett and 3 young boys, namely, Aldous Dixon, Arthur D. Taylor and Elmo Cunningham, is found on Page 90 of this book.

Aunt Sarah Monk was born August 2, 1856 in Ponty Pool, England, the daughter of William and Phoebe Calbourn Barrett. She was just 18 years of age when she migrated to this Country with her parents. She married Charles Monk on July 13, 1877 in the St. George Temple. They lived in Spanish Fork for several years after their marriage. She had one son and four daughters. George Monk, Phoebe Monk Brill, Millie Monk Pickett, Sophia Monk Boshard, and Fern Monk Maughan. Sarah Barrett Monk was 78 years of age when she died at her home at 258 West Fourth North, Provo, Utah.

DIXON SISTER'S CLUB

Sarah L. Dixon

Maria D. Taylor

Alice D. Dangerfield

Electa S. Dixon

May B. Dixon

Louie M. Dixon

Sarah D. McConachie

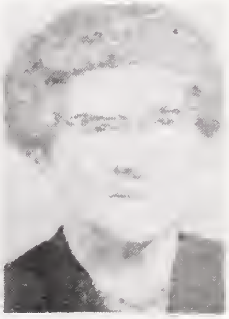
Etta D. Dixon

DIXON SISTER'S CLUB

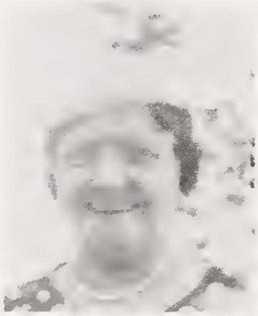
May P. Dixon

Hattie H. Dixon

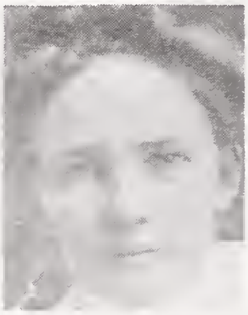
Sena R. Dixon



Rena M. Dixon



Fanny S. Whimpey



Sophia S. Manson

Virginia B. Dixon
(Honorary)

DIXON SISTERS CLUB

"Who are the Sisters and who are the Sister-in-laws?" was a question asked by an invited guest to one of the monthly Dixon Sisters social.

The Dixon Sisters and Sister-in-laws affection for each other was so great and they wanted so much to enjoy each others company, talents and experiences, that they set aside one day a month to meet together.

At the first meeting, Sarah L. Dixon was elected President, Alice Dixon Dangerfield, Vice-president and Fanny S. Whimpey, Secretary. The official name selected was "THE DIXON SISTERS CLUB".

Members consisted of:

Sarah Lewis Dixon
Catherine (Rena) M. Dixon
Maria Dixon Taylor
May Painter Dixon
Electa Smoot Dixon
Louie Maiben Dixon
May Banks Dixon
Alice Dixon Dangerfield
Sarah Dixon Mc. Conachie
Sena Rasmussen Dixon
Hattie Hands Dixon
Etta Dangerfield Dixon
Sophia Smith Manson
Fanny S. Whimpey

The purpose of the Club was to meet together once a month and leave all family troubles at home - - -To visit while working on some handiwork - - -To be uplifted intellectually by a book review, a poem, a pioneer story, or a little "food for thought" - - -To enjoy and laugh at a good joke - - -To listen and be inspired by a beautiful song - - - To remember and honor each other on her birthday.

A typical afternoon's activities would unfold something like this:

DECEMBER MINUTES

By Fanny Whimpey, Sec.

"The spirit of Christmas was everywhere in evidence at the December meeting at Sister Rye's. Tall, red candles were at each end of the holly covered mantle, and the long table decorated with wild holly and held Santa Claus candles for favors."

"Dinner was served by the hostess as soon as the guests arrived, with the assistance of Erma Boshard and Nancy Armstrong."

"After dinner Rhea Reeve read a poem she had written for the dedication of an old Elm tree on 3rd West by the Daughters of Pioneers. The poem contained the history of Grandfather Dixon, who planted the Elm tree. Also the history of his family, who had lived in the house in front of which the Elm tree stands."

"Nancy Armstrong read the story "White Christmas" by Fannie Hurst; also a stirring war poem brought by Sister Sophia."

"Chinese checkers was indulged in by a few but talking was far more important than games."

"Sister May P. has long been occupied with a luncheon cloth and to-day it is missing. She states it is finished and while we are not doubting Thomas' we feel we are entitled to a look at the completed work - - -all smooth and neatly folded - - -after looking at it so long in its unfinished stages."

"Sister Sarah L's trade mark is her sheet. To-day she finished the one inch on her sheet, left over from the month before."

"Sister Sarah L. was the only one who really worked diligently on fancy work. But it had become a race against time to finish the receiving blanket for granddaughter Dorothy's baby and whoops - - -the baby won, or was it a tie?"

"Gifts for each member was exchanged. The occassion was made gayer by the celebration of Sister Sarah Mc's birthday. There were two birthday cakes, the club gift and the Happy Birthday Song, sung to her, to make it a joyous day."

"An open grate fire added to the cheer of the afternoon."

"Just before the guests left, Sister Sarah Mc. cut and served each a piece of her birthday cake."

"Evelyn Smith was a guest and little Linda Kartchner and her new baby brother, Kenneth, proved to be a special added attraction."

Some months were suitable and adaptable for a particular theme, such as:

December - - - - - - - - - Christmas
November - - - - - - - - - Thanksgiving
July or August- - - - - - - Dixon Outdoor Reunion
February - - - - - - - - - Washington's Birthday
July - - - - - - - - - - - - - Party at Wildwood
July or August - - - - - - Outdoor Social - Lindon

There was also the Annual Theatre Party plus the serving a hot supper after the theatre.

Many of the young Dixon brides received a wedding present from the Sisters Club.

Each birthday cake had the name of the Sister written across the top of the cake.

A birthday present was given in behalf of the Club. For years this present consisted of a pair of stockings, which was almost a luxury during the War years.

From Fanny Whimpey, a hand made doily was presented to each of the birthday girls.

I could never find out if a candle for each year of their age was placed on the birthday cake.

Some of the impromptu stories related would be eligible for an "oscar award", if only they could have been captured in print, such as:

The "bed bug" story given by Sarah L. Dixon, or the story of the time she was trapped in a room for over an hour because the lock on the door was defective, and how she finally went to work with "women's weapon", a hair pin, and rescued herself. "It's good we women are around with hairpins and that Sister Sarah knew how to manipulate one, for the experience could have been disastrous."

"Embarasing Moments" as related in one session by Sisters Rena, Fanny, Sarah Mc., Sarah L., Louie and Etta; must have been classics.

Activity in the Dixon Sisters Club continued until there were only three members left - Rena Dixon, Louie Dixon and Fanny Whimpey. All the rest having passed on. Each month it became harder to meet together so the DIXON SISTERS CLUB was officially discontinued in 1962.

A new organization consisting of "DIXON COUSINS" has sprung up to take over where the Sisters left off.

" THE SISTER - IN - LAW'S CLUB "

Rhea Dixon Reeve

There are Clubs of wealth and prestige
With members of high degree,
There are Civic Clubs and Study Clubs
Thru-out this land and o'er the sea.
Literary Clubs with book reviews
Political Clubs discussing the news,
Sewing Clubs, who stitch and chatter,
Better-ment Leagues pointing out what's the matter.
Clubs made up of Spinsters,
And Bachelor Clubs too,
Sister-in-law Clubs are very rare,
The ideas very new.
So here's an orchid to your Club
Altho you number such a few,
If I'd travel the wide world over,
I couldn't find choice women like you.
I'm very partial to your Club,
I like your unselfish creed
"One for all and All for one!"
You're right there, in times of need.
I admire your attitude,
To always pleasant be
Laugh and chat, about this and that
The good things always see.

I like your members,
You have a common cause;
Not to out do each other
But appreciate sister-in-laws.
Enjoying every minute
The little while you meet,
No worry about entertainment,
Seeing each other is such a treat.
No bother about costly menus,
Each hostess does her bit.
Judging from my experience
Your refreshments make a hit.
You're all good cooks, have good looks - - -
And live up to the standard
Found in good books.
You're industrious and kind,
The best of mothers,
Service is your slogan,
Always thoughtful of others.
So here's a tribute to each sister-in-law,
May you live many useful years,
Sharing with each other happiness,
Giving comfort when there's tears.

This song is sung at each Dixon Reunion.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

(Tune: "Getting to Know You", from "The King and I")

It's a very ancient saying, but a true and honest thought,
That if you become related, by your cousins you'll be taught.
As a cousin I've been learning, (You'll forgive me if I boast).
And I've now become an expert, on the subject I like most.
Getting to know you (spoken).

Getting to know you, getting to know all about you,
Getting to like you, getting to hope you like me.
Getting to know you, getting to know your connection.
It is such fun to know our FAMILY TREE.

Getting to know you, getting to feel free and easy,
When I am with you, getting to know what to say.
At these reunions, cousins become more than strange names.
Because of all the beautiful and new things, I'm learning
about you, year by year.

HAPPY TALK

(Tune: "Happy Talk" from "South Pacific". Words by Sarah Dixon Summerhays)

Long ago in darkest Africa,
A wee little red-haired boy was born.
He grew up brave and strong . . .
He never would do wrong . . .
Left his home to join the Pioneers.

Talk about Granpa . . .
Pushin' towards the West . . .
Buildin' up his family so blest.
Talk about his dreams . . .
Talk about his schemes . . .
Little did he dream we'd all be here!

Happy talk, keep talkin! Happy talk!
Talk about things you like to do!
Please tell me who you are?
And if you've come from far?
Never, ever strangers should we be!

HAPPY TALK (Con't)

Talk about his wives . . .
Sarah . . . Mary, dear ;
Loving, faithful, loyal . . . always true!
Talk about their kids . . .
Boys and girls alike . . .
Into Moms and Pops of ours they grew!

Happy Talk, keep talkin' Happy Talk!
Talk about things you used to do . . .
Who are your Mom and Dad?
To not know them is sad . . .
Come on, Cous', let's get acquainted now!

Talk about Wildwood . . .
Cabins, fun and food . . .
Kids a-runnin' gaily down the lane . . .
Hiking up the hill . . .
Bound to take a spill . . .
Swimmin' with Aunt Rye in sun or rain!

Happy Talk, keep talkin'! Happy Talk!
All of the fun we used to have . . .
What's causin' all this buzz?
T'is all your fault, my cous' . . .
All these things we've never known before
If we see each other . . .
Aunt or uncle, cousin, brother . . .
Let that smile and real, "HELLO"
Come through!

Happy Talk, keep talkin! Happy Talk!
Talkin' bout the things we like to do . . .
This is our happy time . . .
Where we all feel just fine! . . .
Cousins buzzin' 'bout their family fun!

DIXON HERITAGE GROUP
"DIXON COUSINS"

By Ruth T. Kartchner

The Dixons love to talk, and they love to talk to each other! So it seemed only natural that they should want to have some kind of an organization where they could see one another, catch up on the latest doings of everybody, talk and just plain enjoy themselves. Whenever a group of them were together, sometime, before they left, some one would say, "Why don't we get together more often, it's sure been fun talking to you". So one day in the fall of 1961, a few of them got together and did something about it. Ruth T. Kartchner, Elayne Fisher, and Nan Stewart, got the ball rolling, by inviting all the Dixon Cousins to a luncheon at Ruth's home. It was such fun, and everyone enjoyed themselves so much, it was decided that very day to make it a semi-annual, or even three times a year affair. So it was begun. The newspaper clipping of the event went as follows:

September 6, 1961:

40 Cousins Enjoy Party at Provo Home

"The birth of a unique group was initiated on Saturday at the home of Mrs. Fred (Ruth) Kartchner when 40 of her cousins gathered to begin an organization known as the Dixon Cousins. Kin gathered from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Wallsburg, Orem and Provo.

Sparking the first meeting and instigating the idea were: Mrs. Kartchner, Mrs. Grant (Elaine) Fisher, and Mrs. Keith (Nan) Stewart.

A buffet luncheon was served and each guest gave a short statement of her present status, her husband and children to bring everyone up to date.

Assisting the committee were Mrs. Arthur D. (Maurine) Taylor, Mrs. Elton (Ethel) Taylor, Mrs. Kenneth (Julia) Anderson and Mrs. Boyd (Dixie) Frampton, Mrs. Mark (Ruth) Cannon, Mrs. Lynn (Celestia) Taylor and Linda Kartchner.

It was decided to hold meetings three times a year with a family reunion in the summer time."

The next meeting was held in Salt Lake at the Lion House, with the Salt Lake Cousins as hostesses. Mrs. El Roy Nelson (Alice) and Mrs. Clyde (Sarah) Summerhays, and Mrs. Paul (Ora) Dixon, were chairmen of the affair. All cousins from the Salt Lake area helped with a luncheon, and entertainment. It was such fun! One of the activities that was enjoyed so much, was a song sung by the group, to the tune of "Happy Talk" from South Pacific with original words by Sarah, just for us. We've enjoyed it so much, we sing it occasionally now and then. (See pages 259 and 260 for the complete verse.)

As time went on we felt it would be easier to let each family or group of families take their turn at entertainment, so this plan has been followed since. Some families do not have as many members around, so quite often, two or even three families will combine their efforts for our entertainment. We also decided to meet twice a year, on Saturday, one week following October and April Conference respectively, with the hostess family contacting the cousins, and making all arrangements for the luncheons and entertainment.

In October, 1964, the John DeGrey Dixon Family entertained. Maud Dixon Markham, in her inimitable fashion, related a story of her mother (Sarah Lewis) and the Dixons. It goes something like this(with apologies to Maud.)

The Lewis Family was like most of the early pioneer families, living under stringent circumstances, and Aunt Sarah often recalled how they had to make their underwear out of flour sacks with Turkey Red or XXX showing up on the seats of their pants. When the proverbial Monday Wash Day would arrive, the Lewis' would hang their flour-sack underwear out on the line, then look longingly across the fence to see, what to them was a most beautiful and envious sight--red woolen underwear, flapping in the breeze! Grandfather Dixon worked at the Provo Woolen Mills, and was able to get end pieces of the red woolen material from the mill, and would bring it home for Grandmother Dixon to make underwear for the children. To Aunt Sarah, it was the acme of living. Then one day, she married into the Dixon Family and all of its wonderful red woolen underwear.

In April, 1965, the A. N. Taylor Family entertained the cousins. Everyone had enjoyed Maud's story of the underwear so much, they decided to do something fun about it. Tony Taylor, son of Henry D. Taylor, was contacted, told the story, and asked to come up with some kind of a Dixon Shield, depicting the story, as well as portraying characteristics and events in the Dixon Family History. He came up with our "Dixon Cousins Shield". The red hair, and exaggerated Dixon build was incorporated with the red underwear. In each corner of the shield were other representative symbols;the ship representing Grandfather Dixon coming to Utah from South Africa; the lion representing our English heritage; the covered wagon and oxen representing their trek across the plains; and the tree to stand for our family tree. Small minatures of this heraldic shield were made and presented to each member there. Thus the birth of the Dixon Cousin Shield. (See Page 265 for a reproduction of this shield).

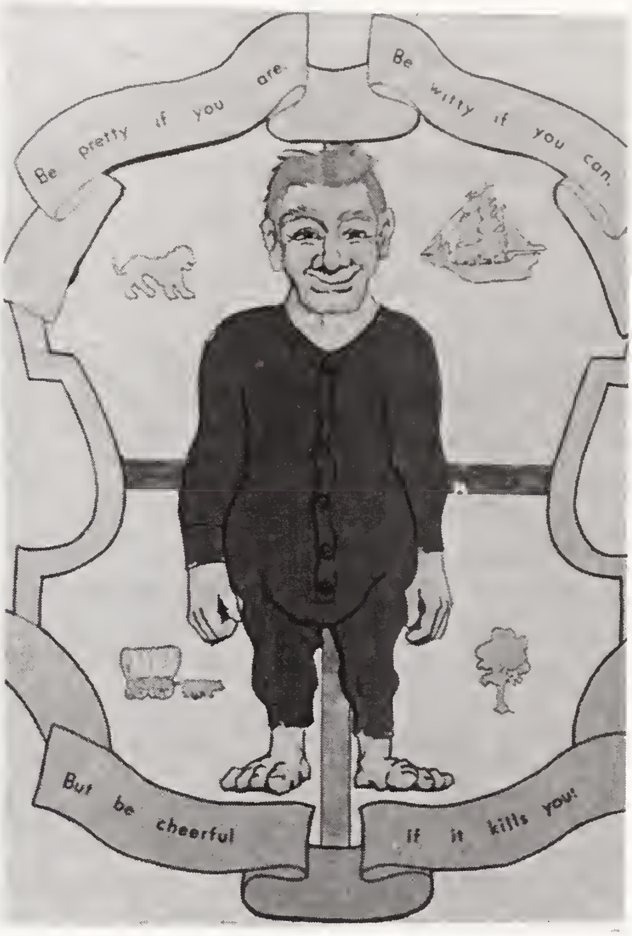
In April, 1966, the Charles Dixon Family entertained. It was suggested by Mrs. Wesley (Stella) Lewis to change our name from the "Dixon Cousins" to the "Dixon Heritage" group. This suggestion was well taken as it would encompass a broader scope, and reach out to more than just cousins. So our new official name came about. I'm afraid, more often than not, we tend to slip back to our old ways, and the "cousins", we officially know better.

In October, 1967, the Sarah Dixon McConachie, and Parley Dixon Families entertained, and had bulletin boards with pictures of many of the Dixon homes, which we were asked to identify. Mary (Shearsmith) Ensign's, and Doris (Shearsmith) Thompson's grandchildren (Aunt Fanny's grandchildren), sang a clever song of "We're Lucky We're Cousins After All", as well as many others.

In October, 1968, it was discussed about having our gathering only once a year, rather than twice, as we had our regular Dixon Reunion in November, and a summer party for the children. It was voted on, and passed to hold it just once a year, the Saturday following April Conference. The Arnold Dixon Family were hostesses at this meeting, held at the B. Y. U. Wilkinson Center.

Our gatherings have each been different, according to the hostess group. Each time being something distinctive, we have had readings, dancing, games, singing, histories, both read and sung, stories, and honored two of our male cousins, Henry Aldous Dixon II, and Arthur Dixon Taylor. Meeting places have been varried, and many, such as the Sky Room at B. Y. U., Rodeway Inn, Royal Inn, Ward Houses, Women's Club House of Provo, The Lion House, Hot Shoppes and Fort Douglas Country Club in Salt Lake, and at an Inn in Ogden. Our original group started out at forty; our last meeting had 104 cousins present. More and more cousins keep looking forward to our annual get-together, and we hope it will always be so.

THIRD WARD "SANDY ALLEY" DIXON SHIELD



1. The Lion -"King of Beasts" of Africa - Grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon's birthplace.
2. The Sailing Ship "Unity" which Henry Aldous Dixon sailed on when he left Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, South Africa in 1856.
3. The covered Wagon and Ox Team, Henry Aldous Dixon drove across the "plains" to reach Utah in 1857
4. The Elm Tree, Henry Aldous Dixon planted on his homesite in Provo in 1875 and which is still living (1970).
5. The Red Hair - A Dixon "trade mark" inherited from Henry Aldous Dixon by many of his posterity.
6. The Red Underwear - The course Woolen Mills Factory material worn by the Dixon children and in abundant display, on the Dixon drying line on washday

MOTTO: Be pretty if you are. Be witty if you can.
But be cheerful if it kills you!

Created from descriptive story of Maud Dixon Markham.
Illustration by Anthony H. Taylor

EXPLANATION OF FAMILY IDENTIFICATION NUMBER

The family identification number is a simple way of being able to look at any of the names of Henry Aldous Dixon's posterity and by the identification number assigned to this individual, immediately determine which of the sixteen children they descend from. It will also show if they are of the first, second, third or so, generation and where they fit into each family according to date of birth.

As an example:

13.112 is the I. D. No. of JAMES HAROLD MC EWAN.
13 (I.D.No.). The 13th child of H. A. Dixon is Parley Smith.
13.1 (I.D.No.) is Parley's oldest child Vernon.
13.11 (I.D.No.) is Vernon's oldest child, Lois.
13.112 (I.D.No.) is Lois' 2nd oldest child James Harold.

Or:

2142 (I.D.No.) is assigned to KAY DIXON.
2 (I.D.No.) is John DeGrey Dixon, 2nd child of Henry A. Dixon.
21 (I.D.No.) is the oldest child of John DeGrey Dixon, who is Henry Aldous Dixon II.
214 (I.D.No.) is John Aldous Dixon, 4th child of Henry Aldous Dixon II.
2142 (I.D.No.) is Kay Dixon, 2nd child of John Aldous Dixon.

Or:

16.10.2 is the I. D. No. of KYLE DEGREY CHRISTENSEN.
16. (I.D.No.) is Arnold Dixon, the 16th child of Henry Aldous Dixon.
16.10 (I.D.No.) is the 10th child of Arnold Dixon, Doris Ann.
16.10.2 (I.D.No.) is Kyle DeGrey Christensen, 2nd child of Doris Ann Dixon Christensen.

The attached fold-out sheet, with the names of the sixteen children of Henry Aldous Dixon, provides visible access to these names while referring to any page in the Family Roster. The beginning page of each of the sixteen children's family in the Family Roster, is entered opposite their name.

CHILDREN OF HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. NO.	NAME	PAGE NO.	
		History	Roster
1	Henry Alfred Dixon	-	269
2	John DeGrey Dixon	145	269
3	Arthur DeGrey Dixon	157	272
4	Alice Smith Dixon Dangerfield	159	273
5	Sarah Ann Dixon McConachie	163	273
6	Maria Louise Dixon Taylor	172	274
7	William Aldous Dixon	197	278
8	Ernest DeGrey Dixon	201	280
9	Robert Smith Dixon	-	285
10	Charles Owen Dixon	205	283
11	Albert Frederick Dixon	211	285
12	Walter DeGrey Dixon	215	286
13	Parley Smith Dixon	233	288
14	Le Roy Dixon	237	291
15	Harriet Amelia Dixon West	245	293
16	Arnold Dixon	247	293

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
1	HENRY ALFRED DIXON	14 Nov 1865	1 Jul 1867
2	JOHN DE GREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
21	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	29 Jun 1890	22 Jan 1967
	Lucile Knowlden	9 Dec 1891	
211	PHYLLIS DIXON	21 Aug 1916	
	John A. Shaw	1 Feb 1915	
2111	JOHN AUSTIN SHAW	5 May 1942	
	Mary Wilson	14 Feb 1946	
21111	MARY ELIZABETH	23 Jun 1969	11 Oct 1969
2112	SANDRA SHAW	16 Aug 1944	
	John Alleman Davies	24 Mar 1940	
21121	JON SHAW DAVIES	18 Nov 1968	
2113	KATHLEEN SHAW	3 Jan 1947	
2114	SYLVIA SHAW	4 Dec 1949	
2115	ERIN JEAN SHAW	16 Mar 1954	
2116	ANITA PHYLLIS SHAW	13 Feb 1957	
2117	ROBERT DIXON SHAW	21 Dec 1958	23 Feb 1959
2118	ROSE MARY SHAW	13 Sep 1960	
212	DOROTHY DIXON	26 May 1918	
	Virl L. Harrison	30 Dec 1916	
2121	LINDA LUCILLE HARRISON	31 May 1944	
	David Michael Welling		
2122	PATRICIA HARRISON	4 Feb 1947	
2123	JUDITH HARRISON	8 Aug 1950	
2124	LISBETH HARRISON	19 Jan 1952	
2125	HEATHER HARRISON	22 Dec 1956	
2126	HOLLY HARRISON	22 Dec 1956	
2127	ANGELA HARRISON	17 Mar 1964	
213	LOUISE DIXON	18 Sep 1920	
	E. Ferrin Larkin	7 Jul 1917	
2131	DIXON FERRIN LARKIN	3 Jul 1947	
2132	JULIA LARKIN	13 Oct 1948	
2133	MARTHA ANN LARKIN	19 Jan 1951	
2134	JAMES ROBERT LARKIN	24 Jun 1952	
2135	WILLIAM LYLE LARKIN	21 Aug 1953	
2136	JANE LARKIN	13 Aug 1957	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
2	JOHN DE GREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
21	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	29 Jun 1890	22 Jan 1967
	Lucile Knowlden	9 Dec 1891	
214	JOHN ALDOUS DIXON	16 Jul 1923	
	Karma Jeppson		
2141	STEVEN JOHN DIXON	13 May 1950	
2142	KAY DIXON	13 Nov 1951	
2143	LISA DIXON	25 Apr 1962	
215	RUTH MARION DIXON	19 May 1927	
	Mark W. Cannon	29 Aug 1928	
2151	LUCILE DIXON CANNON	12 Nov 1957	
2152	MARK DIXON CANNON	15 Sep 1959	
2153	KRISTEN DIXON CANNON	22 Dec 1962	
216	DAVID ROBERT DIXON	24 Jan 1931	
22	JOHN WILLIAM DIXON	6 Sep 1892	6 Jun 1894
23	STANLEY LEWIS DIXON	3 Mar 1895	6 Apr 1947
	Luella Hannah Madsen	19 Jan 1900	
231	JUNE DIXON	11 May 1921	
	George W. Robinson	29 Mar 1915	
2311	STANLEY WAYNE ROBINSON	30 Aug 1946	
2312	JULIE ANN ROBINSON	27 Jul 1951	
2313	JOHN JAYROBINSON	1 Apr 1959	
232	JEAN DIXON	11 May 1921	
	Ralph Nye Smith		
2321	ROBERT NYE SMITH	9 Oct 1943	
2322	RODNEY SMITH	25 Mar 1948	
233	BARBARA DIXON	16 Oct 1922	
	Jack Alvin Clegg	23 Dec 1920	
2331	MICHAEL S. CLEGG	7 Sep 1953	
2332	BRENT D. CLEGG	10 Jan 1956	
23	STANLEY LEWIS DIXON	3 Mar 1895	6 Apr 1947
	Maurine Welker	1 Feb 1909	
236	STANLEY LEWIS DIXON	24 Sep 1938	
	Judith Louise Russ	8 Sep 1938	
2361	SHANNON DE GREY DIXON	5 Apr 1965	
2362	MEGAN DIXON	11 Jun 1966	
2363	RYAN PATRICK	21 Aug 1968	
235	DE GREY LE ROY DIXON	4 Jun 1935	
	Kay Darlene Dix	5 Apr 1938	
2351	DALE LEE DIXON	22 Apr 1960	
2352	BARBARA MAUREEN DIXON	14 Dec 1963	
2353	MICHAEL KENT DIXON	3 Jun 1968	
234	DIXIE BETH DIXON	4 Mar 1933	13 Oct 1937
237	LINDA DIXON	4 Mar 1940	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
2	JOHN DE GREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
24	RULON STERLING DIXON	9 Sep 1898	27 Oct 1965
	Erma Murdock	5 Jul 1904	
241	JAMES R. DIXON	22 Jun 1929	
	Suzanne Eyring	20 Feb 1931	
2411	MARK EYRING DIXON	28 Mar 1954	
2412	DIANE DIXON	1 Aug 1957	
242	JOSEPH M. DIXON	12 Feb 1932	
	Carleen May Dyer	30 Sep 1939	
2421	CHRISTOPHER DYER	12 Aug 1967	
2422	NICOLE NOELLE DIXON	8 Aug 1969	
243	G. MICHAEL DIXON	2 Aug 1937	
	Yvonne Romney	16 Aug 1937	
2431	CATHERINE BRADFORD	28 Aug 1966	
2432	MICHAEL ROMNEY DIXON	11 Oct 1968	
244	PETER M. DIXON	21 Mar 1945	
25	MAUD DIXON	28 Feb 1901	
	Fred L. Markham	3 Jul 1902	
251	JOHN FREDERICK MARKHAM	5 Sep 1928	
	Reeda Bjarnson	18 Jan 1927	
2511	STEVEN JOHN MARKHAM	18 Oct 1951	
2512	DAVID PAUL MARKHAM	13 Dec 1952	
2513	REED B. MARKHAM	14 Feb 1957	
2514	JAMES LEWIS MARKHAM	28 Jul 1959	
2515	ROBERT DIXON MARKHAM	4 Oct 1961	
2516	JAE MARKHAM	11 May 1964	
2517	KAY APRIL	4 Apr 1966	
2518	DOUGLAS MARKHAM	31 May 1968	
252	DIXON JOSEPH MARKHAM	18 Sep 1931	
	Junece Jex	23 Jun 1935	
2521	MICHAEL DIXON MARKHAM	10 May 1957	
2522	KEVIN RICHARD MARKHAM	25 Jul 1958	
2523	MARY ANN MARKHAM	31 Jul 1961	
2524	KARL MARKHAM	4 Mar 1967	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
2	JOHN DE GREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
25	MAUD DIXON	28 Feb 1901	
	Fred L. Markham	3 Jul 1902	
253	BARBARA ANN MARKHAM	29 May 1935	
	Weldon Daines		
2531	RICHARD DAINES	1 Oct 1958	
2532	ANNE DAINES	25 May 1960	
2533	RUSSELL DAINES	2 Feb 1965	
2534	JOHN DAINES	1 May 1968	
254	DIANE LOUISE MARKHAM	28 Jun 1940	
	Gary Stewart		
2541	BETH ANN STEWART	29 Aug 1963	
2542	EMILY STEWART	27 Feb 1967	
26	LUCIAN DIXON	17 Jun 1903	22 Mar 1904
27	GRANT DIXON	30 Mar 1905	18 Dec 1905
3	ARTHUR DE GREY DIXON	5 Oct 1869	5 Jun 1911
	Catherine Kezia Morgan	19 Mar 1886	3 Mar 1966
31	RAYMOND LANE DIXON	26 Nov 1918	
	Eva Ruthe Mildenhall	20 May 1918	
311	LESLIE DIXON	7 Apr 1943	
	Thomas Ray Hardin	4 Jul 1942	
3111	LESLIE LAYNE HARDIN	1 May 1960	
3112	VERNON SHAYNE HARDIN	17 Dec 1961	
312.	MICHAEL LAYNE DIXON	29 Jan 1947	14 Oct 1977
	Glenda Cleveland	2 Apr 1956	
3121	LE ANN LAYNE DIXON	12 May 1978	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
4	ALICE SMITH DIXON	29 Apr 1870	8 Dec 1948
	Jabez W. Dangerfield	17 Apr 1872	26 Sep 1949
41	JABEZ ALDOUS DANGERFIELD	20 Nov 1901	26 Mar 1902
42	ROYDEN J. DANGERFIELD	31 Dec 1902	1 Nov 1969
	Helen Morrison		
421	KAY DANGERFIELD		
422	KARREN DANGERFIELD		
43	AFTON DANGERFIELD	18 May 1904	14 Feb 1905
44	HAROLD D. DANGERFIELD	14 May 1906	
	Florence John	17 Nov 1904	
441	DIANE DANGERFIELD	30 Jan 1930	
	James Bovingdon	11 Feb	
4411	JAMES BOVINGDON	13 Jul 1954	
4412	MICHAEL BOVINGDON	12 Aug 1957	
4413	LYNNE BOVINGDON	16 Feb 1961	
442	CAROLYN DANGERFIELD	3 Mar 1933	
	Edward Lanahan	6 Sep 1931	
4421	SUSAN LANAHAN	29 Apr 1956	
4422	MELISSA LANAHAN	18 Dec 1958	
4423	AMY LANAHAN	21 Jan 1961	
45	CLIFFORD D. DANGERFIELD	14 May 1906	
451	J. WILLIAM DANGERFIELD	7 Apr 1940	
46	GRACE DANGERFIELD	10 Sep 1910	
	Curtis P. Harding	1 Jun 1910	
461	MIRIAM HARDING	8 Apr 1939	
	Glen Waterman	18 Apr 1939	
4611	DAVID GLEN WATERMAN	26 Sep 1964	
4612	MICHAEL CURTIS	2 Dec 1966	
462	JUDY ANN HARDING	3 Dec 1941	
	Lorin K. Pugh	24 Jul 1941	
4621	SCOTT CHRISTOPHER PUGH	5 Jan 1967	
4622	KEVIN JAMES PUGH	23 Oct 1969	
47	DONNA MAE DANGERFIELD	15 Mar 1912	
5	SARAH ANN DIXON	7 Dec 1871	26 Dec 1950
	Alexander Collie McConachie	8 Oct 1863	16 Jan 1938
51	DONALD MC CONACHIE	16 Aug 1898	4 Mar 1902
52	NANCY SHEARSMITH MC CONACHIE	7 Oct 1902	
	Anthon G. Armstrong	24 Jan 1911	
521	MARY DORIS ARMSTRONG	2 Jan 1945	2 Jan 1945

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
61	ARTHUR DIXON TAYLOR	4 Oct 1895	
	Maurine Goodridge	2 Nov 1899	
611	ELAYNE TAYLOR	12 Jun 1922	
	Grant A. Fisher	8 Jun 1919	
6111	TERRI FISHER	27 May 1950	
6112	JEFFREY TAYLOR FISHER	24 May 1952	
6113	KATHY FISHER	12 Apr 1955	
612	KENT GOODRIDGE TAYLOR	5 Dec 1925	
613	NANCY TAYLOR	15 Nov 1927	
	G. Keith Stewart	12 Aug 1928	
6131	BRENT TAYLOR STEWART	6 Mar 1954	
6132	KIM TAYLOR STEWART	15 Apr 1956	
6133	JAN STEWART	9 Mar 1960	
6134	JON TAYLOR STEWART	25 Dec 1965	
614	DIXIE TAYLOR	9 Mar 1932	
	Boyd F. Frampton	30 Apr 1932	
6141	MARRIANNE FRAMPTON	25 Nov 1956	
6142	DAVID TAYLOR FRAMPTON	9 May 1958	
6143	BRUCE TAYLOR FRAMPTON	22 Feb 1960	
6144	SUSAN FRAMPTON	30 Nov 1961	
6145	PAUL TAYLOR FRAMPTON	12 Sep 1964	
6146	ALAN TAYLOR FRAMPTON	22 Dec 1967	
6147	KENT TAYLOR FRAMPTON	25 Sep 1969	
62	LYNN DIXON TAYLOR	6 May 1898	2 Jul 1967
	Celestia M. Johnson	8 Apr 1903	
621	JOHN ARTHUR TAYLOR	2 Oct 1928	
	Catherine Pearson	24 Dec 1931	
6211	JOHN ARTHUR TAYLOR Jr.	13 May 1958	
6212	THOMAS TAYLOR	14 Aug 1959	
622	JANICE TAYLOR	24 Feb 1931	
	Monte DeGraw	31 Mar 1929	
6221	MICHELE DE GRAW	9 Aug 1956	
6222	DERK TAYLOR DE GRAW	18 Aug 1958	
6223	GREGORY TAYLOR DEGRAW	21 Jul 1962	
6224	NICOLE DE GRAW	25 Jul 1966	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
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6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
62	LYNN DIXON TAYLOR	6 May 1898	2 Jul 1967
	Celestia M. Johnson	8 Apr 1903	
623	LYNN ANNE TAYLOR	17 May 1935	
	H. Bryan Richards	18 Mar 1934	
6231	CAROL LYN RICHARDS	29 Apr 1959	
6232	SHARI RICHARDS	28 Nov 1960	
6233	BRYAN TAYLOR RICHARDS	20 Sep 1962	
6234	ROBYN RICHARDS	28 Dec 1965	
6235	HEIDI RICHARDS	3 May 1967	
624	KATHRYN DEE TAYLOR	11 Sep 1941	
	Brent Brockbank	25 Apr 1937	
6241	ALLEN BRENT BROCKBANK, Jr.	3 Sep 1964	
6242	ANNE BROCKBANK	4 Jan 1967	
6243	LYNN BROCKBANK (F)	29 Jul 1968	
625	GEORGE TERRY TAYLOR	13 Sep 1944	
63	ELTON LEROY TAYLOR	22 Jun 1900	
	Ethel L. Scott	13 Jul 1904	
631	JULIA TAYLOR	30 Aug 1927	
	Kenneth R. Anderson	2 Feb 1924	
6311	KRISTINE ANDERSON	25 May 1952	
6312	SCOTT TAYLOR ANDERSON	30 Mar 1954	
6313	KENNEN ANDERSON (F)	11 Apr 1958	
6314	JED TAYLOR ANDERSON	1 May 1960	
632	JAMES SCOTT TAYLOR	10 Mar 1930	
	Deanna Kay Hoen	8 May 1940	
6321	JAMES HOEN TAYLOR	3 Dec 1960	
6322	SCOTT HOEN TAYLOR	15 Oct 1962	
6323	TERI TAYLOR	16 May 1964	
6324	KATHY TAYLOR	12 Nov 1965	
6325	DAVID HOEN TAYLOR	11 May 1967	13 May 1967
6326	JULIE TAYLOR	26 May 1969	
633	PAUL SCOTT TAYLOR	7 Jul 1933	
	Nancy Lee Tanner	30 Aug 1937	
6331	DIANE TAYLOR	27 Jun 1959	
6332	WAYNE TANNER TAYLOR	27 May 1960	
6333	JOHN TANNER TAYLOR	18 Jul 1963	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
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6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
63	ELTON LEROY TAYLOR	22 Jun 1900	
	Ethel L. Scott	13 Jul 1904	
634	LOUISE TAYLOR	1 Aug 1938	
	Clifford A. Woodruff	11 Dec 1937	
6341	SHELLY K. WOODRUFF	14 May 1958	
6342	BECKY LYNN WOODRUFF	11 Nov 1959	
6343	BARRY CLIFFORD WOODRUFF	3 Mar 1962	
6344	RUSSELL ELTON WOODRUFF	21 Nov 1963	
64	HENRY DIXON TAYLOR	22 Nov 1903	
	Alta Hansen	17 Dec 1905	6 Jul 1967
641	HENRY DIXON TAYLOR, Jr.	27 Feb 1931	
	Colette Green	13 Apr 1933	
6411	HENRY DIXON TAYLOR III	14 Apr 1956	
6412	THOMAS GREEN TAYLOR	10 Sep 1957	
6413	BRADFORD GREEN TAYLOR	8 Apr 1960	
6414	AMY TAYLOR	22 Sep 1961	
6415	GEORGE GREEN TAYLOR	3 Jun 1964	
6416	NICOLE TAYLOR	12 Nov 1965	
6417	BRIGHAM GREEN TAYLOR	8 Apr 1967	
6418	MEGAN TAYLOR	5 Apr 1969	
642	ANTHONY HANSEN TAYLOR	4 Apr 1935	
643	STEPHEN KROGE TAYLOR	6 Jan 1942	
	Lorna Bird	16 Feb 1947	
644	DAVID ARTHUR TAYLOR	27 Mar 1946	
65	ALICE LOUISE TAYLOR	18 Nov 1906	
	G. ElRoy Nelson	20 Jun 1905	
651	ARTHUR TAYLOR NELSON	22 May 1937	
	Bonnie McKay	22 Feb 1939	
6511	MICHAEL MCKAY NELSON	15 Dec 1966	
652	JOHN CHRISTIAN NELSON	14 Jun 1940	
	Mary Lynne Sanders	9 Feb 1942	
6521	CHRISTINE NELSON	28 Aug 1966	
6522	DAVID CHRISTIAN	23 Oct 1968	
653	CHRISTINA LOUISE NELSON	18 May 1943	
	Ronald W. Preston	4 Nov 1942	
6531	SUZANNA PRESTON	15 May 1969	
654	HENRY ALDOUS NELSON	28 Apr 1946	
655	JAMES NICHOLLS NELSON	3 Mar 1950	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
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6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
66	CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR	11 May 1909	
67	ORSON KENNETH TAYLOR	3 Nov 1913	31 Oct 1940
	Ethelyn Peterson	2 Dec 1914	
68	RUTH ELAINE TAYLOR	20 Mar 1917	
	Fred Dixon Kartchner	6 Dec 1914	
681	LINDA KARTCHNER	23 Apr 1943	
	Steven L. Tyler	17 Feb 1943	
6811	MICHAEL TYLER	8 Dec 1968	
682	KENNETH TAYLOR KARTCHNER	11 Dec 1944	
	MariAnne Allene Davis	12 Jun 1944	
683	ELAINE KARTCHNER	26 Jun 1947	21 Oct 1947
684	ELLEN KARTCHNER	13 Oct 1948	
685	RICHARD TAYLOR KARTCHNER	7 Apr 1950	
686	DAVID TAYLOR KARTCHNER	3 Apr 1951	
687	ROSENA LOUISE KARTCHNER	14 Jul 1952	
688	MARY ANN KARTCHNER	27 Nov 1958	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
7	WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON	21 Apr 1873	22 Jun 1937
	Harriet Hands	25 May 1874	
71	WILLIAM HANDS DIXON	22 May 1906	22 May 1906
72	VESTA DIXON	10 Jun 1907	
	Albert Warren Booth	22 Jan 1905	
721	GORDON DIXON BOOTH	16 Feb 1936	
	June Phoebe Erskine	7 Jan 1938	
7211	GORDON DAVID BOOTH	1 Feb 1961	
7212	CATHERINE BOOTH	8 Aug 1962	
7213	STEPHEN M. BOOTH	24 Feb 1963	
7214	CYNTHIA BOOTH	23 Sep 1968	
722	GARY LYNN BOOTH	4 Jun 1944	
	Sherry Ann Gaudio	10 Dec 1946	
7221	WARREN LYNN BOOTH	15 Aug 1963	
7222	GREGORY BOOTH	24 Nov 1966	
73	GLEN HANDS DIXON	5 Nov 1908	20 Jan 1965
	Elva Ellen Schemensky	28 Dec 1912	
731	MAX GLEN DIXON	7 Sep 1931	
	Ina Mae Woolsey	21 Jan 1934	
7311	TERRI MAE DIXON	16 Apr 1954	
7312	CINDI MARLENE DIXON	16 May 1957	
7313	LORI JEAN DIXON	7 Feb 1959	
7314	BRET GLEN DIXON	6 Sep 1960	
7315	STACY DIXON	10 Jun 1964	
732	SHIRLEY MAE DIXON	12 Sep 1935	
	Harold Keith Davis	23 Sep 1936	
7321	MICKI DAVIS	10 May 1960	
7322	BECKI DAVIS	11 Sep 1963	
7323	GLEN HAROLD DAVIS	17 Jul 1965	
7324	AMY ELLEN DAVIS	18 Jul 1969	
733	ELVA JEAN DIXON	6 May 1940	
	Kenneth Lee Elliott	3 Dec 1936	
7331	KELLE JEAN ELLIOTT	20 Sep 1960	
7332	KERI LEE ELLIOTT	13 Aug 1961	
7333	SHANE ELLIOTT	26 Dec 1968	
734	WILLIAM FRANK DIXON	4 Aug 1944	
	Karen McClellan	4 Oct 1946	
7341	TIMOTHY HUGH DIXON	13 Sep 1968	
7342	TODD WILLIAM DIXON	13 Sep 1968	
735	RICHARD S. DIXON	9 Dec 1946	
	Cherrie Pyper	27 May 1949	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
7	WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON	21 Apr 1873	22 Jun 1937
	Harriet Hands	25 May 1874	
74	MARY DIXON	23 Jan 1911	
	Hyrum Aikele	2 Jun 1912	
741	HYRUM D. AIKELE	21 Mar 1938	21 Mar 1938
742	WILLIAM EUGENE AIKELE	28 Feb 1941	
	Irene Svenssen	2 Jun 1944	
7421	ERIK ALLEN AIKELE	2 Sep 1965	
7422	SHAUNTY MAJA AIKELE	14 May 1969	
743	BONNIE ANN AIKELE	30 Jan 1944	
	Clayton J. Cornish, Jr.	19 Feb 1943	19 Dec 1968
7431	REBECCA LYNN CORNISH	20 Mar 1964	
7432	ASHLIE MELISSA CORNISH	28 Jun 1967	
75	HARRIETT FAYE DIXON	1 Apr 1913	
	Erling T. Bjorklund	12 Apr 1914	
751	ROBERT GARY BJORKLUND	16 Apr 1938	
752	BARBARA GAIL BJORKLUND	24 Feb 1941	
	Tom Meyers	1 Sep 1939	
7521	KENNETH MEYERS	9 Oct 1962	
753	GLORIA FAYE BJORKLUND	30 Mar 1943	
	Clayton Nichols	23 May 1943	
7531	JULIE NICHOLS	8 Dec 1961	
7532	SHERRIE NICHOLS	10 Jan 1964	
7533	TINA NICHOLS	28 Feb 1966	
754	JANET MARIE BJORKLUND	10 Dec 1945	
755	RICHARD ERLING BJORKLUND	1 Jul 1947	
76	GEORGE S. DIXON	27 Sep 1915	
	Veon Collings	30 Dec 1914	
761	CONSTANCE LEE DIXON	22 Jul 1942	
	Eddie Karawowski		
7611	SCOTT EDWARD	29 Mar 1967	
762	ROBERT GEORGE DIXON	27 Jul 1944	
	Judy Gayle Wood	19 Nov 1948	
763	SHIREL FERRIS DIXON	2 Mar 1935	
	Evelyn Rose		6 Mar 1966
	Alberta Mae	18 Mar 1934	
7631	LEE ANDREW DIXON	10 Apr 1962	
7632	TIMOTHY PAUL DIXON	11 May 1964	
7633	WAYNE DANIEL DIXON	27 Nov 1969	
9	ROBERT SMITH DIXON	10 Nov 1874	18 Dec 1874

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec. 1873	15 Jun 1938
	Mary Ann Painter	14 Sep 1875	23 Apr 1954
81	ERMA MAE DIXON	10 Sep 1900	
	Arnold Boshard	22 May 1898	
811	DEAN DIXON BOSHARD	5 Mar 1923	
	Norma Heatherly	28 Feb 1923	
8111	NORMAN DEAN BOSHARD	23 Dec 1948	
8112	BEVERLY ANN BOSHARD	23 Mar 1952	
8113	ARNOLD VON HOLLEN BOSHARD	24 Aug 1956	
812	ARNOLD BLISS BOSHARD	8 Jan 1929	
	Glenna Rae Edwards	29 Oct 1930	
8121	CARY BLISS BOSHARD	30 Sep 1952	
8122	STEVEN ALLAN BOSHARD	6 Jul 1956	
8123	GINA BOSHARD	24 Nov 1961	
82	LEAH LILLIAN DIXON	18 May 1903	
	Mayo Alton Ford	4 Mar 1906	
821	MARILYN MAE FORD	29 Sep 1926	
	Edwin V. Simmons	6 Aug 1923	
8211	WENDY LEE SIMMONS	6 May 1951	
8212	LORI JEAN SIMMONS	30 Jun 1953	
8213	DAVID EDWIN SIMMONS	17 Oct 1954	
8214	TIMOTHY SIMMONS	24 Jul 1959	
822	LOIS AMBER FORD	25 Nov 1928	
	Rex Bigelow	6 Aug 1931	
8221	BRENT R. BIGELOW	15 Jul 1948	
8222	ELAINE BIGELOW	21 Sep 1952	
	Steven Ted Nicol	6 Jul 1956	
82221	STEPHANIE NICOL	22 Jul 1969	
8223	GLEN M. BIGELOW	5 Dec 1955	
8224	CINDY BIGELOW	4 Feb 1958	
8225	AMBER BIGELOW	26 May 1962	
823	DIXON ALTON FORD	30 Jul 1932	
	Anginita Maria Van Derbeck	26 Jan 1936	
8231	KATHLEEN FORD	9 Feb 1958	
8232	DALE FORD	13 Sep 1960	
8233	CYNTHIA FORD	16 Dec 1961	
8234	STEVEN MATHEW	4 Jun 1969	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec 1873	15 Jun 1938
	Mary Ann Painter	14 Sep 1875	23 Apr 1954
82	LEAH LILLIAN DIXON	18 May 1903	
	Mayo Alton Ford	4 Mar 1906	
824	JANICE ANN FORD	26 Jul 1934	
	John Theodore Neerings	24 Apr 1919	
8241	JILL NEERINGS	9 July 1958	
8242	TROY NEERINGS	14 Feb 1960	
8243	SHELIA NEERINGS	17 Nov 1961	
8244	LISA NEERINGS	17 Nov 1963	
83	ERNEST ARNOLD DIXON	25 Apr 1906	26 Jan 1915
84	VERL GRANT DIXON	26 Nov 1908	
	Adryne Hodson	11 Aug 1921	28 Jun 1945
841	LINDA DIXON	22 Jun 1944	
	Gary T. Rose	14 Nov 1940	
8411	ROBERT DIXON ROSE	11 Apr 1961	
8412	CHRISTINE ROSE	4 Feb 1965	
8413	JAMES ROSE	11 Aug 1966	
	Virginia Poulson	7 Aug 1921	
842	MARY ELLEN DIXON	25 Jan 1960	
843	MERRILL VERL DIXON	31 Jan 1965	
85	RALPH DIXON	16 Sep 1912	
	Eva Ruth Ward	30 Jun 1920	
851	MARJORIE JEAN DIXON	22 Jul 1939	
	Robert Reed Boren	8 Nov 1936	
8511	DAVID BOREN	22 Dec 1959	
8512	MICHAEL BOREN	9 Aug 1962	
8513	ELISABETH BOREN	4 Mar 1969	
852	RALPH STANLEY DIXON	21 Jan 1941	
	Karen Lee Marrott	22 Mar 1943	
8521	ANDREE DIXON	3 Dec 1965	
8522	GINA DIXON	29 Jan 1969	
853	GERALD ERNEST DIXON	21 Mar 1944	
	Donna Penrod	21 Nov 1943	
8531	TERESA DIXON	9 Jul 1968	
854	RONALD WARD DIXON	19 Dec 1949	
855	CHERI ANN DIXON	19 Jan 1952	
856	SANDRA LEE DIXON	3 Mar 1954	
86	RONALD DIXON	16 Sep 1912	
	Verneda Jackson	2 Sep 1919	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec 1873	15 Jun 1938
	Mary Ann Painter	14 Sep 1875	23 Apr 1954
86	RONALD DIXON	16 Sep 1912	
	Verneda Jackson	2 Sep 1919	
861	KATHRYN DIXON	15 May 1942	
	Thomas Edward Crowley	16 Jul 1939	
8611	TRENT CROWLEY	2 Dec 1962	14 Dec 1962
862	DEANNA DIXON	6 Jan 1944	
	Steven B. Marshall	16 Apr 1944	
8621	ERIC STEVEN MARSHALL	25 Jan 1969	
863	GARY RONALD DIXON	26 Sep 1949	
864	DORSEY DIXON	7 Nov 1956	
87	EDITH ALICE DIXON	2 Mar 1915	
	Bernard Carl Fallentine	17 Apr 1915	
871	JO ANN FALLENTINE	1 Sep 1937	
	Lynn U. Chidester	6 Aug 1937	
8711	SCOTT CHIDESTER	7 Aug 1963	
8712	BROOK CHIDESTER (F)	1 Dec 1966	
872	CAROLYN FALLENTINE	16 Feb 1940	
	Ralph M. Gilstrap	6 Oct 1936	
8721	CHRISTOPHER GILSTRAP	24 Aug 1965	
8722	MOLLIE GILSTRAP	16 Dec 1968	
873	ROBERT BERNARD FALLENTINE	23 Aug 1942	
	Kathleen Kastrinkas	25 Apr 1946	
874	SUSAN FALLENTINE	8 Dec 1944	
	David R. Flatberg	1 Dec 1946	
875	MICHAEL DIXON FALLENTINE	3 Jul 1961	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
10.	CHARLES OWEN DIXON	22 Nov 1875	3 Mar 1943
	Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead	10 Dec 1886	19 Aug 1922
10.1	VA LERA DIXON	21 Aug 1910	
	Martin C. Ririe	23 Oct 1910	
10.11	DIXON FARRELL RIRIE	2 Apr 1936	
	Monta Mae Norris	12 May 1937	
10.111	STEPHEN DIXON RIRIE	2 Aug 1957	
10.112	SUSAN RIRIE	12 Apr 1960	
10.113	SHARI RIRIE	18 Jul 1965	
10.114	SHELLY RIRIE	26 May 1968	
10.12	RICHARD OWEN RIRIE	23 Nov 1939	
	Larraine Humphries	25 Feb 1948	
10.121	JANEAL RIRIE	24 Mar 1969	
10.13	CRAIG MARTIN RIRIE	17 Apr 1943	
	Barbara Warrene Temple	4 Aug 1943	
10.131	PAIGE DIANE RIRIE	4 Apr 1967	
10.14	ANNETTE RIRIE	17 Aug 1945	
	Ronald Morris Turner	27 Aug 1942	
10.141	ROBERT MORRIS TURNER	23 Jun 1965	
10.142	REED MARTIN TURNER	28 Jun 1967	
10.143	RYAN MICHAEL TURNER	29 Apr 1969	
10.15	KENT HYRUM RIRIE	24 Mar 1952	
10.2	RUBY DIXON	26 Jul 1912	
	Angus Wayne Cowley	29 Jul 1910	26 Sep 1960
10.21	WAYNE DIXON COWLEY	14 Oct 1938	
	Norma Jean Hadley	30 Mar 1946	
10.211	WENDY COWLEY	15 Jan 1969	
10.22	SHIRL CURTIS COWLEY	18 Dec 1941	
	Janeene Cheryl Tueller	20 Oct 1946	
10.3	STELLA DIXON	26 Jun 1915	
	Frederick Wesley Lewis	6 Jul 1915	
10.31	FREDERICK DIXON LEWIS	1 Apr 1947	
	Patty Stott	19 Nov 1946	
10.32	JOHN STEPHEN LEWIS	11 Oct 1949	
10.33	LYNN ANN LEWIS	23 Mar 1952	
10.34	SANDRA LEE LEWIS	23 Jul 1954	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
10.	CHARLES OWEN DIXON	22 Nov 1875	3 Mar 1943
	Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead	10 Dec 1886	19 Aug 1922
10.4	ALICE DELENNA DIXON	18 Nov 1917	
	Robert Bruce Andrews	19 Jul 1917	
10.41	CHARLENE ANDREWS	15 Apr 1949	
10.42	ROBERT DALE ANDREWS	6 Jun 1950	
10.43	DIXIE LEE ANDREWS	8 Apr 1952	
10.44	JOSEPH DIXON ANDREWS	13 Nov 1954	
10.5	OWEN GEORGE DIXON	28 Mar 1920	
	Florence Janeczko	13 May 1924	
10.51	LARRY OWEN DIXON	12 Sep 1946	
10.52	KEVIN CHARLES DIXON	30 Aug 1948	
10.6	VIRGINIA DIXON	4 Jun 1922	
	Percy John Schugk	19 Jan 1921	
10.61	DENNIS CHARLES SCHUGK	29 Sep 1945	
	Sharon Kilpatrick	23 Aug 1948	
10.62	SUZETT SCHUGK	31 Jan 1948	
	Brent Bowles	8 Oct 1944	
10.621	ROBERT JOHN BOWLES	16 Jan 1968	
10.63	NANCY SCHUGK	16 Jul 1950	
	Ronnie Lynn Mendenhall	26 May 1949	
10.631	TROY LYNN MENDENHALL	3 Jun 1968	
10.64	JUDY SCHUGK	27 Apr 1953	
10.65	SONJIA SCHUGK	19 Dec 1960	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
9	ROBERT SMITH DIXON	10 Nov 1874	18 Dec 1874
11.	ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON	31 Mar 1876	18 Aug 1945
	Sena Rasmussen	16 Oct 1885	16 Mar 1944
11.1	HARRY ALBERT DIXON	4 Oct 1910	
	Cecile Clark	1 Aug 1913	
11.11	CECILE MARJORIE DIXON	19 Feb 1951	
11.2	MILDRED DIXON	17 Jul 1912	
	James Colin Tangren		
11.21	SHARON LYNN TANGREN		
11.22	NANCY ANN TANGREN		
11.23	JAMES DIXON TANGREN		
11.3	CLIFTON R. DIXON	11 Mar 1914	25 Mar 1914
11.4	ELMO ARTHUR DIXON	24 Feb 1916	14 Mar 1917
11.5	NORMA DIXON	6 May 1918	20 Sep 1956
	Richard G. Jess		
11.51	RICHARD STEVEN JESS		
11.52	BARBARA ANN JESS		
11.6	VERA DIXON	22 Feb 1920	11 Apr 1958
	Dean A. Anderson		
11.61	CAROL LESLIE ANDERSON		
11.62	MICHAEL ALBERT ANDERSON		
11.7	RUTH DIXON	23 Jan 1922	21 Mar 1923
11.8	BABY DIXON	22 May 1924	22 May 1924
11.9	MELVIN R. DIXON	22 Oct 1925	
	Carol Collard	21 Oct 1926	
11.91	LINDA KAY DIXON	30 Jun 1948	
11.92	SUSAN DIXON	19 Oct 1949	
11.93	DEBORAH DIXON	8 Aug 1952	
11.94	DAVID HARRY DIXON	10 Mar 1959	
11.95	AMY LYNNE DIXON	2 Dec 1960	
11.96	EMILY ANN	6 Oct 1969	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
12.	WALTER DE GREY DIXON	15 Nov 1877	26 Nov 1921
	Louie Maiben	30 Jan 1878	19 Apr 1964
12.1	RHEA LUTHENIA DIXON	21 Aug 1902	
	Fenton W. Reeve	28 Aug 1899	
12.11	RUTH REEVE	27 Jun 1929	
	Howard D. Lowe	12 Apr 1923	
12.111	KEVIN HOWARD LOWE	23 Mar 1953	
12.112	LYNDA ANN LOWE	30 Mar 1955	
12.113	DAVID JORDAN LOWE	20 Feb 1957	
12.114	KENTON ALAN LOWE	10 May 1959	
12.115	MARK DOUGLAS LOWE	22 Jul 1963	
12.2	FRED WALTER DIXON	30 Jul 1904	
	Helen Chipman	21 Sep 1902	
12.21	MARY LOU DIXON	16 May 1924	
	Floyd R. Taylor	24 Apr 1918	
12.211	COLLEEN TAYLOR	12 Apr 1950	
	Steven Thomas Densley	21 Feb 1947	
12.212	DOUGLAS DIXON TAYLOR	6 Apr 1953	
12.213	RICHARD FLOYD TAYLOR	23 Nov 1954	
12.214	JULIE ANN TAYLOR	24 Jan 1956	
12.215	LISA JEANNE TAYLOR	11 Aug 1959	
12.22	FRED CHIPMAN DIXON	18 Jun 1932	
	Patricia Donahue	21 Sep 1935	
12.221	MICHELLE JO DIXON	11 Apr 1958	
12.222	CYNTHIA SUE DIXON	13 May 1960	
12.223	LISA KAY DIXON	2 Jul 1961	
12.224	JULIE ANNE DIXON	5 Dec 1967	
12.23	RICHARD DIXON	28 Apr 1936	
	Deanne Peterson	13 Nov 1938	
12.231	BRENDA DIXON	2 Jun 1960	
12.232	MICHAEL DIXON	16 Jan 1963	
12.233	DANIEL PETERSON DIXON	5 Oct 1969	
12.24	DAVID CHIPMAN DIXON	20 Oct 1944	
	Patricia Stewart	27 Nov 1943	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
12.	WALTER DE GREY DIXON	15 Nov 1877	26 Nov 1921
	Louie Maiben	30 Jan 1878	19 Apr 1964
12.3	DONALD MAIBEN DIXON	12 Mar 1907	
	Lettie Vilate Romney	12 Jul 1909	
12.31	DIANE DIXON	7 Mar 1932	
	John Henry Tempest III	26 July 1933	
12.311	TERRI LYNN TEMPEST	8 Sep 1955	
12.312	STEPHEN DIXON TEMPEST	24 Dec 1957	
12.313	DANIEL DIXON TEMPEST	18 Feb 1962	
12.314	WILLIAM HENRY TEMPEST	1 July 1966	
12.32	DONALD ROMNEY DIXON	18 Nov 1936	
	Diane Scott	4 Jun 1939	
12.321	DEBBIE DIXON	6 Feb 1960	
12.322	SCOTT DIXON	12 Jan 1962	
12.323	MICHELLE DIXON	28 Oct 1966	
12.33	ALAN ROMNEY DIXON	27 Jan 1945	
12.4	EDNA DIXON	25 Oct 1911	
	Mark Squire Ballif	7 Nov 1906	
12.41	MARK DIXON BALLIF	18 Jun 1932	
	Kay Anderson	23 Apr 1937	
12.411	MICHAEL BALLIF	5 May 1953	
12.412	MARK BALLIF	4 Jan 1955	
12.413	JAN BALLIF	22 Jan 1963	
12.42	BARBARA BALLIF	10 Nov 1933	
	Kenneth Olson	23 Mar 1930	
12.421	DAVID KENNETH OLSON	19 Oct 1961	
12.422	PAMELA OLSON	10 Apr 1964	
	Blaine Wade	4 Feb 1921	
12.43	SCOTT BALLIF	9 Dec 1935	
	Sherma Craven	30 May 1936	
12.431	BECKY JEAN BALLIF	29 Mar 1958	
12.432	BRIAN SCOTT BALLIF	26 Jan 1961	
12.433	DEBRA ANN BALLIF	7 Apr 1963	
12.434	BRYCE DIXON BALLIF	23 Dec 1965	
12.5	AMY LAVERN DIXON	2 Jul 1915	
	Doyle R. Larson	9 May 1913	
12.51	LARRY O NEAL LARSON	5 Jan 1949	
12.52	MICHAEL DIXON LARSON	18 May 1954	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
13.	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
	Mary Etola Dangerfield	18 Sep 1877	27 May 1952
13.1	VERNON LEE DIXON	22 May 1904	
	Loleta Wiscombe	12 Jun 1905	
13.11	LOIS DIXON	25 Aug 1924	
	Junius Harold McEwan	14 Aug 1924	
13.111	LYNDA MC EWAN	14 Aug 1945	
13.112	JAMES HAROLD MC EWAN	8 Apr 1948	
13.113	ALLAN DIXON MC EWAN	16 Oct 1951	
13.114	DAVID VERNON MC EWAN	19 Dec 1954	
13.115	GLEN RICHARD MC EWAN	10 Apr 1960	
13.12	VERN LEE DIXON	8 Apr 1929	
	Margaret Anne Simpson	26 May 1924	
13.121	LEE ANN DIXON	24 Aug 1952	
13.122	PAULINE DIXON	5 Jan 1954	
13.123	SUZANE DIXON	24 Aug 1955	
13.124	SHERLINE DIXON	3 Mar 1957	
13.13	CARL WILLIAM DIXON	21 May 1935	
	Gloria Ann Evans	14 May 1937	
13.131	DIANA LYNN DIXON	31 Oct 1959	
13.132	TERESSE KAY DIXON	13 Jun 1961	
13.133	CARL VERN DIXON	30 Aug 1962	
13.2	AFTON DIXON	20 Nov 1906	
	Dermont W. Wagstaff	19 Jan 1905	
13.21	DONNA MAE WAGSTAFF	28 Sep 1928	
	Jerald Russell Olson	6 Sep 1928	
13.211	DAVID RUSSELL OLSON	21 Nov 1949	
13.212	SHELLY OLSON	19 Nov 1951	
13.213	STEVEN CRAIG OLSON	20 Dec 1953	
13.214	CORY MONT OLSON	30 Nov 1957	
13.215	KURT DIXON OLSON	30 Aug 1960	
13.216	DENISE OLSON	26 Sep 1963	
13.22	NORMA JEAN WAGSTAFF	18 Aug 1932	
	Jay Lorus Johnson	14 Aug 1933	
13.221	LORI JOHNSON	21 Nov 1954	
13.222	JAY LADD JOHNSON	25 Dec 1955	
13.223	JERRY DIXON JOHNSON	2 Feb 1957	
13.224	LISA JOHNSON	28 Jul 1963	
13.225	JEFFRY WARREN	24 Feb 1965	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
13.	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
	Mary Etola Dangerfield	18 Sep 1877	27 May 1952
13.2	AFTON DIXON	20 Nov 1906	
	Dermont W. Wagstaff	19 Jan 1905	
13.23	GARY MONT WAGSTAFF	5 Dec 1940	
	Jolene Robb	22 Mar 1941	
13.231	CINDY RAE	10 Aug 1964	
13.24	KATHLEEN WAGSTAFF	16 Jan 1945	
	Blaine M. Yorgason	6 Dec 1942	
13.241	TAMARA LYNN YORGANSON	20 Jan 1966	
13.242	NATHAN YORGASON	26 Apr 1967	
13.243	STEVEN YORGASON	6 Apr 1968	
13.3	EUGENE PARL DIXON	17 Feb 1909	
	Martha Bernard	27 Jan 1919	
13.31	JAMES EUGENE DIXON	Dec 1945	
13.4	REED D. DIXON	19 Aug 1911	
	Mary Matilda Hills	13 July 1910	
13.41	REED GARTH DIXON	7 Apr 1933	
	Mary Jane Chattin	9 Aug 1931	
13.42	MARY ANN DIXON	14 Nov 1935	
	Darrel W. Olson	23 Apr 1931	
13.421	CHRISTINE OLSON	1 Dec 1960	
13.422	ROBERT REED OLSON	19 Nov 1962	
13.423	DENISE LEONA	8 Nov 1966	
13.424	STEPHEN JEFFERY	21 Dec 1967	
13.43	SHERRIE LILLIE DIXON	3 Dec 1941	
	Richard M. Austin	21 Jul 1934	
13.431	SHAUNA BEE AUSTIN	13 Jul 1961	
13.432	SANDRA KAY AUSTIN	15 Feb 1963	
13.433	MICHAEL REED AUSTIN	9 Jan 1966	
13.434	RICHARD SCOTT AUSTIN	1 Jan 1967	
13.5	INEZ DIXON	20 Feb 1914	27 Dec 1969
	Byron Leslie Denison	4 Apr 1914	21 Sep 1937
13.51	INEZ BERNIECE DENISON	19 Nov 1933	20 Sep 1937
13.52	ELAINE JOYCE DENISON	12 Jan 1936	
	La Mar R. Laws	19 Nov	
13.521	CINDY LAWS	9 Oct 1953	
13.522	MARVIN LAWS	19 Jan 1955	
13.523	TERRY LAWS	13 May 1956	
13.524	BECKY LAWS	22 May 1957	
13.525	LAMAR LAWS	9 Dec 1959	
13.526	LINDA LAWS	27 Nov 1961	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
13.	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
	Mary Etola Dangerfield	18 Sep 1877	27 May 1952
13.6	ANNA DIXON	13 Apr 1916	
	John Byron Barrett	23 May 1919	
13.61	SHIRL JACK BARRETT	13 Dec 1937	
	Carol Roundy		
13.611	JACKIE KIM BARRETT	16 Dec 1957	
13.612	LEWIS KEVIN BARRETT	27 Dec 1958	
13.613	KRISTINE BARRETT	7 Aug 1961	
13.614	VERDA KAY LYNN BARRETT	17 Jul 1963	
13.615	KANDIE LEE BARRETT	24 Oct 1964	
13.62	MICHAEL WAYNE BARRETT	11 Dec 1946	
	Linda Dee Urvina		
13.7	BERT LESTER DIXON	17 Sep 1918	
	Virginia Oswald		
13.71	PATRICIA DIXON		
	Helen Andelino	10 May 1915	
13.72	THOMAS ANTHONY DIXON	31 Jan 1947	
13.73	ROBERT TIMOTHY DIXON	3 Mar 1950	
13.74	JUDY DIXON	May 1954	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
14.	LE ROY DIXON	16 Oct 1881	28 Dec 1926
	Electa LaPrele Smoot	25 Sep 1883	25 Dec 1940
14.1	LE ROY SMOOT DIXON	19 Nov 1904	6 Jan 1905
14.2	PAUL SMOOT DIXON	17 Apr 1906	4 Dec 1955
	Ora Anderson	5 Jul 1906	
14.21	PAUL SMOOT DIXON, Jr.	25 Feb 1932	
	Mary Jane South		
14.22	VIVIAN DIXON	13 Jun 1936	
	Richard Llewelyn McKay	26 Feb 1929	
14.221	REBECCA DIXON MC KAY	14 Aug 1958	
14.222	CATHERINE DIXON MC KAY	6 Sep 1960	
14.223	CHRISTINE DIXON MC KAY	9 Oct 1962	
14.23	MARGARET ELECTA DIXON	19 Jul 1945	
14.3	ALLIE DIXON	15 Apr 1909	
	Reed Snow Gardner	5 Sep 1900	
14.31	JAMES DIXON GARDNER	26 May 1943	
14.4	SARAH VERA DIXON	23 Mar 1911	
	Clyde J. Summerhays	28 Apr 1905	
14.41	SARAH SUMMERHAYS	16 Jul 1932	
	Raymond G. Anderson	9 Feb 1926	
14.411	LYNETTE ANDERSON	20 Jul 1952	
14.412	CRAIG S. ANDERSON	19 Oct 1954	
14.413	CLAIR S. ANDERSON	2 May 1956	
14.414	BRIAN S. ANDERSON	26 Sep 1957	
14.415	COLLEEN ANDERSON	2 Apr 1959	
14.416	CLYDE S. ANDERSON	28 Apr 1961	
14.417	JANAE ANDERSON	26 Jul 1962	
14.418	CATHERINE ANDERSON	2 Aug 1966	
14.419	CAROLINE ANDERSON	28 Mar 1969	
14.42	CLYDE DIXON SUMMERHAYS	20 Jun 1936	
14.43	DIANA SUMMERHAYS	13 Sep 1943	
14.44	MICHAEL DIXON SUMMERHAYS	15 Aug 1948	
14.45	SANDRA SUMMERHAYS	28 May 1951	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
14.	LE ROY DIXON	16 Oct 1881	28 Dec 1926
	Electa LaPrele Smoot	25 Sep 1883	25 Dec 1940
14.5	MAURINE DIXON	7 Oct 1913	
	Myron DeVere Childs	20 Aug 1907	20 Jun 1967
14.51	ANN CHILDS	29 Jan 1945	
	Grant Lanny Daybell	19 Jan 1944	
14.511	KEITH GRANT DAYBELL	20 Dec 1964	
14.512	JESSE GLEN DAYBELL	4 May 1967	
14.52	JUDITH MAURINE CHILDS	7 Nov 1946	
	Thomas Allen Lucia	9 Apr 1947	
14.53	JOHN MYRON CHILDS	13 Apr 1949	
	Susan Parker	1 Dec 1950	
14.531	JASON MYRON CHILDS	23 Oct 1969	
14.54	RICHARD DIXON CHILDS	4 Dec 1951	
14.55	KRISTINE CHILDS	13 Apr 1955	
14.56	STEVEN LE ROY CHILDS	22 Jul 1957	
14.6	HELEN DIXON	22 Jul 1915	
	E. Junius Payne	30 Oct 1912	
14.61	BARBARA JUNE PAYNE	31 Dec 1937	
	Robert Lee Ipsen	11 Aug 1936	
14.611	ROBIN LEE IPSEN	5 Sep 1957	
14.612	JANALYN IPSEN	15 Dec 1959	
14.613	BRADLEY PAYNE IPSEN	28 Jan 1961	
14.614	DANA KAYE IPSEN	18 Dec 1964	
14.62	BETTE LYN PAYNE	8 Jul 1939	
	Robert Warren Peterson	27 May 1933	
14.621	KRISTI LYN PETERSON	21 Feb 1961	
14.622	LISA ANN PETERSON	21 May 1963	
14.623	BRIAN ROBERT PETERSON	11 Jun 1965	
14.7	ARTHUR SMOOT DIXON	5 Nov 1918	14 Jan 1922
14.8	GLADYS DIXON	18 Jul 1921	
	Ivan William Nelson	3 Apr 1921	
14.81	IVAN WILLIAM NELSON II	7 Jul 1943	
14.82	DAVID LE ROY NELSON	7 Oct 1946	
14.83	DIANE NELSON	17 Oct 1951	
14.84	KENT DIXON NELSON	18 Oct 1954	
14.85	CAROLYN NELSON	14 Aug 1956	
14.86	JULIE ANNE NELSON	18 Dec 1960	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
15.	HARRIETT AMELIA DIXON	24 May 1882	23 Apr 1931
	George Washington West	24 Feb 1866	26 Feb 1932
15.1	LYNN DIXON WEST	18 Aug 1908	12 Jun 1940
	Mabel May Hansen		
15.11	AUDREY LORRAINE WEST	5 Dec 1928	
15.12	DONALD LYNN WEST	9 Jul 1930	
	Jackie Jean Ricks		
	Winifred Marie Marker	17 Dec 1932	
15.121	DENISE IRENE WEST	12 Nov 1952	
15.122	DONALD LYNN WEST, Jr.	22 Apr 1955	

	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
16.	ARNOLD DIXON	30 May 1884	1 Sep 1960
	Letitia May Banks	15 May 1891	3 May 1955
16.1	HOWARD BANKS DIXON	11 Dec 1912	
	Fulvia Call	11 Nov 1916	
16.11	JERALD LAMAR DIXON	26 May 1939	
	Karen Haymond	11 Feb 1942	
16.111	CAMILLE DIXON	23 May 1966	
16.12	HOWARD ALLEN DIXON	31 Oct 1942	
	Linda Jean Mangum	28 May 1946	
16.121	KRISTINA DIXON	20 Nov 1969	
16.13	JANET DIXON	2 Sep 1946	
	David Michael Rees	21 Oct 1943	
16.131	STEVEN MICHAEL REES	22 Jul 1969	
16.14	KENNETH CALL DIXON	9 Nov 1951	
16.2	EVELYN DIXON	30 May 1917	
	Donald H. Smith	15 Feb 1918	
16.21	KAREN ANN SMITH	4 Feb 1945	
	Wilford Charles Griggs		
16.211	BRIAN WILFRED GRIGGS	23 Dec 1967	
16.22	SUSAN LOUISE SMITH	30 Jul 1948	
	Robert Byron Purves	11 Feb 1945	
16.3	GRANT DE GREY DIXON	11 Apr 1919	
	Florence Rosella Marks	14 May 1945	
16.31	GREGORY MARKS DIXON	26 Jun 1952	
16.32	MICHAEL DE GREY DIXON	4 Feb 1954	
16.33	BRENT DIXON	31 Jan 1958	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
16.	ARNOLD DIXON	30 May 1884	1 Sep 1960
	Letitia May Banks	15 May 1891	3 May 1955
16.4	ELDON ARNOLD DIXON	31 Mar 1921	
	Sarah Jean Dastrup	1 Jan 1925	
16.41	ELDON REED DIXON	21 Jul 1946	
16.42	LARRY DEAN DIXON	3 Jan 1949	
16.43	DENNIS DASTRUP DIXON	2 Oct 1950	
16.44	ROGER DUANE DIXON	4 Jun 1953	
16.45	JEANNINE DIXON	21 Jun 1959	
16.5	BRUCE ROYDEN DIXON	13 Feb 1923	
	Colleen Callister	28 Jan 1926	
16.51	LYNN ANN DIXON	20 Nov 1952	
16.52	JOAN DIXON	13 Jun 1954	
16.53	DAVID CALLISTER DIXON	13 Dec 1957	
16.54	KRISTIN DIXON	28 Jan 1961	
16.6	FLOYD PRESTON DIXON	6 Nov 1924	
	Lois Mai Dickenson	21 Apr 1930	
16.61	DANA JOHN DIXON	6 May 1958	
16.62	PAUL RAYMOND DIXON	23 Aug 1959	
16.63	STEPHANIE GWYN DIXON		
16.7	GLORIA MAY DIXON	1 Dec 1926	
	Thomas Weslie Richardson	6 Jul 1925	
16.71	CYNTHIA RICHARDSON	29 Jun 1951	
16.72	DOUGLAS WESLIE RICHARDSON	2 Mar 1953	
16.73	MARILYN RICHARDSON	17 Sep 1955	
16.74	DAVID THOMAS RICHARDSON	18 Apr 1958	
16.75	DON DIXON RICHARDSON	17 Nov 1959	
16.76	GLEN ALAN RICHARDSON	3 Feb 1961	
16.77	SANDRA RICHARDSON	24 May 1962	
16.78	PATRICK ARNOLD RICHARDSON	12 Jun 1964	
16.79	REBECCA RICHARDSON	15 Nov 1967	
16.7.10	DIANA RICHARDSON	19 Jul 1969	
16.8	ROBERT NORMAN DIXON	15 May 1930	
	Genniel Larsen	9 Dec 1931	
16.81	STEVEN LEWIS DIXON	21 Jun 1952	
16.82	DENISE DIXON	18 Aug 1956	
16.83	NORMAN PAUL	27 Feb 1965	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1969

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	27 Jan 1845	17 Apr 1926
16.	ARNOLD DIXON	30 May 1884	1 Sep 1960
	Letitia May Banks	15 May 1891	3 May 1955
16.9	DOUGLAS WAYNE DIXON	5 May 1932	
	Helen Konopelski	17 Jul 1935	
16.91	MICHELE DIXON	21 Sep 1961	
16.10	DORIS ANN DIXON	19 Mar 1934	
	Bruce J. Christensen	21 Sep 1929	
16.10.1	LESA ANN CHRISTENSEN	17 Feb 1958	
16.10.2	KYLE DE GREY CHRISTENSEN	15 Jul 1959	
16.10.3	JENNIFER CHRISTENSEN	19 Jan 1961	
16.10.4	MATTHEW BRUCE CHRISTENSEN	25 Dec. 1963	
16.10.5	JASON DIXON CHRISTENSEN	3 Sep 1969	

NAMES ADDED AFTER ROSTER WAS COMPLETED:

16.92	KAREN JOAN DIXON	22 Jul 1960
16.93	TODD DE GREY DIXON	29 Apr 1964
751 W	Pat Nicholes	27 Sep 1940
7511	BOBBI JOAN BJORKLUND	22 Aug 1967
7512	DEBBIE BJORKLUND	4 Dec 1962
7513	CINDY BJORKLUND	25 Sep 1960
7522	THOMAS CRAIG MEYERS	16 Dec 1966
7534	ROBERTA ANN NICHOLES	28 Jan 1967
754 h	Manuel H. Machado	24 Dec 1945
7541	RODNEY WAYNE MACHADO	10 Jun 1967
7542	KIMBERLY ANN MACHADO	12 Oct 1969
755 w	Diane Bjorklund	8 Nov 1947
7551	DEENA BJORKLUND	29 Oct 1967
14.624	DAVID WARREN PETERSON	1 Sep 1968
13.111 h	Eldon Ray Morgan	11 Jan 1944
13.1111	TERRI LYN MORGAN	28 Oct 1966
13.1112	ELDON RAY MORGAN, Jr.	13 Dec 1967

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A

	I. D. No.	
AIKELE		
Bonnie Ann (Cornish)	743	
Erik Allen	7421	
Hyrum	74	h
Hyrum D	741	
Irene Svenssen	742	w
Mary Dixon	74	
Shaunty Maja	7422	
William Eugene	742	
ANDERSON		
Brian S.	14.414	
Carol Leslie	11.61	
Caroline	14.419	
Catherine	14.418	
Clair S.	14.413	
Clyde S.	14.416	
Colleen	14.415	
Craig S.	14.412	
Dean A.	11.6	h
Janae	14.417	
Jed Taylor	6314	
Julia Taylor	631	
Kennen	6313	
Kenneth Ray	631	h
Kristine	6311	
Lynette	14.411	
Michael Albert	11.62	
Raymond G.	14.41	h
Sarah Summerhays	14.41	
Scott Taylor	6312	
Vera Dixon	11.6	
ANDREWS		
Alice Delenna Dixon	10.4	
Charlene	10.41	
Dixie Lee	10.43	
Joseph Dixon	10.44	
Robert Bruce	10.4	h
Robert Dale	10.42	
ARMSTRONG		
Anthon G.	52	h
Mary Doris	521	
Nancy Shearsmith McConachie	52	

	I. D. No.	
AUSTIN		
Michael Reed	13.433	
Richard M	13.43	h
Richard Scott	13.434	
Sandra Kay	13.432	
Shauna Bee	13.431	
Sherrie Lillie Dixon	13.43	

B

BALLIF		
Barbara (Olson) (Wade)	12.42	
Becky Jean	12.431	
Brian Scott	12.432	
Bryce Dixon	12.434	
Debra Ann	12.433	
Edna Dixon	12.4	
Jan	12.413	
Kay Anderson	12.41	w
Mark	12.412	
Mark Dixon	12.41	
Mark Squire	12.4	h
Michael	12.411	
Scott	12.43	
Sherma Craven	12.43	w
BARRETT		
Anna Dixon	13.6	
Carol Roundy	13.61	w
Jackie Kim	13.611	
John Byron	13.6	h
Kandie Lee	13.615	
Kristine	13.613	
Lewis Kevin	13.612	
Linda Dee Urvina	13.62	w
Michael Wayne	13.62	
Shirl Jach	13.61	
Verda Kay Lynn	13.614	
BIGELOW		
Amber	8225	
Brent Rex	8221	
Cindy	8224	
Elaine (Nicol)	8222	
Glen	8223	
Lois Amber Ford	822	

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B

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BIGELOW		
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BJORKLUND		
Barbara Gail (Meyers)	752	
Erling T.	75	h
Gloria Faye	753	
Harriett Faye	75	
Janet Marie	754	
Richard Erling	755	
Robert Gary	751	
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Albert W.	72	h
Catherine	7212	
Cynthia	7214	
Gary Lynn	722	
Gordon David	7211	
Gordon Dixon	721	
Gregory	7222	
June Phoebe Erskine	721	w
Sherry Ann Gaudio	722	w
Stephen M.	7213	
Vesta Dixon	72	
Warren Lynn	7221	
BOREN		
David	8511	
Elisabeth	8513	
Marjorie Jean Dixon	851	
Michael	8512	
Robert Reed	851	h
BOVINGDON		
Diane Dangerfield	441	
James	441	h
James	4411	
Lynne	4413	
Michael	4412	
BROCKBANK		
Allen Brent	624	h
Allen Brent, Jr.	6241	
Anne	6242	
Kathryn Dee Taylor	624	
Lynn (F)	6243	

	I. D. No.	
BOSHARD		
Arnold	81	h
Arnold Bliss	812	
Arnold Von Hollen	8113	
Beverly Ann	8112	
Dean Dixon	811	
Erma Mae Dixon	81	
Cary Bliss	8121	
Gina	8123	
Glenna Rae Edwards	812	w
Norma Heatherly	811	w
Norman Dean	8111	
Steven Allan	8122	
BOWLES		
Brent	10.62	h
Robert John	10.621	
Suzett Schugh	10.62	

C

CANNON		
Kristen Dixon	2153	
Lucile Dixon	2151	
Mark Dixon	2152	
Mark W.	215	h
Ruth Dixon	215	
CHIDESTER		
Brook (F)	8712	
JoAnn Fallentine	871	
Lynn U.	87	h
Scott	8711	
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Ann (Daybell)	14.51	
Jason Myron	14.531	
John Myron	14.53	
Judith (Lucia)	14.52	
Kristine	14.55	
Maurine Dixon	14.5	
Myron DeVere	14.5	h
Richard Dixon	14.54	
Steven LeRoy	14.56	
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- Doris Ann Dixon 16.10
- Jason Dixon 16.10.5
- Jennifer 16.10.3
- Kyle DeGrey 16.10.2
- Lesa Ann 16.10.1
- Mathew Bruce 16.10.4

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- Barbara Dixon 233
- Brent D. 2332
- Jack Alvin 233 h
- Michael S. 2331

COWLEY
- Angus Wayne 102 h
- Janeene Cheryl Tueller 10.22 w
- Norma Jean Hadley 10.21 w
- Ruby Dixon 10.2
- Shirl Curtis 10.22
- Wayne Dixon 10.21
- Wendy 10,211

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- Ashlie Melissa 7432
- Bonnie Ann Aikele 743
- Clayton J., Jr. 743 h
- Rebecca Lynn 7431

CROWLEY
- Kathryn Dixon 861
- Thomas Edward 861 h
- Trent 8611

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- Anne 2532
- Barbara Ann (Markham) 253
- John 2534
- Richard 2531
- Russell 2533
- Weldon 253 h

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- Afton 43
- Alice Dixon 4

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- Caroline 442
- Clifford D 45
- Donna May 47
- Florence John 44 w
- Grace (Harding) 46
- Harold D. 44
- Diane 441
- Helen Morrison 42 w
- Jabez Aldous 41
- Jabez W. 4 h
- Kay 421
- Karren 422
- Royden 42
- J. William 451

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- Becki 7322
- Glen Harold 7323
- Harold Keith 732 h
- Micki 7321
- Shirley Mae Dixon 732

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- Grant Lanny 14.51 h
- Jesse Glen 14.512
- Keith Grant 14.511

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- Derk Taylor 6222
- Gregory Taylor 6223
- Janice Taylor 622
- Michele 6221
- Monte 622 h
- Nocole 6224

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- Byron Lesley 13.5 h
- Elaine Joice (Laws) 13.52
- Inez 13.5
- Inez Berniece 13.51

DENSLEY
- Colleen 12.211
- Steven T. 12.211 h

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Albert Frederick 11.
Alberta Mae 763 w
Alice Delenna (Andrews) 10.4
Alice Smith(Dangerfield) 4
Alan Romney Dixon 12.33
Allie (Gardner) 14.3
Amy Lavern 12.5
Amy Lynne 11.95
Andree 8521
Anna 13.6
Arnold 16.
Arthur DeGrey 3
Arthur Smoot 14.7
Baby 11.8
* Barbara (Clegg) 233
Bert Lester 13.7
Brenda 12.231
Brent 16.33
Bret Glen 7314
Bruce Royden 16.5
Camille 16.111
Carl Vern 13.133
Carl William 13.13
Carleen May D. 242 w
Carol Collard 11.9 w
Catherine Bradford 2431
Catherine Kezia Morgan 3 w
Cecile Clark 11.1 w
Cecile Marjorie 11.11
Charles Owen 10.
Cherrie Pyper 735 w
Christopher Dyer 2421
Cindy Marlene 7312
Clifton R. 11.3
Colleen Callister 16.5 w
Constance L. (Karwowski) 761
Cynthia Sue 12.222
Dana John 16.61
Dan Petersen 12.233
Dale Lee 2351
* Barbara Maureen 2352

DIXON — I. D. No.
David 12.24
David Callister 16.53
David Harry 11.94
David Robert 216
Deanna 862
Deanne Petersen 12.23 w
Debbie 12.321
Deborah 11.93
DeGrey 235
Denise 1682
Dennis Dastrup 16.43
Diana Lynn 13.131
Diane 12.31
Diane 2412
* Diane Scott 12.32 w
Dona Penrod 853 w
Donald Maiben 12.3
Donald Romney 12.32
Dorothy (Harrison) 212
Doris Ann (Christensen) 16.10
Dorsey 864
Douglas Wayne 16.9
Edith Alice 87
Eldon Arnold 16.4
Eldon Reed 16.41
Electa LaPrele Smoot 14. w
Elmo Arthur 11.4
Edna (Ballif) 12.4
Elva Ellen Schemensky 73 w
Elva Jean (Elliott) 733
Emily Ann 11.96
Erma Mae (Boshard) 81
Erma Murdock 24 w
Ernest Arnold 83
Ernest DeGrey 8
Eugene Parl 13.3
Eva Ruthie Mildenhall 31 w
Eva Ruth Ward 85 w
Evelyn Rose 763 w
Evelyn (Smith) 16.2
* Dixie Beth 236

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Florence Rosella Marks	16.3	w
Floyd Preston	16.6	
Fred Chipman	12.22	
Fred Walter	12.2	
Fulvia Call	16.1	w
Gary Ronald	863	
Genniel Larsen	16.8	w
George S.	76	
Gerald Ernest	853	
Gina	8522	
Gladys (Nelson)	14.8	
Glen Hands	73	
Gloria Ann Evans	13.13	w
Gloria May	16.7	
Grant	27	
Grant DeGrey	16.3	
Gregory Marks	16.31	
Harriett Amelia (West)	15.	
Harriett Faye	75	
Harriet Hands	7	w
Harry Albert	11.1	
Helen (Payne)	14.6	
Helen Andelino	13.7	w
Helen Chipman	12.2	w
Helen Konopelski	16.9	w
HENRY ALDOUS		
Henry Aldous II	21	
Henry Alfred	1	
Howard Allen	16.12	
Howard Banks	16.1	
Ina Mae Woolsey	731	w
Inez (Denison)	13.5	
James R.	241	
James Eugene	13.31	
Janet (Rees)	16.3	
Jean	232	
Jeannine	16.45	
Jerald Lamar	16.11	
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John William	22	
Joseph M.	242	
*Judy	13.74	
Judy Gayle Wood	762	w
Julie Anne	12.224	
June (Robinson)	231	
Karen Haymond	16.11	w
Karen Lee Marriott	852	w
Karen McClellan	734	w
Karma Jeppson	214	w
Kathryn	861	
Kay	2142	
**Kenneth Call	16.14	
Kevin Charles	10.52	
Kristin	16.54	
Kristina	16.121	
Larry Dean	16.42	
Larry Owen	10.51	
Leah Lillian (Ford)	82	
Lee Andrew	7631	
Lee Ann	13.121	
LeRoy	14.	
LeRoy Smoot	14.1	
Leslie	312	
Letitia May Banks	16.	w
Lettie Vilate Romney	12.3	w
Linda	237	
Linda (Rose)	841	
Linda Kay	11.91	
Linda Jean Mangum	16.12	w
Lisa	2143	
Lisa Kay	12.223	
Lois	13.11	
Lois Mai Dickenson	16.6	w
Loleta Wiscomb	13.1	w
Lori Jean	7313	
Louie Maiben	12	w
Louise (Larkin)	213	
Lucian	26	
Lucile Knowlden	21	w
* Judith Louise Russ	234	w
**Kay Darlene Dix	235	w

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DIXON	I. D. No.	
Luella Madsen	23	w
Luthenia Maiben	12.	w
Lynn Ann	16.51	
Margaret Anne Simpson	13.12	w
Margaret Electa	14.23	
Maria Louise (Taylor)	6	
Marjorie Jean (Boren)	851	
Mark Eyring	2411	
Martha Bernard	133	w
Mary	74	
Mary Ann (Olson)	13.42	
Mary Ann Painter	8	w
MARY ANN SMITH	Wife	
Mary Ellen	842	
Mary Etola Dangerfield	13	w
Mary Jane Chattin	13.41	w
Mary Jane South	14.2	w
Mary Lou (Taylor)	12.21	
Mary Matilda Hills	13.4	w
Maud (Markham)	25	
Maurine (Childs)	14.5	
Maurine Welker	23	w
Max Glen	731	
May Banks	16.	w
*Melvin R.	11.9	
Merrill Verl	843	
G. Michael	243	
Michael	12.232	
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**Michael Layne	313	
Michael Romney	2432	
Michelle	16.91	
Michelle	12.323	
Michelle Jo	12.221	
Mildred (Tangren)	11.2	
Nicole Noelle	2422	
Norma (Jess)	11.5	
Norman Paul	16.83	
Ora Anderson	14.2	w
Owen George	10.5	
Parley Smith	13.	
*Megan	2362	
**Michael Kent	2353	

DIXON	I. D. No.	
Patricia	13.71	
Patricia Donahue	12.22	w
Patricia Stewart	12.24	w
Paul Raymond	16.61	
Paul Smoot	14.2	
Paul Smoot, Jr.	14.21	
Pauline	13.122	
Peter M.	244	
Phyllis (Shaw)	211	
Ralph	85	
Ralph Stanley	852	
Raymond Lane	31	
Reed D.	13.4	
Reed Garthe	13.41	
Rhea (Reeve)	12.1	
Richard	12.23	
Richard S.	735	
Robert George	762	
Robert Norman	16.8	
Robert Smith	9	
Robert Timothy	13.73	
Rodger Duane	16.44	
Ronald	86	
Ronald Ward	854	
Ruby (Cowley)	10.2	
Rulon Sterling	24	
Ruth	11.7	
Ruth(Cannon)	21.5	
*Sandra Lee	856	
Sarah Ann Lewis	2	w
Sarah Ann (McConachie)	5	
SARAH DE GREY	Wife	
Sarah Jean Dastrup	16.4	w
Sarah Vera (Summerhays)	14.4	
Scott	12.322	
Sena Rasmussen	11.	w
**Cheri Ann	855	
Sherrie Lillie	13.43	
Shirel Ferris	763	
Shirley Mae (Davis)	732	
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*Ryan Patrick	2363	
**Shannon DeGrey	2361	

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- Stanley Lewis II 236
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- Stephanie Gwyn 16.93
- Steven John 2141
- Steven Lewis 16.81
- Susan 11.92
- Suzane 13.123
- Suzanne Eyring 241 w
- Teresa 8531
- Terry Mae 7311
- Thomas Anthony 13.72
- Thomas Ray Hardin 311
- Timothy Hugh 7341
- Timothy Paul 7632
- Todd William 7342
- VaLera (Ririe) 10.1
- Vera (Anderson) 11.6
- Veon Collings 76 w
- Verl Grant 84
- Verneda Jackson 86 w
- Vernon Lee 13.1
- Vernon Lee, Jr. 13.12
- Vesta (Booth) 72
- Virginia (Schugk) 10.6
- Virginia Beckstead 10. w
- Virginia Poulson 84 w
- Vivian (McKay) 14.22
- Walter DeGrey 12.
- Wayne Daniel 7633
- William Aldous 7
- William Frank 734
- William Hands 71
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- Elva Jean Dixon 733
- Kelle Jean 7331
- Kenneth Lee 733 h

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ELLIOTT
- Keri Lee 7332
- Shane 7333

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- Bernard Carl 87 h
- Carolyn (Gillstrap) 872
- Edith Alice Dixon 87
- JoAnn (Chidester) 871
- Kathleen Kastrinakas 873 w
- Michael Dixon 875
- Robert Bernard 873
- Susan (Flatberg) 874

FISHER
- Elayne Taylor 611
- Grant A. 611 h
- Jeffry Taylor 6112
- Kathy 6113
- Terri 6111

FLATBERG
- David R. 874 h
- Susan Fallentine 874

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- Anginita Maria Van Derbeck /
- Cynthia 8233
- Dale 8232
- Dixon Alton 823
- Janice Ann (Neerings) 824
- Kathleen 8231
- Leah Lillian Dixon 82
- Lois Amber (Bigelow) 822
- Marilyn Mae (Simmons) 821
- Mayo Alton 82 h
- Steven Mathew 8234

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- Alan Taylor 6146
- Boyd F. 614 h
- Bruce Taylor 6143
- David Taylor 6142
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- Reed Snow 14.3 h

GILLSTRAP
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- Christopher 8721
- Mollie 8722
- Ralph M. 872 h

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- Karen Ann Smith 16.21
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- Judy Ann (Pugh) 462
- Miriam (Waterman) 461

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- Angela 2127
- Dorothy Dixon 212
- Heather 2125
- Holly 2126
- Judith 2123
- Linda (Welling) 2121
- Lisbeth 2124
- Patricia 2122
- Virl L. 212 h.

I
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- Barbara June 14.61
- Bradley Payne 14.613
- Janalyn 14.612
- Dana Kaye 14.614

I. D. No.
IPSEN
- Robert Lee 14.61 h
- Robin Lee 14.611

J
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- Barbara Ann 11.52
- Norma Dixon 11.5
- Richard G. 11.5 h
- Richard Steven 11.51

JOHNSON
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- Jay Lorus 13.22 h
- Jeffery Warren 13.225
- Jerry Dixon 13.223
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- Lori 13.221
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- Eddie 761 h
- Scott Edward 7611

KARTCHNER
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- Elaine 683
- Ellen 684
- Fred Dixon 68 h
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- Linda (Tyler) 681
- Marianne Allene Davis 682 w
- Mary Ann 688
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Melissa	4422	
Susan	4421	
LARKIN		
Dixon Ferrin	2131	
E. Ferrin	213	h
James Robert	2134	
Jane	2136	
Julia	2132	
Louise Dixon	213	
Martha Ann	2133	
William Lyle	2135	
LARSON		
Amy LaVern Dixon	12.5	
Doyle R.	12.5	h
Larry O Neal	12.51	
Michael	12.52	
LAWS		
Cindy	13.521	
Elaine Joyce Denison	13.52	
LaMar R.	13.52	h
Marvin	13.522	
Terry	13.523	
LEWIS		
Frederick Dixon	10.31	
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